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THE
COLERIDGE
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Melita CnFD

(March) ~~to~~ Capt Keary in Naples - on
the sea 575-

X at Aghion May 1806 524 6

(May 1806) St. Capt Lett's 8th August
saw 5 ~~of~~ of the 4th home
in Feb. 5-17

(18th June 1806) no news of him 5-21

{ 11 Augt -) Capt Keary from in letter
dated May. Haven't

X Aghion about to embark
him 5-24 6

Malta, Dec 20 to 30 Nov 1803 404

- not to 30 Dec 1803 405

- to 30 - not recy long 428

became known for 10 months in rate
R.S. heard of appointment - (Julie new) June 1804
(434)

F writes to SR et. mentions letter
from SR. recd by hands of John
Quart - June 1804 440

no news for long time (Jan 1804) 462

SR Sept 2nd see. Projects French 116

MS. says SR is returning home (Apr 05) 478

... says 5/16 is returning time (5/10/05) 478

~~no~~ news Dept 5/05: 485-

news that 177 left Sep 1806- 506

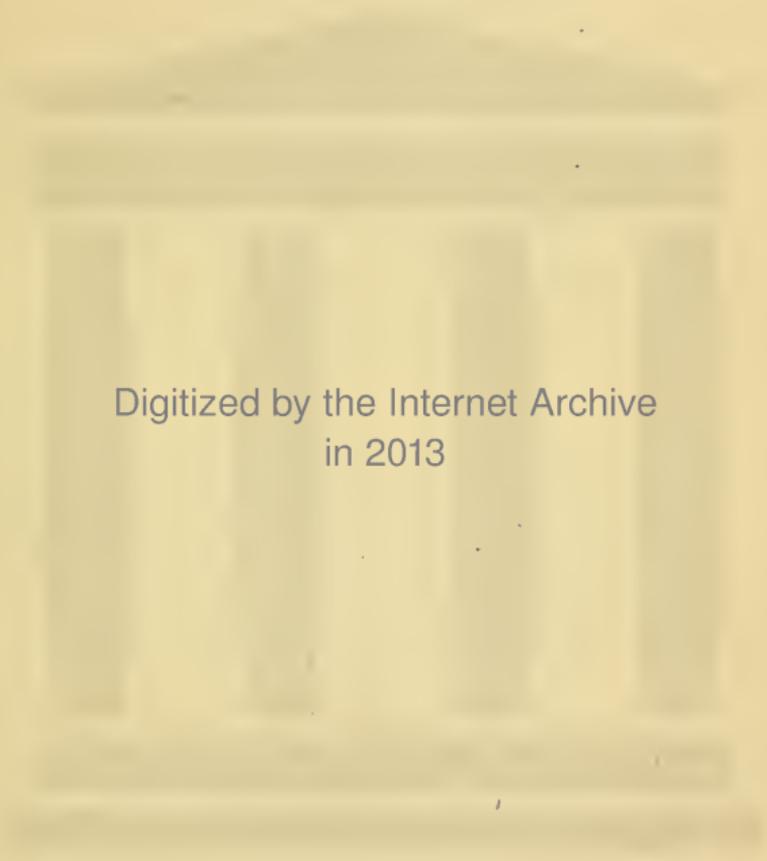
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in 489. ~~and 493~~

has denied with fact, 493

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509. 572. 573

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II

1806 - 37

THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.





Rob^t Hancock.

H. Robinson.

Margaret Hill.
Mother of Robert Southey.

LONDON LONGMAN, BROWN GREEN & LONGMANS

THE
LIFE & CORRESPONDENCE

of the late

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

IN SIX VOLUMES.

EDITED BY HIS SON,

The Rev.^d Charles Cuthbert Southey.

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London;

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS,

1850.

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PATERNOSTER-RROW.

1850.

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CONTENTS
OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

CHAPTER XII.

Advantages of Keswick as a Residence. — Opinions, political, social, and religious. — The Language of Madoc defended. — Foreign Politics. — Curious Case of Mental Derangement ameliorated. — Hobbes's Theory of a State of Nature combated. — Mr. Coleridge. — Mr. Wordsworth. — Mr. Duppa's Life of Michael Angelo. — Details of Himself and his Literary Pursuits and Opinions. — Political Changes. — Literary Labours. — Congratulations to Mr. Wynn on the Birth of a Child. — Remarks on the Effects of Time. Bristol Recollections. — Beausobre's History of Manicheism. — Goes to Norwich. — The Annual Review. — Jesuitism in England. — Brief Visit to London and Return. — Quaint Theory of the Origin of Languages. — Thalaba. — Urges Mr. Bedford to visit him at Keswick. — Directions about Specimens of English Poets. — Kehama. — Death of his Uncle John Southey. — Lines upon that Event. — Mountain Excursions. — Reviews of Madoc. — Epic Subjects suggested. — Translation of Palmerin of England. — Papers concerning South America. — Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson. — 1806 - - - - Page 1

CHAPTER XIII.

He undertakes to edit "Kirke White's Remains." — Details of his settling at Greta Hall. — Grant of a small Pension. — Opinions on the Catholic Question. — Progress of "Kirke White's Remains."

97373

— Heavy Deductions from his Pension. — Modern Poetry. — Politics. — Predicts severe Criticisms on the “Specimens of English Poetry.” — Recollections of College Friends. — Remarks on Classical Reading. — The Catholic Question. — Spanish Papers wanted. — Mr. Duppa’s “Life of Michael Angelo.” — Motives for editing “Kirke White’s Remains.” — Best Season for visiting the Lakes. — Effect upon them of Cloud and Sunshine. — Theory of educating Children for specific Literary Purposes. — Probable Establishment of a New Edinburgh Review. — Playful Letter to the late Hartley Coleridge. — New Edition of Don Quixote projected. — Plan of a Critical Catalogue. — Palmerin of England. — Lay of the Last Minstrel. — Chronicle of the Cid. — Morte D’Arthur. — Pecuniary Difficulties. — Sale of Espriella’s Letters. — Specimens of English Poetry. — Overtures made to him to take part in the Edinburgh Review. — Reasons for declining to do so. — 1807.

Page 58

CHAPTER XIV.

Brazilian Affairs. — Dislike of leaving Home. — Condemns the Idea of making Peace with Bonaparte. — The Inquisition. — The Sale of his Works. — Grateful Feelings towards Mr. Cottle. — Thoughts on the Removal of his Books to Keswick. — Meeting with the Author of Gebir. — Remarks on Marmion. — Political Opinions. — Kehama. — His Position as an Author. — On Metres. — Population of Spain. — Conduct of the French at Lisbon. — Remarks on Diseases. — Physical Peculiarities. — Spanish Affairs. — Present of Books from Mr. Neville White. — Account of Floating Island in Derwentwater. — He Predicts the Defeat of the French in the Peninsula. — Portuguese Literature. — Infancy of his little Boy. — Poetical Dreams. — Chronicle of the Cid. — Doubts about going to Spain. — Anecdote of an Irish Duel. — Literary Employments. — Advice to a Young Author. — The Convention of Cintra. — Spanish Ballads. — Politics of the Edinburgh Review. — The Quarterly Review set on Foot. — The Chronicle of the Cid. — Kehama. — Articles in the Quarterly Review. — Spanish Affairs. — 1808

- - - - - 129

CHAPTER XV.

Cowper's Translation of Milton's Latin and Italian Poems.—Kehama. — History of Brazil. — Politics. — Literary Advice. — Sketch of Mr. Rickman's Character. — Pleasure at seeing his Writings in Print. — Spanish Affairs. — The Quarterly Review. — Excursion to Durham. — Freedom of his Opinions. — The Cid. — Sensitive Feelings. — Gebir. — Bad Effect of Scientific Studies. — Anxiety about his little Boy. — Mr. Canning wishes to serve him. — Application for Stewardship of Greenwich Hospital Estates. — Mr. Wordsworth's Pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra. — Eclogue of the Alderman's Funeral. — The Quarterly Review. — Sir John Moore's Retreat. — Death of his Landlord. — Mr. Canning's Duel. — Morte D'Arthur. — Eclectic and Quarterly Reviews. — Dr. Collyer's Lectures. — Mr. Coleridge's "Friend." — The Soldier's Love. — Kehama finished. — Pelayo. — War in the Peninsula. — 1809 - Page 201

CHAPTER XVI.

Engagement with Ballantyne for the Edinburgh Annual Register. — Roderick begun. — Professor Wilson. — De Quincey. — The Friend. — Politics. — Madoc defended. — Monthly Review. — Lord Byron. — William Roberts. — Review of the Missionaries. — History of Brazil. — Declining Love of Poetical Composition. — The Lady of the Lake. — Romanism in England. — Poem of Mr. E. Elliott's criticised. — Portuguese Literature. — Edinburgh Annual Register. — Spanish Affairs. — Doubts about the Metre of Kehama. — Oliver Newman projected. — Kehama. — Comparative Merits of Spenser and Chaucer. — Evil of large landed Proprietors. — Remarks on Writing for the Stage. — Landor's Count Julian. — Political Views. — Gifford wishes to serve him. — Progress of the Register. — L. Goldsmid's Book about France. — Pasley's Essay. — New Review projected. — Death of his Uncle Thomas Southey. — Lucien Bonaparte. — 1810—1811 Page 270

CHAPTER XVII.

Scott's Vision of Don Roderick.—Advice to a Young Friend on going to Cambridge.—Bell and Lancaster Controversy.—Plan of the Book of the Church.—Wishes to assist Mr. W. Taylor in his Difficulties.—Prospect of being summoned to the Bar of House of Commons.—Shelley at Keswick.—Ugly Fellows.—Oxford.—Herbert Marsh.—Testamentary Letter.—Application for the Office of Historiographer.—Catholic Concessions.—Murder of Mr. Perceval.—State of England.—Edinburgh Annual Register.—Excursion into Durham and Yorkshire.—Visit to Rokeby.—The Quarterly Review.—The Register.—Moralised Sketch of Thalaba.—1811—1812 - - - - Page 314

Unsettled - 4-21-1831 - see Examination 1831 p. 420



Drawn & Engraved by W. Westall, A.R.A.

FLOATING ISLAND,

THE HAWAIIAN ISLANDS.

537

sufficient powers, bodily and mental, for his own support. I think the most reasonable opinion is, that the first men had a knowledge of language and of religion; in short, that the accounts of a golden or patriarchal age are, in their foundation, true. How soon the civilised being degenerates under unfavourable circumstances, has been enough proved by history. Freewill, God, and final retribution solve all difficulties. That Deity cannot be understood, is a stupid objection; without one we can understand nothing. I cannot put down my thoughts methodically without much revision and re-arrangement; but you may see what I would be at; it is no difficult matter to harpoon the Leviathan, and wound him mortally.

You may account by other means for the spread of the Mexican religion than by the love of blood. Man is by nature a religious animal; and if the elements of religion were not innate in him, as I am convinced they are, sickness would make him so. You will find that all savages connect superstition with disease, —some cause, which they can neither comprehend nor control, affects them painfully, and the remedy always is to appease an offended Spirit, or drive away a malignant one. Even in enlightened societies, you will find that men more readily believe what they *fear* than what they *hope*: . . . religions, therefore, which impose privations and self-torture have always been more popular than any other. How many of our boys' amusements consist in bearing pain? —grown children like to do the

same from a different motive. You will more easily persuade a man to wear hair-cloth drawers, to flog himself, or swing upon a hook, than to conform to the plain rules of morality and common sense. I shall have occasion to look into this subject when writing of the spirit of Catholicism, which furnishes as good an illustration as the practices of the Hindoos. Here, in England, Calvinism is the popular faith. . . . Beyond all doubt, the religion of the Mexicans is the most diabolical that has ever existed. It is not, however, by any means, so mischievous as the Brahminical system of caste, which, wherever it exists, has put a total stop to the amelioration of society. The Mexicans were rapidly advancing. Were you more at leisure, I should urge you to bestow a week's study upon the Spanish language, for the sake of the mass of information contained in their travellers and historians. . . .

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To Walter Scott, Esq., Advocate.

“ Greta Hall, Keswick, Feb. 4. 1806.

“ My dear Sir,

“ We are under considerable uneasiness respecting Coleridge, who left Malta early in September to return overland from Naples, was heard of from Trieste, and has not been heard of since. Our hope is, that, finding it impracticable to proceed, he may have returned, and be wintering at Naples or in Sicily.

509
 To Deane Feb 3 1806
 call on her, and see her sketches of Greta Hall, Gilpin's Stone, &c. She is that sort of woman that you will not feel yourself in the least awkward for want of an introducer. The Colonel has sent me half a collar of brawn and a little barrel of pickled sturgeon. This cost me a letter of thanks, which again produced such an answer! I wish you had seen it: he writes just as he talks, — world without end, Amen! However he is a good natured *homo*, if ever there was one.

The parcel came very well packed. I shall begin upon the "Cid" this day three weeks, — the very day the reviewing is off my hands, — and expect to make quick work with it. You sent me, in your last, some useful facts for Don Manuel; do not let anything of this kind escape you. I have some little hope, from what George says in a letter to his sister, that we may meet in London, which would be as useful to my book as it would be agreeable to me. No man knows what he has in his memory till it is asked for; and the MSS. would needs put you in mind of many things which you would never else think of. I shall start either the last week in March or the first in April, and, had I a companion, would go half footing and half coaching, by way of the Caves and the Peak.

Still no tidings of Coleridge: it is some consolation to know that no letters have been received for many weeks from that part of the Austrian dominions which is occupied by the French. It is not unlikely that he has returned, either to Naples or Malta, and may be waiting there for a ship. There is also this comfort, that ill news always travels fast; and letters to say he were dead would arrive as soon as those he should write himself. You may, however, well think that I am far from being easy about him. As for foreign politics, they do not seem to me to bear a bad aspect. Anything which tends still further to dislocate the

German Empire and prepare Germany for revolution is to be regarded as favourable to the ultimate improvement of Europe. Anything which weakens Austria is also desirable, and anything which strengthens the new kingdom of Italy. Bonaparte will hold all together while he lives; and thinks, by family connections, to keep afterwards in alliance what he cannot consolidate with France. His successors will be upon a par with common princes; his generals will die off; Germany and Spain, in their turn, will be regenerated by revolutions, and France be again what it was under the latter Bourbons. The great French generals are children of the Revolution, which will have no grandchildren; under an empire there will be the same system of family connections, interest, and corruption which has reduced this country and all the old governments of Europe to their present state. At home here, Danvers, what I ardently wished fourteen years ago from feeling, I now think inevitable, though at greater distance, and desirable, without wishing it. For myself, it is best that things should last out my time, so I suppose they may: being a tenant of an old house, I would rather suffer its inconveniences and its vermin, than be at the trouble and expense of repairs. But, for the country, I have only to say that the fable of the Phoenix looks like a political emblem, and that old governments must be cut up and put into Medea's cauldron. At present, however, there is a chance that the war may be carried on vigorously by sea, the people be armed, the enemy's colonies taken, and a good peace made at last.

Of "Madoc," I can tell you nothing more than that Windham has become a great admirer of it, from seeing the passages quoted for censure in the hostile reviews; and this, perhaps, I told you before. I have made up my mind to alter the catastrophe, and formed what I

very affectionate friend; 'tis a voluntary kind of relationship, in which it would gratify me to stand to a child of yours, and which I should consider as a religious pledge on my part for any useful, kind, and fatherly offices which it might ever happen to be in my power to perform.

“ I have for some time looked on with pleasure to the hope of seeing you next autumn, when, in all probability, if the situation of affairs abroad does not prevent me, I shall once more visit Portugal, not for health's sake, but to collect the last materials for my history, and to visit those parts of the kingdom which I have not yet seen. In this case my way will lie through Devonshire, and I will stop a day or two at Crediton, and talk over old times.

“ You inquire of the wreck of the Seward family, — a name as dear to my inmost heart as it can be to yours. No change has taken place among them for some years, as I understand from Duppa, who was my guest here the autumn before last, and with whom I have an occasional correspondence.

“ I passed through Oxford two years ago, and walked through the town at four o'clock in the morning; the place never before appeared to me half so beautiful. I looked up at my own windows, and, as you may well suppose, felt as most people do when they think of what changes time brings about.

“ If you have seen or should see the Annual Review, you may like to know that I have borne a great part in it thus far, and I may refer you for the state of my opinions to the Reviewals of the Periodical Accounts of the Baptist Mission, vol. i., of

7. Rev. N. Lightfoot 7.6.8.1806

Malthus's Essay on Population, Miles's History of the Methodists, and the Transactions of the Missionary Society, vol. ii. and iii., and of the Report of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, vol. iii. In other articles you may trace me from recollections of your own, by family likeness, by a knowledge of Spanish literature, and by a love of liberty and literature freely and warmly expressed. I was ministerial under Addington, regarded his successor with the utmost indignation, and am exceedingly well pleased at the present changes. Time, you say, moderates opinions as it mellows wine. My views and hopes are certainly altered, though the heart and soul of my wishes continues the same. It is the world that has changed, not I. I took the same way in the afternoon that I did in the morning, but sunset and sunrise make a different scene. If I regret any thing in my own life, it is that I *could* not take orders, for of all ways of life that would have best accorded with my nature; but I could not get in at the door.

“In other respects time has not much altered me. I am as thin as ever, and to the full as noisy: making a noise in any way whatever is an animal pleasure with me, and the louder it is the better. Do you remember the round hole at the top of the staircase, opposite your door? *

“Coleridge is daily expected to return from Malta, where he has been now two years for his health. I inhabit the same house with his wife and children, — perhaps the very finest single spot in England. We overlook Keswick Lake, have the Lake of Bassen-

* See p. 87.

513

To St. Southey, Keenock Feb 15 1806

the lives of the Spanish and Portuguese authors in the remaining volumes of Dr. Aikin's great General Biography? This will not interfere with my own plans; where it does, it is little more than printing the skeleton of what is hereafter to be enlarged. I can tell you nothing of the sale of Madoc, except that Longman has told me nothing, which is proof enough of slow sale; but if the edition goes off in two years, or indeed in three, it will be well for so costly a book. There is a reaction in these things; my poems make me known first, and then I make the poems known: as I rise in the world the books will sell. I have occasional thoughts of going on with Kehama now when my leisure time approaches, to keep my hand in, and to leave it for publication next winter. Not a line has been added to it since you left me.

“No news yet of Coleridge: we are seriously uneasy about him: it is above two months since he ought to have been home: our hope is, that finding the continent overrun by the French, he may have returned to Malta. Edith's love.

“God bless you, Tom!

R. S.”

To Richard Duppa, Esq.

“Feb. 23. 1806.

“Dear Duppa,

“Nicholson, I see, sets up a new review. Carlisle ought to get you well taken care of there. Need you be told the history of all reviews? If a book

falls into the hands of one who is neither friend nor enemy,—which for a man known in the world is not very likely—the reviewer will find fault to show his own superiority, though he be as ignorant of the subject upon which he writes as an ass is of metaphysics, or John Pinkerton of Welsh antiquities and Spanish literature. As your book, therefore, has little chance of fair play, get it into the hands of your friends. Have you any access to the Monthly?

“For politics. As far as the public is concerned, God be praised! How far I may be concerned, remains to be seen. My habits are now so rooted, that everything not connected with my own immediate pursuit seems of secondary consequence, and as far as relates to myself, hardly worth a hope or fear. So far as anything can be given me which will facilitate that pursuit, I greatly desire it, and have good reason to expect the best. But nothing that can happen will in any way affect my plan of operations for the present year. I go to London in a month’s time, I go to Lisbon in the autumn, and in the interim must work like a negro. By the by, cannot you give me a letter to Bartolozzi? he will like to see an Englishman who can talk to him of the persons with whom he was acquainted in England.

“I am reading an Italian History of Heresies in four folios, by a certain Domenico Bernino. If there be one thing in the world which delights me more than another, it is ecclesiastical history. This book of Bernino’s is a very useful one for a man who knows something of the subject, and is aware how much is to be believed, and how much is not.

515
To St Southey March 5/06
 sunburnt and grow a little older, before he begins to practise upon the tripes of his majesty's subjects. We have heard at last of Coleridge, who had been obliged to turn back to Naples, and was there in December. Where he is now heaven knows: probably either in Sicily or on his way home. It is not unlikely that you and I shall have our next meeting at Lisbon,—either that you will touch there during the war, or that, in case of peace, you may cross over as soon as you are paid off next time. You will have as much dancing as your head desires, and I shall enjoy seeing how much you will enjoy a jackass ride.

My daughter admires the necklace which came with the book very much. Bring her home some shells; but do not send them at the risk of being lost or broken by so long a land carriage. We are here at the uttermost end of the north. I have a world of fatigue to go through in London, of which the business is the least part; though there is not only my own book to finish, but I have promised as well to give poor Burnett a helping hand in one which he has undertaken, and in which he will want my help. The main fatigue will be in walking about that endless city and seeing my thousand and one acquaintances, dining late, and talking till midnight. To be sure there is the pleasure of seeing a good many old friends to set against this, and the pleasure also of hunting the booksellers' shops. Do you go on with your book of observations? Have the planters any gardens? Is there anything like ornamented ground about their houses? Do they collect water in great stone cisterns, like the Portuguese, for watering their plantations? God bless you, Tom.

Edith's love. I can't send my daughter's kiss, as I have nobody to draw upon for payment of it as you have. Once more, God bless you.

R. S.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, March 14. 1806.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I have a fine story for you, of which all the people in Keswick are at this moment brimful.

There is a man here, of some little credit among the people, as doing well in the world, and being very religious; and he keeps a little hole of a shop where he sells sugar and tea and stationery; has about fifty circulating books, besides a few Methodistical ones, which last he lends *gratis* to anybody who will read them. This man's son has just written him what I am about to tell you from Newcastle, as a circumstance which has just happened in that neighbourhood; the old Methodist believes it, and half the servants in the town will not be able to sleep to-night in consequence of their terror.

A man of reprobate character was playing at cards so late on Saturday night, that somebody warned him to leave off, because, as the Irishman says, it was Sunday morning. The fellow replied he would sit there till the day of judgment, and immediately as he uttered the words *he past away*. This is the phrase here for dying, and the very words in which one of our maids has just related the story. Well, there the corpse remains, sitting at the table, and the candle burning before him unconsumed; they could not move him from the chair to bury him, nor could they extinguish the candle. The house has been deserted, as you may well suppose, and there till the day of judgment he is to remain, a *sitting* miracle. It is a very fine story, and I should like to know the rise and progress of the latter part of it. That a man may have died suddenly when playing at cards is very likely.

507
 To Danson May 13/06
 extent, and my profits be easily gained. The "Cid" concludes the list of my ways and means for the year, for I shall add that I have sold the first edition of D. Manuel for 100%. To-morrow the effect of the journey will be pretty well worn off, and I shall begin my operations with a good will. My last year's reviewing was little short of 90%, so much better do I get paid for criticising other people's books than for making my own.

Sir Domine has passed his examination, and will be be-doctored about Midsummer; we shall then see him here. I wish we had your visit now to expect instead of to remember: however, we shall meet when I am on my way to Lisbon; an expedition which I begin to suspect will be delayed till the spring instead of the autumn for two or three reasons. Perhaps Buona-parte may furnish one worth them all. I find the two Ediths well, the little one perceptibly grown during my absence.

No letters from Coleridge of a later date than August. We hear of him by several quarters; he was at Rome in the beginning of February, much noticed there, and going to spend a few weeks in the country on a visit. This is the news from Englishmen who saw him there. It is not to be supposed that letters should regularly arrive from other persons, and all his be lost. Wordsworth thinks he has delayed writing till he finds it painful to think of it. Meantime we daily expect to hear of his return. I am more angry at his silence than I choose to express, because I have no doubt whatever that the reason why we receive no letters is, that he writes none; when he comes he will probably tell a different story, and it will be proper to admit his excuse without believing it. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, May 21. 1806.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

You will have perceived that I had perceived the unfitness of transmitting proof-sheets back through you,—the second which came was enclosed to the Emperor Wynn before your note arrived. You will perceive, too, that your queries concerning any passage are not thrown away, when I tell you that your doubt as to the propriety of drowning the boatman, in a ballad written before I knew how to write ballads, made me discover that my meaning was not explained in the story; and so I took care to explain it, and let the reader know that the boatman was not flesh and blood, but one of the Devil's boatmen;—Duppa and Michel Angelo know that the Devil has a barge of his own.

My packages arrived on Monday, so much sooner than any former importation, that I think the "Flying Waggon" deserves its name. I am looking over Heber's romances, which come in the series before "Palmerin of England:" of the first, there is the Spanish original and the French translation;—the difference is characteristic. Nothing can be coarser than the morals of the Spanish author, who was a woman. They are like those of Amadis, only still coarser,—but still in the same plain nakedness of savage life. The Frenchman, of course, takes advantage of this. When he finds a short sentence to state that a knight and fair lady go to bed together, he fills a page about it. The one is the nakedness of an Indian, who has never worn clothes; the other that of a courtesan, in a Frenchman's cabinet lined with looking-glass.

579

R. S. Southey, May 22/06

I could not see your defence at the Admiralty without certain formal permissions which it would have been unpleasant to have requested. Harry Bedford, however, who is employed there, got it pretty well by heart, and repeated to me the whole substance. He said the whole transaction was to your credit, and that even what you had written about William's perjury would be rather serviceable than otherwise. I shall send the letter through him, hoping that you will receive it more speedily, and that its chance of reaching you will be greater; but God send that it may pass you on your passage to England with the convoy.

Now for my own affairs. Still in the same uncertainty about the fate of Portugal; but, if it be not shut against us, almost certain of the secretaryship there. "Madoc" has been reviewed in the Critical and Monthly very unjustly; the former, which I have not seen, was written by Le Grice, who is supposed to have so done because he hates Coleridge, having always envied him; who did the latter I know not, but if you can conceive a blue-bottle fly wriggling his tail and trying to sting with it, you will have a good emblem of the writer's clumsy malice. Of Jeffrey's article in the "Edinburgh" I have before spoken, and I believe told you how Windham was induced to read the book by the merit of the extract there given to be censured. "I perceive," he said, "very clearly that he who wrote the review knows nothing of poetry, and that he who wrote the poem does." This, which Wynn had told me, was repeated by Lord Holland. Lady H. added, that it was the rule at St. Ann's Hill (Fox's) to read aloud after supper, and shut the book at eleven, and to retire to bed; but, while "Madoc" was reading, they went on till after midnight. Fox's letter, concerning which you inquire, was a civil one, written before he had read the

*This is corrected
vol IV
p 487*

book. Heber said to me, "This one poem was all that my warmest friends could wish it to be."

I am now running a race with the printer, as you know I like to do; and, if I do not keep pace with him, the constable will not keep pace with me.

This, then, is my first and main business in hand. Secondly, I am preparing the "Chronicle of the Cid" for publication, in which I shall dispose of much matter originally collected for preliminary chapters to my *History*: *there* there will be no room for it, and here it may be advantageously set forth. This is a very favourite work with me, and is, I think, likely to please a certain class of readers much. Thirdly, I am going to reprint "Palmerin of England," correcting the old translation when it requires it, restoring the original orthography of the names, and writing a preface. These are all stipulated engagements, concluded on with Longman. In my own mind, I think of making, from time to time, more stories like "Queen Orraca," and "Garci Fernandez," so as to fill a volume, and of proceeding with "Kehama" in the winter, if I should be in England, instead of reviewing.

Henry's *History* is safe. I had given it up as lost, but found that it was in Longman's possession.

Wynn's direction is now *Whitehall*, he being one of the Under Secretaries of State. He is married to a very good-natured, unaffected woman. If you ship him a turtle, his house is No. 6. Great George Street, Westminster. The former one died performing quarantine at Cork.

You will expect some politics; but in truth, I like all that is going on so little, that I had rather talk about anything else. It is such a damned scramble for places,—so completely everything which it ought not to be,—that I am out of heart, and have lost all hope of any beneficial change to any extent. Yet Wind-

521

To Mrs. May June 18 1806

ing repugnance at the prosecution of Gilbert Wakefield.* His conversation was in a tone of exceeding liberality, even more than appears to me quite congruous with his silk apron; for certainly the articles of his faith are not all to be found among the nine-and-thirty, nor all the nine-and-thirty to be found among his. He paid me some handsome compliments upon "Madoc," and, among others, that of showing me that he had read it very carefully, by mentioning a few verbal defects, as they had appeared to him. My daughter was so delighted with the new gown which Mrs. May sent her, that I thought it expedient to inform her that new gowns were among the pomps and vanities of this wicked world; a warning which, as you may perhaps suppose, has not made her a whit the less proud of it.

In about three months I hope she will have a brother or sister. Edith desires to be remembered to yourself and Mrs. May, to whom I also beg my remembrances. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

No news of Coleridge!

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Sept. 20. 1806.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

That the way of life is full of disappointments we have all of us found to our cost; hope, however, I will, in spite of this knowledge, and in spite of your lumbago,—or whatever it be which has you on your

* Southey visited him when in gaol. "At Dorchester, I spent half an hour with Gilbert Wakefield."—*MS. Letter to G. C. Bedford*, Oct. 11. 1799.

back,—that you and I shall yet Butlerise *, and drink grog out of my Indian-rubber *borracha*, upon the top of Skiddaw, before the old gentleman has put on his white perriwig for the winter. I made an ascension about two days ago, when Tom paid his first and the doctor his last visit, leaving his name on one of the stones, with P. P. C. I, however, promised to mount again, having already been up six times, and meaning to have you for my companion on the seventh.

I daily expect the needful account of Churchill. My preface hangs upon hand, but in hand it is.

The measles have “run their raging race,” and are fairly out of the house;—so the Edithling has got safely by one of those perilous passes which are to be found in the course of life, just as they are in the Royal Game of Goose. If the next great family event were as well over, I should settle more comfortably to work by day, and to sleep by night. I wish the winter and spring had passed away, and that I were quietly settled at Lisbon; for, to tell you the truth, I have some reason to think that if business and choice did not lead me there, necessity would drive me. My lungs are become very susceptible of cold, which they never were till lately; I have an habitual expectoration to a troublesome degree, and though assuredly at present I am not ill, yet the train for illness seems to be laid. My intention is to remove in the spring; if I feel myself diseased in the winter, which is not the trying season, I must run for it without delay. A few years in a better climate, where I shall sit less at my desk, and live more in the open air, are of more consequence to me than anyone can easily believe who has never felt the effect of a genial atmosphere.

Ask Elmsley to send me the life of D. Luisa Carvajal, when Wynn is in the way to frank it. I want to

* See Life and Correspondence, vol. ii. p. 335.

home;—but his house stands delightfully, and puts a large part of the finest scenery within our reach. You will find him very friendly, and will like his wife much—she is a great favourite with me. The Bishop of Llandaff lives near them, to whom I have lately been introduced. God bless you!

R. S.”

*In
A Morrison
collection*

To Joseph Cottle, Esq.

“ Keswick, Aug. 11. 1806.

“ My dear Cottle,

opening passage here
“ Madoc has not made my fortune. By the state of my account in May last,—that is, twelve months after its publication,—there was a balance due to me ~~(on the plan of dividing the profits)~~ of 3*l.* 1*9s.* 1*d.* About 180 then remained to be sold, each of which will give me ~~5s.~~; But the sale will be ~~rather~~ slower than distillation through a filtering stone. We mean to print a small edition in two vols. without delay, and without alterations, that the quarto may not lose its value. †

“ Of the many ~~renewals~~ of this poem I have only seen the Edinburgh, Monthly, and Annual. I sent a copy to Mr. Fox, and Lady Holland told me it was the rule at St. Ann’s Hill to read aloud till eleven, and then retire; but that when they were reading Madoc they often read till the clock struck twelve. In short, I have had as much *praise* as heart could desire, but not quite so much of the more solid kind of remuneration. †

I am preparing for the press the Chronicle of the

Cid,—a very curious monument of old Spanish manners and history, which will make two little volumes, to the great delight of about as many readers as will suffice to take off ~~an~~ ^{one} edition of 750.

“You suggest to me three Epic subjects, all of them striking, but each liable to the same objection,—that no entire and worthy interest can be attached to the conquering party in either. 1st. William of Normandy is less a hero than Harold. The true light in which that part of our history should be regarded was shown me by William Taylor. The country was not thoroughly converted. Harold favoured the Pagans, and the Normans were helped by the priests. 2dly. Alaric is the chief personage of a French poem by Scudery, which is notoriously worthless. The capture of Rome is in itself an event so striking that it almost palsies one’s feelings; yet nothing resulted which could give a worthy purport to the poem. In this point Theodoric is a better hero: the indispensable requisite, ~~however~~, ^{however} in a subject for me is, that the end—the ultimate end—must be worthy of the means. 3dly. The expulsion of the Moriscoes. This is a dreadful history, which I will never torture myself by ~~reading~~ ^{perusing} a second time. Besides I am convinced, in opposition to the common opinion, that the Spaniards did wisely in the act of ~~expelling them~~ ^{doing it}; tho’ most wickedly in the way of expelling them. One word more about literature, and then to other matters. How goes on the ~~Fall~~ ^{Conquest} of Cambria, and what are you about? [*Here passage about his brother Tom Henry*]

“My little girl is now two years and a quarter old—a delightful playfellow, of whom I am somewhat

[Southey's *Life of Coleridge*. iii 51]

[This letter is addressed to :-

'To W Coltton, Portland Square
 Bristol' - and has been here
 very inaccurately & incompletely
 printed - It is in Mr Alfred
 Monbodan's Collection - I do
 not ~~remember~~ see transcripts all
 the omitted passages - but the
 following are interesting :-]

+ p 51. lose its value.
 Of the many reviews of the poem
 I have ^{only} seen the Edinburgh, Monthly
 and Annual. The first was written
 by Jeffrey who knows about as
 much about poetry as Gog in
 jail'd hall: then Wyndham read his
 criticism he said I replying that
 the critic does not understand poetry
 & that the author does - he
 bought the book in consequence.
 I sent a copy to Mr Fox &c. . .

+ p 51. . . . Remunerative. The
 Critical (which I have not seen)
 was written by Delaprice, whose
 name

name you may remember a
schoolfellow of Coleridge's - &
who took that method of indulging
~~and~~ an old enemy against him by
abusing me. What Taylor wrote the
Annual. One in the General
... is by Sharon Turner, with
whom I am intimate. Heaven
knows who emptied his gall-
-bladder on me in the Monthly
- but so it is that being known
as I am, whatever appears in
the shape of public criticism
is sure to come either from
friend or foe. I am preparing
for the press ... & p. 51

¶ p. 52. "... sortum of 750.
My long delayed specimens are
in a way of completion." - Goes
on to ask for information about
a certain Churchey who wrote
a copulent quarto - and about
Amos, Joseph Butler, "say
what you wish to be said -
to which I in ~~case~~ of necessity add
one sentence of respectful
& regretful remembrance"
... You suggest ... & p. 52

524⁶ 1795

¶ p. 53. ... is fitting. & the
further, I think, will not be
diminished when another arrives
— for another I very shortly expect.
Eorth is ... p. 53

¶ p. 53. ... thrown away.
Coleridge has been daily
expected since May the first of
May last year. The list
accounts were dated in the
May of this, he was then at
Leyburn, about to embark
for England. In the last
Annual I had a considerable
share ... I suspect of the
slow sale & ... p. 53

♪ p. 53. a passage asking
Ctite for write - Remembrance
to his family &c

more fond than is fitting. *P* Edith is in excellent health, I myself the same *B*arebones as ever, first cousin to an anatomy, but with my usual good health and steady good spirits; neither in habits nor ~~in~~ anything else different from what I was, except that if my *upper story* is not better furnished, a great deal of good furniture is thrown away. *P*

and grown fat

“
 In spite of the slow sale of Madoc, I cannot but think that it may answer as well for the year's ways and means to finish the ‘Curse of Kehama,’ and sell the first edition, as to ~~spend~~ ^{my} the time in criticising other people's books. *P*

Employ / same

“ God bless you !

R. SOUTHEY.”

To John Rickman, Esq.

“ Oct. 13. 1806.

“ My dear Rickman,

“ You will be glad to hear that my child proves to be of the more worthy gender.

“ I would do a great deal to please poor Tobin (indeed, it is doing a good deal to let him inflict an argument upon me), but to write an epilogue is doing too much for anybody. Indeed, were I ever so well disposed to misemploy time, paper, and rhymes, it would be as much out of my reach as the moon is; and I bless my stars for the incapacity, believing that a man who can do such things well cannot do anything better.

“I am also thoroughly busy. Summer is my holyday season, in which I lay in a store of exercise to serve me for the winter, and leave myself as it were lying fallow to the influences of heaven. I am now very hard at Palmerin, — so troublesome a business, that a look before the leap would have prevented the leap altogether. I expected it would only be needful to alter the *Propria quæ maribus* to their original orthography, and restore the costume where the old translators had omitted it, as being to them foreign or obsolete; but they have so mangled, mutilated, and massacred the manners, — vulgarised, impoverished, and embeggared the language, — so lopped, cropped, and docked the ornaments, that I was fain to set my shoulder stiffly to the wheel, and retranslate about the one-half. As this will not produce me one penny more than if I had reprinted it with all its imperfections on its head, the good conscience with which it is done reconciles me to the loss of time; and I have, moreover, such a true love of romance that the labour is not irksome, tho’ it is hard. To correct a sheet — sixteen pages of the square-sized black letter — is a day’s work; that is, from breakfast till dinner, allowing an hour’s walk, and from tea till supper; and the whole is about sixty sheets.

“Secondly, Espriella is regulated by the printer, who seems as little disposed to hurry me as I am to hurry him. . . .

“Thirdly, the reviewing is come round, of which, in the shape of Missionaries, Catholic Miracles, Bible and Religious Societies, Clarkson, and little Moore (not forgetting Captain Burney), I have more to do

527

your hands, you should think I have not been sufficiently so, I beg you will, without hesitation, expunge whatever may appear exceptionable.

When I obeyed the impulse which led me to undertake this task, it was from a knowledge that Henry White had left behind him an example, which ought not to be lost, of well-directed talents, and that, in performing an act of respect to his memory, I should at the same time hold up the example to others who have the up-hill paths of life to tread. No person can be more thoroughly convinced that goodness is a better thing than genius, and that genius is no excuse for those follies and offences which are called its eccentricities.

“The mention made in my last of any difference in religious opinions from your brother was merely incidental; nor is it by any means my intention to say any more upon the subject than simply to state that those opinions are not mine, lest it should be supposed they were, from the manner in which I speak of him.

“I shall now proceed as speedily as I can with the work.

Yours truly, and with much esteem,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Richard Duppa, Esq.

“ March 27. 1807.

“ Dear Duppa,

“ The Ministry — by this time, perhaps, no longer a Ministry — have made a very pretty kettle of fish of it; which phrase, by the by, would look well in literal translation into any other language. Perhaps you will be surprised to hear that on the Catholic Question I am as stiffly against them as his Majesty himself. Of all my friends Coleridge is perhaps the only one who thinks with me upon this subject; but I am clear in my own mind. I am, however, sorry for the business, — more to think what a rabble must come in, than for any respect for those who are going out — though the *Limited Service* and the Abolishment of the Slave Trade are great things. As for any effect upon my own possible fortunes, you need not be told how little any such *possibilities* ever enter into my feelings: they have entered into my calculations just enough to keep me unsettled, and nothing more. And here I am now planting garden-enclosures, rose-bushes, currants, gooseberries, and resolute to become a mountaineer — perhaps for ever — unless I should remove for final settlement at Lisbon. My study is to be finished — my books gathered together; and if you do not come down again, the very first summer you are not otherwise engaged, why — you may stay and be smoke-dried in London for your good-for-nothingness. I have a man called Willy, who is my Juniper in this business.

Juniper was his
Bristol (?).
Carpenter
odd job man

We are going to have laburnums and *lilacs*, seringas, barberry bushes, and a pear-tree to grow up by your window against the wall, and *white* curtains in my library, and to dye the old ones in the parlour blue, and to put fringe to them, Mr. Duppa, and to paper the room, Mr. Duppa, and I am to have a carpet in my study, Mr. Duppa, and the chairs are to be new bottomed, and we are to buy some fenders at the sale of the General's things, and we have bought a new hearth-rug. And then the outside of the house is to be rough-cast, as soon as the season will permit, and there is a border made under the windows, and there is to be a gravel walk there, and turf under the trees beyond *that*, and beyond *that* such peas and beans! Oh! Mr. Duppa, how you will like them when you come down, and how fine we shall be, if all this does not ruin me!

“ The reason of all this is, that some arrangements of Coleridge's made it necessary that I should either resolve upon removing speedily, or remaining in the house. The one I could not do, and was, not unwillingly, forced to the other. Indeed, the sense of being unsettled was the only uneasiness I had; and these little arrangements for future comfort give me, I am sure, more solid satisfaction and true enjoyment than his great Howickship can possibly have felt upon getting into that Downing Street, from whence he will so reluctantly get out,— like a dog on a wet day out of the kitchen, growling as he goes, with his tail between his legs, and showing the teeth with which he dares not bite. Jackson — God

bless him — is as well pleased about it as I am; and that excellent good woman, Mrs. Wilson, is rejoiced at heart to think that we are likely to remain here for the remainder of her days.

“Sir, it would surprise you to see how I dig in the garden. I am going to buy the ‘Complete Gardener;’ and we do hope to attain one day to the luxuries of currant wine, and such like things, which I hope will meet your approbation, after you and I have been up Causey Pike again, and over the Fells to Blea Tarn, — expeditions to the repetition of which I know you look on with great pleasure.

“I shall miss Harry this summer, — an excellent boatman, and a companion whose good spirits and good humour never failed. If T. Grenville would make Tom a Captain, and send him down to grass for the summer, he would do a better thing than he has done yet since he went to the Admiralty. Wynn did mention my brother to him; but we had no borough interest to back us, and fourteen years’ hard service go for nothing, with wounds, blowing up, honourable mention, and excellent good conduct. Still I have a sort of faith (God willing) that he will be an Admiral yet.

“I am hurrying my printer with Espriella, for fear another translation should appear before mine, which, you know, would be very unlucky. Ten sheets of the second volume are done. I much wish it were out, having better hopes of its sale than the fate of better books will perhaps warrant. But this

5-31

voking to receive a sheet scrawled over with a mouthful of meaning, as to call for spruce beer, when one is thirsty, and get a glassful of froth.

All Friday morning, before you came from Brathay, I devoted to the papers of poor Henry White, being too uncomfortable for any other employment. I resumed them after you were gone,—the additional ones came that evening, and that evening I fairly overhauled the whole. I have marked for transcription such as should be published, and have desired that they may be transcribed, each on a separate paper, for the convenience of arrangement. They are numerous, and many of them very beautiful. If his family will supply me with as full materials as I have requested, for an account of him, I shall do what remains to be done with great pleasure. Poor fellow! his industry was at least equal to Chatterton's; his genius, in my judgment, nothing inferior; and his life seems to have been without spot or stain. The papers go back to-morrow, to his brother, that he may see to the transcription, and Edith is copying, for you, his remarks on "Thalaba."

Last night I thought of you, at the Bridgewater Arms, and that when you were in that huge warehouse-looking room you would be thinking of me. You will now have left Birmingham, and must be in the coach for a second night's journey. 'Tis a dismal distance, and heartily glad shall I be to hear you are safe at the end of it. We miss you: your place in the room seems to want its occupier. I must put your box of water-colours out of sight, and send away the plate and teacup—still lying under the sideboard—which you used when colouring; not that out of sight is, can, or ought to be, out of mind, but that there is something in having these things always in sight, which is like being haunted. I have heard of men who, when their wives have died, have suffered everything belonging to

To Mr Southey Decr 21/06

the dead to remain precisely as they left it for years and years — the music-book open, the shawl thrown across the chair, the fan or the parasol on the table, — and this till they died themselves. This is insanity, but one can understand its nature and growth. If ever I should become insane, it will not be in this way. There is the same excuse for drunkenness and debauchery as for over-sensibility. Twelve years ago I carried Epictetus in my pocket, till my very heart was ingrained with it, as a pig's bones become red by feeding him upon madder. And the longer I live, and the more I learn, the more am I convinced that Stoicism, properly understood, is the best and noblest system of morals. If you have never read the book, buy Mrs. Carter's translation of it whenever it comes in your way. Books of morals are seldom good for anything; the stoical books are an exception. In morals, as in everything else, one should aim high.

What a difference has one week made in this house! Nurse gone — “Old love God and be cheerful,” as Coleridge calls her, — Coleridge and Job gone, and now you also. I tell Mrs. Coleridge, and make her half-angry by the name I have given her —

“The only society I have left now,
Is Bumble-cum-tumble and Doggy-bow-wow,”

meaning her and the heir to the books. However, we have a black cat come to us, and everybody says that it is the luckiest thing in the world. You are gone at the wrong time. To-day has been fine weather; it is the shortest day, and it is always a joyful thing to turn the corner, and begin lengthening time again. The frost ought to be setting in, and probably will: we shall have the lake frozen, and I shall want a companion in my walks.

Betty is coming for “the letters.” I must have done, which is well, having nothing to write about.

So now to finish Captain Burney. Edith's love. Your niece is in bed. I tell her you are going to be in a great ship, upon the great waters, and she says when I have done, "sing it again." Sarah says, "her papa is not pretty, but that her uncle Southey is pretty, oh very pretty!" And my daughter, you know, looks in my face and says, "you *is* a beauty,"—have I not reason to be vain? God bless you.

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Dec. 29. 1806.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You will, perhaps, wonder that I should not sooner have thanked you for the information in your last letter, and, through you, made my acknowledgment to Mr. Burn for his friendly offices. The cause of delay has been this.

My uncle, in two letters, one written the day after the other, has urged me to lose no time in setting about and getting ready that part of my *Magnum Opus* which relates to Brazil;—and, in consequence of the inquiries relative to that country which were made at Lisbon by the mysterious embassy, instructed me to offer to Government such information as his papers, in my possession, contained; which he believes to be more than any other person in Europe possesses, except the Abbé du Boys, much of whose information is derived from them.

Accordingly, I wrote to Wynn, who in return informs me of Lord Grenville's reply: "That my materials relate to the wrong side of South America, for their present views, but that he very much recommends me

to postpone the rest of my history, and set immediately to work upon this, in consequence of the present bias of the public mind. Government," he adds, "has no wish to keep this sort of information private, and would rather encourage me in publishing it." The papers in question came to me in sealed packets, which I had never opened, not knowing their contents; they were in London; and, if I had been called on to prepare an abstract from them, it would, perhaps, have been advisable that I should travel up to them. Till this was determined, I delayed writing to you. I have now written for them, and for all my books relating to this part of the history. A good many are here already, and, if neither my health nor eyes fail me, I expect in no very long time to report good progress in this very interesting and important work. The whole copy of *Espriella* will be finished, and sent off to the printer, by the end of January, and the whole of what reviewing I have. Then I shall instantly begin. My mornings in February will complete the rest of *Palmerin*, and then I shall do nothing else till this be completed. The arrangement is mapped out in my own mind, which is a great point done. I am in possession of almost every printed book relating to the subject, except such as may be in Dutch, and have made arrangements for procuring these.

Harry is with William Taylor, and will, I suppose, set off for London, as soon as he hears from you. I shall direct him where, and at what hour, he may hope to see you in town: his appearance and manners, I trust, will please you well. Perhaps you will take him, some day, to Mr. Burn's: I never knew a young man who was so generally admired.

Tom was here, working hard at Portuguese, when his appointment arrived; he set off instantly, but there has been no time for me to hear that he has joined.

535
To Mrs. Jan 27 1807
and inevitably to our ultimate defeature. What should be done is to throw the Spanish colonies open, and leave them alone, by which means we should have the full benefit of commercial intercourse,—which is all the good the nation ever can derive from them,—without expense or hazard; cut off their trade with the mother country, and make a free-trade with them the main article of peace. We should thus materially forward the improvement of that wonderful country.

But ministers want places to dispose of,—and in this, all ministers are alike. It seems, as if there were some law of nature, by which governments were always to be behind-hand with the people in wisdom, and never to adopt sound principles of conduct, till long after all thinking men had considered them as *axiomatic*.

I am hurrying my printer with Don Manuel, in whose letters, with much matter of a lighter cast, you will see a good deal of my mind poured out on subjects of importance. But my limits have been too constrained, and the book would have been better, if it had suited me to have extended it to a fourth volume. The most complete part will be the view of the different religious sects in the country, in which, I think, no former historian of heresies has equalled me,—St. Epiphanius himself not excepted.

Herbert grows finely, and if it were not for the Tatar-shaped eyes which all my children have—I cannot divine by what right of inheritance—he would be a beauty. I tell my daughter that she is like my old books,—ugly, but good; though, sometimes, sad to say! the latter part of the simile is not so accurate as the former. All her perceptions and feelings are so fearfully quick, that I am never without a dread that some tendency to organic disease occasions this exquisite acuteness. Thank God! she is well as yet, and as

strong as if she were own child to Hercules or Samson before he had his hair cut.

In my last, I recommended to you the "Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson:" let me now recommend Dr. Jarrold's "Dissertations on Man," in reply to the abominable book of Malthus. Coleridge is with Wordsworth, in Leicestershire. Mrs. C. and the children are to join him somewhere on the way to Ottery, early in the spring. Edith joins me in remembrance to Mrs. May. You have, perhaps, seen his doctorship by this time, as he knows where and when you are visible. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Feb. 1. 1807.

"I AM writing all the letters to my Barker," says Edith this morning, — my Barker, she always calls you, and always adds, "Will she come again?" It is time, for conscience sake, that I should follow my daughter's example.

A great deal has happened to change my plans for the ensuing campaign. My uncle wrote me two pressing letters, two days running, to send for his papers upon Brazil, to offer the information which they contain to Government; and to lose no time in bringing forward that part of my History. I wrote accordingly to Wynn, proffering, through him, to Lord Grenville, more information concerning the interior of South America, than probably any other individual in Europe possesses, except one Frenchman who has seen these very papers. Lord G.'s answer was (I am writing

secretly, Senhora, not to go beyond yourself,) that "My information seemed to relate to the wrong side of South America," which was not a very wise answer; for it related to the state of the interior, which would show him how far schemes of conquest are feasible (he may as well think of conquering the moon, and making his majesty the man of it), and it would also show him the whole detail of the Brazilian mines, and teach him the necessity of putting those endless resources in security from France. But no matter; the answer suits me better than a more politic one would have done, for, God knows! I have no wish to draw up memorials for statesmen. The way to instruct them is through the people: truth gets at them in that way in about fifty years. He added advice to me, to lay aside every other literary pursuit, and give this information to the public as soon as I could, because it would be so advantageous to myself; and said that Government had no wish to keep any such things secret, but rather wished them to be generally known. Of which the English is, that they like to be guided by public opinion; and that, Senhora, is good English, and as it should be.

Well, here are the MSS. arrived from London,—a most invaluable collection, which would show you that my uncle is as indefatigable as I am, and that the good blood in my veins comes from that side. Here are my books about Brazil from London, and from Bristol: this very day, February 1st, I have begun, and here shall I stay till the first volume be fit to be taken to London, and put to press, and nothing else shall I do, as soon as my hands are clear of other business, which they soon will be.

I meant to have finished my little reviewing of Don Manuel yesterday. Three days' influenza threw me back. Don Manuel was calculated at 330 pages:

that number I have finished, but there must be about 30 more,—some ten evenings' work ; then there is half Palmerin : all will soon be done, and the book shall be in the press by the end of autumn.

Mrs. Coleridge and her children are to join Coleridge early in April, and go into Devonshire, where the longer they stay the better. Perhaps if Wordsworth settles in the south they will not return at all, which is what I wish, as it would tempt me hugely to fix here. I believe Rickman and his wife will come here in the summer.

Your last letter was of a better complexion than usual — things could not have taken a better turn.

I am alone, and have been so for six weeks. Poor Tom is first lieutenant of the Pallas, a frigate so miserably manned that he is almost worn out with duty, and his feet covered with chilblains. I have been admirably industrious ever since he went : yet, by a far greater exertion, have seldom omitted every day to walk to Scrygin's Crag, taking that opportunity, if the weather permits, of studying my Dutch grammar. Espriella will be a singular book, but there should have been a fourth volume to hold all. I have poured out much of my mind, and a good deal of collected facts for the history of the age, yet hardly feel the emptier. That part which relates to the various divisions of the Methodists must be compressed into one chapter (indeed is done), because I could not get the books, and could not do without them. Whitefield's Journal is the one, the whole of it : a late edition of the two first parts Danvers got for me, in a state incurably beastly, but these do not come down far enough, and the first edition is the desirable one, because he was ashamed of some things in it. The other is the life of a certain Alexander Kelham, founder of the New Methodists,

To Bedford Feb 2. 1807
 priella printer corrects every proof before I see them, and sends me a clean sheet, without a single typographical error, so that there are none but my own to correct: such work as this is intolerable.

Oh dear, dear, Grosvenor! Zounds! The devil!—there it goes. It is all so scrawled that I know not where to find room for a correction.

I thought when in London that —— looked miserably ill, as if something was out of order in him; and I thought too, that his mind had taken such a turn, that unless he took a sectarian bias, and became Methodist or Quaker, he was in danger of derangement. People are sometimes driven mad this way, but they are also sometimes saved from madness by it. Their feelings find vent in a regular channel, and they themselves find persons who sympathise with them. Thus it is that where there are convents, madmen are almost unknown. I wish he were acquainted with Wilberforce, or some such man. Were he kin of mine, Grosvenor, this is what I would do: I would learn who was the most eloquent of the Evangelical preachers, and propose to him, as a matter of curiosity, to go and hear him. If what he heard there should harp in with his own feelings, it would be like David's harp, and charm the evil spirit out of him. The malady of his mind being thus indulged would abate; it would become zeal, a source of pleasure to himself, and others would not regard it as a malady. I could show you cases in point. Perhaps no man living is so well acquainted with the history of enthusiasm as I am, and that history throws as much light upon the morbid anatomy of the human mind, as all Dr. Willis's practice can do.

You ask about my removal from hence. I am fixed here for some time longer—in fact, till I can get 300*l.* to move with, which is not so soon got. Luckily I am well contented to stay, spite of inconvenience,

and should the Coleridges quit the house (as there is some hope they may) there would then be room for me conveniently, and I should feel much disposed to take root here; for leave it when I will, it would be a sore pang to me. I don't talk much about these things; but these lakes and mountains give me a deep joy, for which I suspect nothing elsewhere can compensate, and this is a feeling which time strengthens instead of weakening. I began yesterday my History of Brazil, and you will see me, I expect, in London early in the winter, to fill up gaps in the first volume, and to commit it to the press. God bless you! 'Tis time for the post, or I should have filled the *sheet*.

R. SOUTHEY.

To Charles Danvers, Esq.

Keswick, March 2. 1807.

MY DEAR DANVERS,

I have desired Our Fathers, which are in the Row, to send you a book, which you will not like much, but which, were it even less interesting to you, it is fitting that you should have, as being mine. It is abominably incorrect: and Grosvenor Bedford has played the very devil, with his absurd omissions, and more absurd insertions. He has taken more liberties with what I had actually done, than I should have thought it decent to have taken with him. There is no help for this,—only that I have ordered some cancels, for the sake of public decency, and that it is very likely there must be a supplementary volume. You need not, however, tell people that it is a bad book, — they will find it out quite soon enough themselves. The printing is beyond anything execrable.

His must be 20th
see first part of the book 30th

see also
Bedford
p. 422
Grosvenor
15 March
says in
that the
copy of
the book
is beyond

I have something to tell you, with which you will not be pleased. In consequence of some arrangements of Coleridge's, it became necessary that I should either resolve upon quitting this place at a given time, or of remaining in it. The latter suited me best—it was, in fact, the only choice to be made; and here, then, we have resolved to remain indefinitely, to fit up the house more decently, and to gather together the books. As soon as the weather permits, the plastering is to be done; and, as soon as that is done, I shall give you your last trouble with the books, which will be to *ship* them off for Whitehaven and Workington, — taking out one tea-chest-full of the most valuable, for fear of accidents. We are just beginning to inclose the garden, when we shall plant shrubs, &c.; and heartily do I wish that you were here to be chief gardener out of doors, and head man in the improvements within.

Mrs. Coleridge is on her way to Bristol, with the two younger children; she will bring the pattern of a certain marble paper, of which I will thank you to get me four quires, at Barry's: if he have not so much he can get it. You will wonder at so large an order; but the truth is, we conceive that it will make a very good bordering for a room, and be much cheaper, as well as much prettier, than any to be obtained here.

It is my full intent to see you in the latter end of the year, God willing; and you must make up your mind, the first summer you can, to revisit Keswick, and see all those things which you left unseen: Sir Domine is gone for Lisbon; I shall miss him, when we launch the boat, and very often envy him.

Heaven knows when the intolerable delays of the printer will let Espriella appear! I have not three days' work to do to it, and am hurrying him through every possible channel; for fear, you know, lest another translator should appear first. I am hastening towards

541

Hartle
with
57 Cant
Coleridge
or lower

the end of Palmerin, and shall feel a great weight off my shoulders when it is done. Another book that for you, which you will not like,—but, I pray you, remember that I do not expect you to read it.

Rex* is right. I am he that is greater than Miller, in the “Athenæum,” which he of course knew by the Rats. I dare say my quaintness annoys no one so much as Dr. Aikin. That family have a dread of any thing out of their own way; they are as much afraid of it as a cat is of wetting her feet. I will lay my life, that I do not feel half so much satisfaction in putting one of my odd things into a reviewal, as King Arthur does in drawing his expurgatorial pen through it. I look at my own articles, when the volume comes down, and feel, upon the perusal, just as I should do if, when calling for a glass of soda water, I found the footman had drawn all the corks half an hour before dinner, for fear the bottles should burst. Oh! he is a cruel King Arthur, and he served William Taylor just as he serves me.

Your information, concerning Miss Smith, is the first which I have heard since her return to England. What is her complaint supposed to be?—it could not, surely, be consumption, or she could not have lasted so long.

Count Burnetski flourishes as an author. His Polish letters are to be extended to a little volume, which Longman prints, and his specimens are very likely to form a very respectable book. I thank God for the abolition!—but Lord Percy's motion ought to have been supported. I have addressed a sonnet to him upon it, which you will soon see in the “Courier.” About the Catholic question, I completely agree with the King. Upon this subject, I suppose, Coleridge and I differ from all the other friends of freedom; but I have been deeply concerned that that accursed religion

* His friend King, of Bristol.

5243

SELECTIONS
FROM THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.
VOL. II.

LONDON:
Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co.
New-street-Square.

525

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

&c. &c. &c.

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B. D.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;

VICAR OF WEST TARRING, SUSSEX.

"Southey's Letters show his true Character."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

MS. Letter to Mrs. Southey, April 28. 1843.

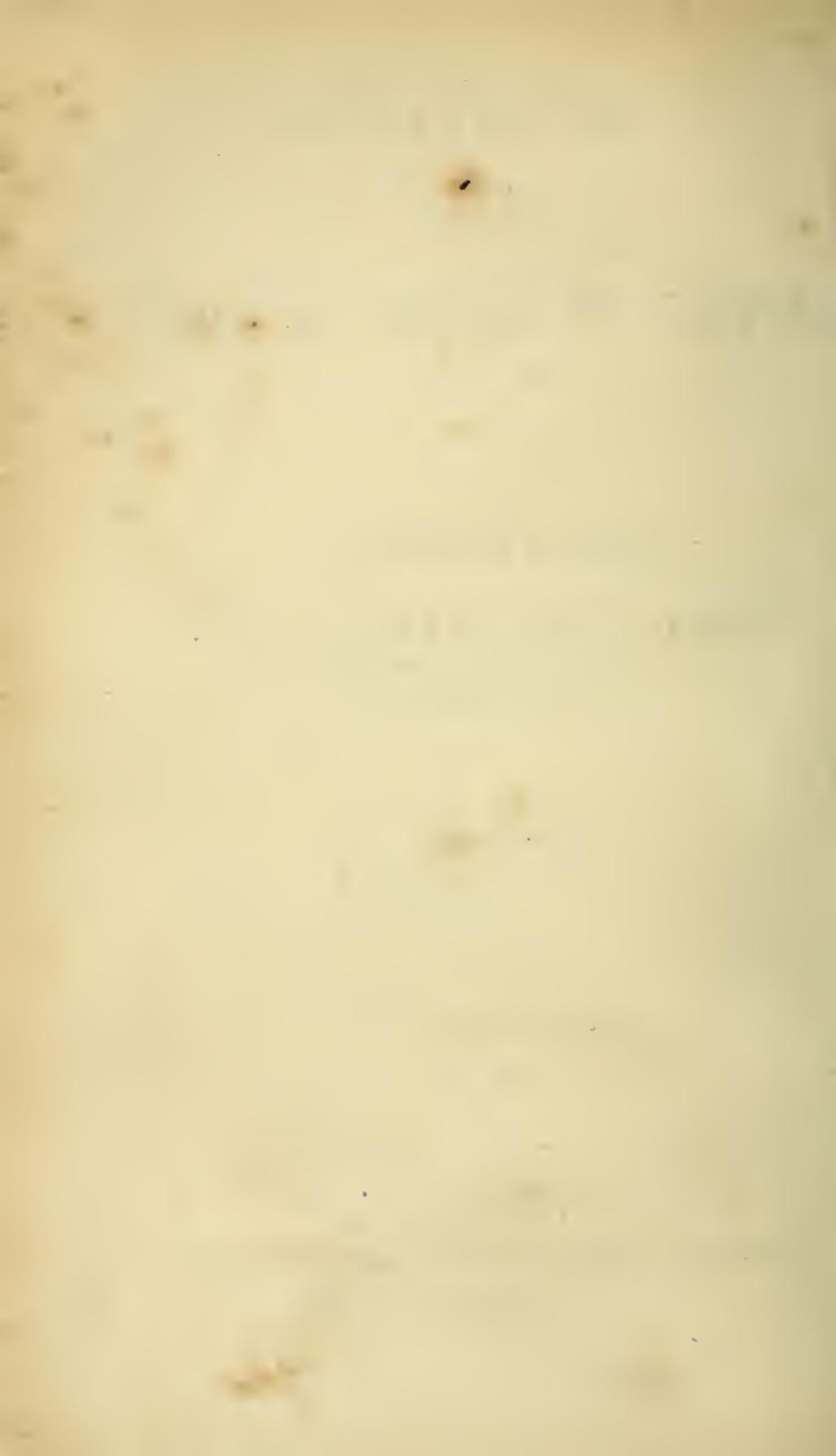
IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. II

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.

1856.



527

LETTERS
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, April 10. 1807.

THE worst part of your letter is that which relates to your own health; look well to that, and time will do the rest. It is better to have a sister, that is certain; but it is better to lose her, than, for instance, to have her years in dying of a cancer, or, what is worse, of a broken heart, from the ill usage of a husband, like Mrs. —'s sister. I am very glad you thought of Carlisle; he is truly a kind-hearted man, and even his profession has not hardened him. B— is, perhaps, the very ablest practitioner at present living to whom you could have gone; and you may rely upon him, with the most perfect confidence, that he will do whatever can be done by human skill. He is no favourite of mine; but of his talents, I have the highest possible opinion. It is useless to afflict yourself. Against this calamity, and against still greater ones, you can bear up, and must bear up. Did you ever read Mrs. Carter's "Epictetus"? Next to the Bible, it is the best *practitional* book and the truest philosophy in existence.

Beddoes

As for your damned ——, or whatever they be, I could wring their necks off; and if ——'s were in my hands, his would be in some danger. This cause of trouble, however, time will wear down; the first thing the human mind does, under any affliction, is to set about bearing it,—as instinctively and as surely as *life* sets about healing a cut as soon as it is inflicted,—and, happily, few mental wounds are mortal. What other evils you alluded to, of course I cannot guess; and, perhaps, if I knew them, should not allow that they were such as ought to make you unhappy. Look to your health, and, as soon as you can, come once more to Keswick. Lakes and mountains are good friends, and will do you more good than a host of comforters, or buckets full of physic.

I have now much to tell you concerning myself; and had, indeed, begun to tell it you in a more playful mood. Know, then, that I am *settled* at Keswick, for an indefinite time, with no prospect of removing from it. Some plans of Coleridge made it necessary for me either to determine upon quitting this house at a given time, or upon remaining with it. The first I could not do, for want of means,—which is, in plain English, for want of money; so I determined upon the second; and it so happens that this topsy-turvy in ministry, has made me well satisfied with my choice. Of course, my prospects are gone out with them,—hopes I will not call them, for I never thought enough of them to become hopes,—and, to confess the truth, like best to be left alone, and not put out of my way. Well, Wynn procured for me “out of the fire,” as he says, the offer of a place in the West Indies, worth 600*l.* a year, which he refused for me, as there was no time for my answer. Instead, he has got me a pension of 200*l.* (By the Lord, Senhora! you *shall* smile at *my* having a pension from the Treasury!) You may congratulate me, but not upon an accession of fortune; for the

549

truth is, that hitherto I have received 160*l.* a year from Wynn (which is all I have, except what I earn), and that now, of course, I shall receive this no longer, for Wynn is not a rich man. But as his Majesty is pleased to give me 200*l.*, so is he graciously pleased to stop 56*l.* out of it for fees and taxes, and eke, also, to pay it so irregularly, that, I am told, he who is only a quarter in arrears is in good luck. I am therefore a loser by the bounty of 16*l.* a year during the war. When the income tax is taken off, I shall be 4*l.* a gainer, but always have the inconvenience of uncertain remittances. I gain by it, inasmuch as I cease to receive any further obligations; though it would be absurd to say there was much pain in this, for in such cases I just take as I would give. Had Wynn his brother's fortune, or were he still a single man with his own, I should even have preferred receiving from him, rather than from the public; but, as it is, it is best as it is.

Accordingly, settled I am in this house; we are enclosing the garden, and planting currant trees and shrubs. The parlour is to be papered with cartridge paper, and the abominable curtains dyed of a chocolate brown, which will make them decent; they are making fringe for them. My room to have white curtains, a carpet, and all the books coming. ALL THE BOOKS! Think of that, Senhora! We wait only for fine weather to have the plasterers, and then the painters, and then our work begins. See, now, how useful you would be in the way of beautifying; and think how many a ragged regiment of books will stand in need of you. See, now, if it be possible for you to come, whether you can in your conscience refuse coming.

Mrs. Coleridge has gone to her husband's relations in Devonshire, and he meets her somewhere on the road. Your god-daughter talks of you every day; she

is very unmanageable, and very amusing, and I like her well. My son is rather ailing just now, as we suppose, with his first teeth. He has had an eruption over his head for about three months, which is now wearing off. His eyes are as Tartarish as his sister's; I call him the little Mayortes and the Caōzinho, for reasons which I and "Palmerin" will explain to you hereafter. He is a great tyrant; farther I cannot say of him, except that he gives good proof of taste by pricking up his ears and brightening up his countenance when I begin to warble to him.

Jackson assists me in Reptonizing the garden with hearty satisfaction. We have a right-hand man, named Willy. When you come you shall hear the story of his three days' and nights' battle between him and his wife. He is a very odd fish, and talks to me about truth, and allegory, and fable, and the craziness of his wife at the full of the moon.

Write without delay, to say *how you are*. Edith's love. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, May 4. 1807.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

In reading "Amadis of Greece" (lent me by Heber), I have found Spencer's "Mask of Cupid," Sir P. Sidney's "Zelmañe," and Shakspeare's "Florisel."* Was ever other book honoured by three such borrowers! The father of "Tasso," also, has borrowed an adventure from it. "Palmerin" will show you the change of manners since the days of Vasco Lobeira,—his princesses are prudes. The book is worth reading, though every way inferior to "Amadis;" it has much

* See Preface to "Palmerin," § xi. p. xliv.

576

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 55.)

“ My dear Friend, “ Keswick, April 13, 1807.

“ Just as your letter arrived I was about to begin a Keswick Extraordinary Gazette for you. Great news from my little world !

“ When the late ministry saw that out they must go, * * * thought of saving something for me out of the fire ; he could only get an offer of a place in the Island of St. Lucie, worth about £600 a-year. There was no time to receive my answer, but he divined it rightly and refused. Instead, one of Lord G.'s last acts was to give me a pension of £200, to which the king ‘ graciously assented.’ You cannot be more amused at finding me a pensioner, than I am at finding myself so. I am not, however, a richer man than before. Hitherto * * * has given me an annuity of £160, which I felt no pain in accepting from the oldest friend I have in the world, with whom my intimacy was formed before we were either of us old enough to think of differences of rank and fortune. But * * * is not a rich man for his rank ; so little so, that he could not marry till he got a place ; and of course I shall receive this no longer from him, now that it is no longer necessary. Of £200 the taxes have the modesty to deduct £56, and the Exchequer pays irregularly ; he is in luck who has only one quarter in arrears, so

Wynne

Wynne

B * * tells me, who has an office there. I therefore lose £16 per year during war, and gain £4 whenever the income-tax is repealed, having the discomfort always of uncertain remittances. It is but wearing a few more grey-goose quills to the stump in the course of the year, and in the course of one year I have better hopes than I ever yet had of getting ahead, as you will presently see. The last copy of MS. for 'Espriella's Letters' sets out this night on its way to Richard Taylor.

Handwritten: never
1777

“ I have just a fortnight's close work to complete the revisal of 'Palmerin,' about which I was in fact taken in. Coleridge and Wordsworth spoke to me with admiration of the language of Palmerin of England, as the most rhythmical prose they had ever seen. I knew the original romance ; and when Longman, during my last stay in London, said that Ellis had recommended him to reprint it, consented to preface and revise it, correcting the costume, so as to give it in that respect its original value. Well, the book was procured, and when I came to set about it, I found that the translator neither understood French, English, nor the story, which he was murdering. In consequence I have had full three-fourths to translate ; for having put my hand to the plough, I would not turn back. By this additional labour I gain nothing, my original

573

agreement having been, as for 'Madoc,' to share the eventual profits. The cause of mistake seems to have been that Coleridge and Wordsworth had seen the *third* part, with which I had nothing to do: this heavy drudgery is nearly off my hands. Lastly, I have been arranging for the press the remains of Henry White, a truly admirable young man, of first-rate powers as a poet, who killed himself by incessant application, having brought on such a state of nerves by this and by Evangelicalism, that, if he had not died, he would have been probably deranged. He was at one time articled to Enfield of Nottingham, whom I suppose you know. You will be affected by his letters, and will greatly admire some of his latter poems. I tell his story plainly, and then arrange extracts from his letters in such order as to make him his own biographer. Upon his religion I can do no more than simply enter a protest against the supposition that I assent to it because I do not controvert it; for the book may probably get into an evangelical circulation, and, should that be the case, the profits will be useful to his family, for whom he has taught me to take a very great interest. This is nearly done, a few days will complete it; and when this and the 'Palmerin' are off my hands, as they will both be in three weeks (God willing), I shall be at full leisure for things of more importance. What I then devote

myself to is that branch of the Portuguese history which will come under the title of Brazil and Paraguay, and which, though it would otherwise have appeared last in the series, I publish first, as having a temporary interest, and conveying more intelligence respecting that side of South America than can be communicated by any other person in Europe, except perhaps one Frenchman, who has duplicates of most of my materials, in many instances taken from them. My uncle has for about five-and-twenty years collected materials concerning Brazil, and at his desire I offered the late administration such information as they contained. Will you believe that Lord G.'s answer was, that it related to the wrong side of South America? Talleyrand would have sent for me and my papers to Paris, and would have learnt all their contents without a minute's delay. I offered specific information respecting Brazil, its mines, &c., from indisputable documents, and it was not wanted, because our buccaneering schemes are probably directed against the other side of that continent. England has never, in our days, had a minister who looked beyond his nose. About a fourth part of the first volume is done, and I shall perhaps print it volume by volume. Two quartos are the probable extent. I might doubtless obtain five hundred guineas for the copyright; but I will not

555

sell the chance of greater eventual profit. This work will supply a chasm in history. This is not all : I cannot do one thing at a time ; so sure as I attempt it my health suffers. The business of the day haunts me in the night, and, though a sound sleeper otherwise, my dreams partake so much of it as to harass and disturb me. I must always, therefore, have one train of thoughts for the morning, another for the evening, and a book, not relating to either, for half an hour after supper ; and thus neutralizing one set of associations by another, and having (God be thanked) a heart at ease, I contrive to keep in order a set of nerves, as much disposed to be out of order as any man's can be. The ' Cid ' is therefore my other work in hand ; I want only an importation of books from Lisbon to send this to the press, and shall have full time to complete the introduction and notes while the body of the work is printing. It will supply the place of preliminaries to the ' History of Portugal,' and exhibit a complete view of the heroic age of Spain. If I am not greatly deceived, this will be one of the most interesting chivalrous pieces of history that has ever appeared. I had almost forgotten to say, that the reason why you have not received a copy of my Specimens is, that it is delayed for some cancels. Sad work has been made in it by Bedford ; he has (between ourselves) played the very devil,

changed my selections, mutilated my sketches, interpolated them, superseded them with his own, and, to crown the whole, omitted so many authors, that I am obliged to make a supplementary volume. When it comes to you to be reviewed, you can find enough matter in the preface to serve you for a text: it is an outline of our poetical history. Lastly, I have to tell you, that before the change of ministry took away all my expectations, I was weary of them, and as some arrangements of Coleridge's made it necessary that I should either decide upon removing hence at a fixed time, or remaining with the house, I have chosen the latter alternative. Here then I am settled—am planting currant-trees, purchasing a little furniture, making the place decent, as far as scanty means will go, and sending for my books by sea, perfectly well contented with my lot and thankful that it has fallen in so goodly a land. I will not ask you to visit me till Harry passes his next summer here, which will perhaps be next year. But come once I trust you will. His direction is with the Rev. Herbert Hill, Lisbon. Of the Severambians I know nothing, having only often seen the title of the book in catalogues. The change of ministry is abominable, though I am an enemy to Catholic emancipation. The last men had done something, and could have done more; they were redeeming the character

557

2 Bedford April 21. 1807

hundred, for which may eight-and-twenty hundred Devils

I am a little surprised to hear you speak so contemptuously of modern poetry, because it shows how very little you must have read, or how little you can have considered the subject. The improvement during the present reign has been to the full as great in poetry as it has been in the experimental sciences, or in the art of raising money by taxation. What can you have been thinking of? Had you forgotten Burns a second time? had you forgotten Cowper, Bowles, Montgomery, Joanna Baillie, Walter Scott? to omit a host of names which, though inferior to them, are above those of any former period except the age of Shakspeare, and not to mention Wordsworth and another poet, who has written two very pretty poems in my opinion, called Thalaba and Madoc. I am as busy in my household arrangements as you can be. My tent is pitched at last, and I am thankful that my lot has fallen in so goodly a land.

“ Politics are very amusing, and go to the tune of *Tantara-rara*. The king has been fighting for a *veto* upon the initiation of laws, and he has won it. I had got into good humour with the late ministry because of the Limited Service Bill, the Abolishment

“ Ten in the hundred lies here ingraved ;
’Tis a hundred to ten his soul is not saved.
If any man ask, ‘ Who lies in this tomb ?’
‘ Oh ! oh ! ’ quoth the Devil, ‘ tis my John-a-Combe. ’ ”

It must be added that Mr. Knight strenuously opposes the tradition that Shakspeare wrote these lines.—*Knight s Shakspeare, a Biography*, p. 488.

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W. W.

of the Slave Trade, and their wise conduct with regard to the Continent. As for their successors, they have given a pretty sample of their contempt for all decency by their reinstatement of Lord Melville, the attempt at giving Percival the place for life, and the threat held out by Canning of a dissolution. The Grenvilles now find the error of their neglecting Scotland at the last election, an error which I heard noticed with regret at the time. What is it has made them so unpopular in the city? It is to me incomprehensible why the memory of Pitt should be held in such idolatrous reverence,—a man who was as obstinate in every thing wrong as he was ready to give up any thing good, and who, except in the Union and in the Scarcity, was never by any accident right during his long administration.

“ I finish poor Henry White’s papers to-morrow. One volume of Palmerin still remains to do, and then there will be nothing to impede my progress in S. America. Our Fathers wrote to me about the same time that you did; they were then in pursuit of the culprits Hinchcliffe and Gildon. I’ll tell you what I would have done had I been in town and could not have found them. I would have made them a present of verses of my own, just enough in number to fill the gap, and dull enough to suit them. Nobody would have suspected it, and it would have been a very pious fraud to save trouble.

“ It consoles me a little when I think of the reviewing* that is to take place: how much more you

* Of the Specimens of English Poets.

559

life published by Dr. Coke for the conference, I will either review it for you, or make a life myself for the Athenæum, having Thompson's here, and also a complete set of Wesley's journals, which I have carefully read and marked for the purpose.

Yours truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

“I hope you will accommodate matters with Jeffrey; for if there should be two Edinburgh Reviews, or if he should set up another under a new title, you would probably be the sufferer, even though yours should manifestly be the best, — such is the force of prejudice.”

The following playful effusion was addressed to Hartley Coleridge, who is often referred to in the earlier letters by the name of Moses, it being my father's humour to bestow on his little playfellows many and various such names. When those allusions and this letter were selected for publication, my cousin was yet amongst us, and I had pleasantly anticipated his half-serious, half-playful remonstrances for thus bringing his childhood before the public. *Now* he is among the departed; and those only who knew him intimately can tell how well-stored and large a mind has gone with him, much less how kind a heart, and how affectionate a disposition. He has found his last peaceful resting-place (where Dr. Arnold so beautifully expresses a wish that he might lie), “beneath the yews of Grasmere churchyard, with the Rotha, with its deep and silent pools,

passing by ;” but his name will long be a “living one” among the hill-sides and glens of our rugged country, —

“Stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child.”

*To Hartley Coleridge. at Pooley
House*

“Keswick, June 13. 1807.

“Nephew Job,

“First, I have to thank you for your letter and your poem ; and, secondly, to explain why I have not done this sooner. We were a long time without knowing where you were, and, when news came from Miss Barker that you were in London, by the time a letter could have reached you you were gone ; and, lastly, Mr. Jackson wrote to you to Bristol. I will now compose an epistle which will follow you farther west.

“Bona Marietta hath had kittens ; they were remarkably ugly, all taking after their father Thomas, who there is reason to believe was either uncle or grandsire to Bona herself, the prohibited degrees of consanguinity which you will find at the end of the Bible not being regarded by cats. As I have never been able to persuade this family that catlings, fed for the purpose and smothered with onions, would be rabbits to all eatable purposes, Bona Marietta’s ugly progeny no sooner came into the world than they were sent out of it ; the river nymph Greta conveyed them to the river god Derwent, and if neither the

581

eels nor the ladies of the lake have taken a fancy to them on their way, Derwent hath consigned them to the Nereïds. You may imagine them converted into sea-cats by favour of Neptune, and write an episode to be inserted in Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. Bona bore the loss patiently, and is in good health and spirits. I fear that if you meet with any of the race of Mrs. Rowe's cat at Ottery, you will forget poor Marietta. Don't bite your arm, Job.

“ We have been out one evening in the boat, — Mr. Jackson, Mrs. Wilson, and the children, — and kindled our fire upon the same place where you drank tea with us last autumn. The boat has been painted, and there is to be a boat-house built for it. Alterations are going on here upon a great scale. The parlour has been transmogrified. That, Hartley, was one of *my* mother's words; your mother will explain it to you. The masons are at work in my study; the garden is enclosed with a hedge; some trees planted behind it, a few shrubs, and abundance of currant trees. We must, however, wait till the autumn before all can be done that is intended in the garden. Mr. White, the Belligerent, is settled in the General's house. Find out why I give him that appellation.

“ There has been a misfortune in the family. We had a hen with five chickens, and a gleed has carried off four. I have declared war against the gleed, and borrowed a gun; but since the gun has been in the house, he has never made his appearance. Who can have told him of it? Another hen is sitting, and I

hope the next brood will be luckier. Mr. Jackson has bought a cow, but he has had no calf since *you* left him. Edith has taken your place in his house, and talks to Mrs. Wilson by the hour about *her* Hartley. She grows like a young giantess, and has a disposition to bite her arm, which, you know, is a very foolish trick. Herbert is a fine fellow; I call him the Boy of Basan, because he roars like a young bull when he is pleased; indeed, he promises to inherit his father's vocal powers.

“The weather has been very bad; nothing but easterly winds, which have kept every thing back. We had one day hotter than had been remembered for fourteen years: the glass was at 85° in the shade, in the sun in Mr. Calvert's garden at 118°. The horses of the mail died at Carlisle. I never remember to have felt such heat in England, except one day fourteen years ago, when I chanced to be in the mail-coach, and it was necessary to bleed the horses, or they would have died then. In the course of three days the glass fell forty degrees, and the wind was so cold and so violent that persons who attempted to cross the Fells beyond Penrith were forced to turn back.

“Your friend Dapper, who is, I believe, your god-dog, is in good health, though he grows every summer graver than the last. This is the natural effect of time, which, as you know, has made me the serious man I am. I hope it will have the same effect upon you and your mother, and that, when she returns, she will have left off that evil habit of

583

quizzing me and calling me names : it is not decorous in a woman of her years.

“ Remember me to Mr. Poole, and tell him I shall be glad when he turns laker. He will find tolerable lodgings at the Hill ; a boat for fine weather, good stores of books for a rainy day, and as hearty a shake by the hand on his arrival as he is likely to meet with between Stowey and Keswick. Some books of mine will soon be ready for your father. Will he have them sent anywhere ? or will he pick them up himself when he passes through London on his way northward ? Tell him that I am advancing well in South America, and shall have finished a volume by the end of the year. The Chronicle of the Cid is to go to press as soon as I receive some books from Lisbon, which must first be examined. This intelligence is for him also.

“ I am desired to send you as much love as can be enclosed in a letter : I hope it will not be charged double on that account at the post-office : but there is Mrs. Wilson’s love, Mr. Jackson’s, your Aunt Southey’s, your Aunt Lovell’s, and Edith’s ; with a purr from Bona Marietta, an open-mouthed kiss from Herbert, and three wags of the tail from Dapper. I trust they will all arrive safe, and remain,

Dear Nephew Job,

Your dutiful Uncle,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To the Messrs. Longman and Co.

“June 29. 1807.

“Dear Sirs,

“I have been told by persons most capable of judging, that the old translation of Don Quixote is very beautiful. The book has never fallen in my way. If it be well translated, the language of Elizabeth’s reign must needs accord better with the style of Cervantes than more modern English would do; and I should think it very probable that it would be better to correct this, than to translate the work anew. As for my undertaking any translation, or indeed any revision, which might lead to the labour, or half the labour, which *Palmerin* cost me, it is out of the question; but if Mr. Heber can lend you this translation, I will give you my opinion upon it: and I will do for you, if you want it, what you would find much difficulty in getting done by any other person,—add to a *Life of Cervantes* an account of all his other writings, and likewise of the books in Don Quixote’s library, as far as my own stores will reach, and those which we may find access to; and make such notes upon the whole book as my knowledge of the history and literature of Spain can supply. I believe a new translation has been announced by Mr. ———, whose translation of *Yriarte* proved that either he did not understand the original, or that of all translators he is the most impudent. Such preliminaries as these which I propose might fill half a volume, or extend to a whole one, just as might

directly to wound a man in his feelings, and injure him in his fame and fortune (Montgomery is a case in point), appears to me utterly inexcusable. Now, though there would be no necessity that I should follow this example, yet every separate article in the Review derives authority from the merit of all the others; and, in this way, whatever of any merit I might insert there would aid and abet opinions hostile to my own, and thus identify me with a system which I thoroughly disapprove. This is not said hastily. The emolument to be derived from writing at ten guineas a sheet, Scotch measure, instead of seven pounds, Annual, would be considerable; the pecuniary advantage resulting from the different manner in which my future works would be handled, probably still more so. But my moral feelings must not be compromised. To Jeffrey as an individual I shall ever be ready to show every kind of individual courtesy; but of Judge Jeffrey of the Edinburgh Review I must ever think and speak as of a bad politician, a worse moralist, and a critic, in matters of taste, equally incompetent and unjust.

“Your letter was delayed a week upon the road by the snow. I wish it had been written sooner, and had travelled faster, or that I had communicated to you my own long-projected edition of *Morte d'Arthur*. I am sorry to have forestalled you, and you are the only person whom I should be sorry to forestal in this case, because you are the only person who could do it certainly as well, and perhaps better, with less labour than myself. My plan is to give the whole bibliography of the Round Table in the pre-

To W Scott Dec 8. 1807
 liminaries, and indicate the source of every chapter in the notes.

“ The reviewal of Wordsworth I am not likely to see, the Edinburgh very rarely lying in my way. My own notions respecting the book agree in the main with yours, though I may probably go a step farther than you in admiration. There are certainly some pieces there which are good for nothing (none, however, which a bad poet could have written), and very many which it was highly injudicious to publish. That song to Lord Clifford, which you particularise, is truly a noble poem. The Ode upon Pre-existence is a dark subject darkly handled. Coleridge is the only man who could make such a subject luminous. The Leech-gatherer is one of my favourites; there he has caught Spenser’s manner, and, in many of the better poemets, has equally caught the best manner of old Wither, who, with all his long fits of dulness and prosing, had the heart and soul of a poet in him. The sonnets are in a grand style. I only wish Dundee had not been mentioned. James Grahame and I always call that man Claverhouse, the name by which the devils know him below.

“ Marmion is expected as impatiently by me as he is by ten thousand others. Believe me, Scott, no man of real genius was ever yet a puritanical stickler for correctness, or fastidious about any faults except his own. The best artists, both in poetry and painting, have produced the most. Give me more lays, and correct them at leisure for after editions — not laboriously, but when the amendment comes

because he is notoriously a murderer, with whom it is infamous to treat. Send this language into France, and let nothing else go into it that our ships can keep out, and the French themselves would, in no very long time, rid the world of a tyrant. The light of Prince Arthur's shield would bring Orgoglio to the ground. God bless you!

Yours very truly,

R. SOUTHEY."

To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

"Feb. 12. 1808.

" My dear Coleridge,

" De Origine et Progressu Officii S. Inquisitionis, ejusque dignitate et utilitate, Antone Ludovico a Panamo, Boroxense, Archidiaconio et Canonico Legionense. . . 1598, folio. The book is in the Red Cross Street Library. I read it six years ago, and sent up an account of it within the last six weeks for Dr. Aikin's Biography, where it will be in villanously bad company. You will find there that God was the first Inquisitor, and that the first Auto da Fè was held upon Adam and Eve. You will read enough to show you that Catholic writers defend the punishment of heretics, and quite sufficient to make your blood run cold. I have the History of the Portuguese Inquisition to write, and look on to the task with absolute horror. I am decidedly hostile to what is called Catholic Emancipation, as I am to what is called peace.

“ I have had a correspondence with Clarkson concerning the best mode of publishing my Brazilian history ; and what he points out as the best plan is little better than the half-and-half way, and involves a great deal of trouble, and what is worse, a great deal of solicitation. I am a bad trading author, and doomed always to be so, but it is not the bookseller’s fault ; the public do not buy poetry unless it be made fashionable ; mine gets reviewed by enemies who are always more active than friends ; one reviewer envies me, another hates me, and a third tries his hand upon me as fair game. Thousands meantime read the books ; but they borrow them, even those persons who are what they call my friends, and who know that I live by these books, never buy them themselves, and then wonder that they do not sell. Espriella has sold rapidly, for which I have to thank Stuart ; the edition is probably by this time exhausted, and, I verily believe, half the sale must be attributed to the puffs in the Courier. The sale of a second edition would right me in Longman’s books. Puff me, Coleridge ! if you love me, puff me ! Puff a couple of hundreds into my pocket !

“ As for the booksellers, I am disposed to distinguish between *Longman* and *Tradesman* nature (setting *human* nature out of the question) : now *Tradesman* nature is very bad, but *Longman* nature is a great deal better, and I am inclined to believe that it will get the better of the evil principle, and that liberal dealing may even prove catching. It is some proof of this that his opinion of me and conduct

towards me alter not, notwithstanding the spiders spin their webs so securely over whole piles of Madoc and Thalaba.

“ I am strongly moved by the spirit to make an attack upon Jeffrey along his whole line, beginning with his politics. Stuart would not be displeased to have half a dozen letters. Nothing but the weary work it would be to go through his reviews for the sake of collecting the blunders in them, prevents me. He, and other men who are equally besotted and blinded by party, will inevitably frighten the nation into peace, the only thing which can be more mischievous and more dishonourable than our Danish expedition. I wish to God you would lift up your voice against it. Alas! Coleridge, is it to be wondered at, that we pass for a degenerated race, when those who have the spirit of our old worthies in them, let that spirit fret itself away in silence!

the claim
is not “ Lamb’s book I have heard of, and know not what it is. If co-operative labour were as practicable as it is desirable, what a history of English literature might he and you and I set forth! . . .

“ God bless you!

R. S.”

To Joseph Cottle, Esq.

“ Greta Hall, April 20. 1808.

“ My dear Cottle,

“ On opening a box to-day, the contents of which I had not seen since the winter of 1799, your picture

made its appearance. Of all Robert Hancock's performances it is infinitely the best. I cannot conceive a happier likeness. I have been thinking of you and of old times ever since it came to light. I have been reading your *Fall of Cambria*, and in the little interval that remains before supper must talk to you in reply to your letter.

“ What you say of my copyrights affected me very much. Dear Cottle, set your heart at rest on that subject. It ought to be at rest. These were yours, fairly bought, and fairly sold. You bought them on the chance of their success, which no London bookseller would have done; and had they not been bought, they could not have been published at all. Nay, if you had not purchased *Joan of Arc*, the poem never would have existed, nor should I, in all probability, ever have obtained that reputation which is the capital on which I subsist, nor that power which enables me to support it.

“ But this is not all. Do you suppose, Cottle, that I have forgotten those true and most essential acts of friendship which you showed me when I stood most in need of them? Your house was my house when I had no other. The very money with which I bought my wedding-ring and paid my marriage fees, was supplied by you. It was with your sisters I left Edith during my six months' absence, and for the six months' after my return it was from you that I received, week by week, the little on which we lived, till I was enabled to live by other means. It is not the settling of a cash account that can cancel obligations like these. You are in the habit

of preserving your letters, and if you were not, I would entreat you to preserve *this*, that it might be seen hereafter. Sure I am, there never was a more generous or a kinder heart than yours; and you will believe me when I add, that there does not live that man upon earth whom I remember with more gratitude and more affection. My head throbs and my eyes burn with these recollections. Good night! my dear old friend and benefactor.

R. S."

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

" Keswick, April 26. 1808.

" Dear Grosvenor.

" From one scene of confusion to another. You saw me in London everlastingly at work in packing my books; and here they are now lying in all parts about me, up to my knees in one place, up to my eyes in another, and above head and ears in a third. I can scarcely find stepping places through the labyrinth, from one end of the room to the other. Like Pharaoh's frogs, they have found their way everywhere, even into the bedchambers. . . . And now, Grosvenor, having been married above twelve years, I have for the first time collected all my books together. What a satisfaction this is you cannot imagine, for you cannot conceive the hundredth part of the inconvenience and vexation I have endured for want of them. But the joy which they give me brings with it a mingled feeling, — the

recollection that there are as many materials heaped up as I shall ever find life to make use of; and the humiliating reflection how little knowledge can be acquired in the most laborious life of man, that knowledge becoming every age less and less, in proportion to the accumulation of events. For some things I have been born too late. Under the last reign, for instance, as in the first half of this, my pension would have been an income adequate to my wants, and my profits as a writer would have been at least quadrupled. On the other hand, bad as these times are, they are better than those which are coming.

“ At Bristol I met with the man of all others whom I was most desirous of meeting, — the only man living of whose praise I was ambitious, or whose censure would have humbled me. You will be curious to know who this could be. Savage Landor, the author of *Gebir*, a poem which, unless you have heard me speak of it, you have probably never heard of at all. I never saw any one more unlike myself in every prominent part of human character, nor any one who so cordially and instinctively agreed with me on so many of the most important subjects. I have often said before we met, that I would walk forty miles to see him, and having seen him, I would gladly walk fourscore to see him again. He talked of *Thalaba*, and I told him of the series of mythological poems which I had planned, — mentioned some of the leading incidents on which they were to have been formed, and also told him for what reason they were laid aside; — in plain English, that I could not afford to write them. Landor’s reply was, ‘ Go on

573

To Walter Scott April 22 1808

am putting together the materials of my introduction, which, with the supplementary notes, will take about three months in printing; at least, it will be as long before the book can be published. The price of paper stops all my other press-work for the present.

“So much of my life passes in this blessed retirement, that when I go to London the effect is a little like what Nourjahad used to find after one of his long naps. I find a woful difference of political opinion between myself and most of those persons who have hitherto held the same feelings with me; and yet it should seem that they have been sleeping over the great events of these latter years, not I. There is a base and cowardly feeling abroad, which would humble this country at the feet of France. This feeling I have everywhere been combating with vehemence; but at the same time I have execrated with equal vehemence the business of Copenhagen: Ishmael-like, my hand has been against everybody, and everybody’s hand against me. Wordsworth is the only man who agrees with me on both points. I require, however, no other sanction to convince me that I am right. Coleridge justifies the attack on Denmark, but he justifies it upon individual testimony of hostile intentions on the part of that court, and that testimony by no means amounts to proof in my judgment. But what is done is done; and the endless debates upon the subject, which have no other meaning and can have no other end than that of harassing the ministry, disgust me, as they do every one who has the honour of England at heart. Such a system makes the publicity of

debate a nuisance, and will terminate in putting a stop to it.

“Is there any hope of seeing you this year at the Lakes? I should much like to show you Kehama. During my circuit I fell in with Savage Landor, the author of Gebir, to whom I spoke of my projected series of mythological poems, and said also for what reason the project had been laid aside. He besought me to go on with them, and said he would print them at his expense. Without the least thought of accepting this princely offer, it has stung me to the very core; and as the bite of the tarantula has no cure but dancing, so will there be none but singing for this. Great poets have no envy; little ones are full of it. I doubt whether any man ever criticised a good poem maliciously, unless he had written a bad one himself.

Yours truly,
R. SOUTHEY.”

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

“May 2. 1808.

“I have sent you all that is written of the Curse of Kehama: you offered to print it for me; if ever I finish the poem it will be because of that offer, though without the slightest intention of accepting it. Enough is written to open the story of the poem, and serve as a specimen of its manner, though much of what is to follow would be in a wilder strain. Tell me if your ear is offended with the rhymes when

575

so often and so badly. It is not incapable of dignity, but there is a sort of language that usually goes with it, and has the effect of making it so Kehama is pitched in too high a key for it; I shall weed out all uncouth lines, and leave the public nothing to abuse except the strangeness of the fable, which you may be sure will be plentifully abused. The mythology explains itself as it is introduced; yet because the names are not familiar, people will fancy there is a difficulty in understanding it. Sir William Jones has done nothing in introducing it so coldly and formally as he has done. They who read his poems do not remember them, and none but those who have read them can be expected to have even heard of my Divinities. But for popularity I care only as regards profit, and for profit only as regards subsistence. The praise of ten would have contented you; often have I said that you did not underrate the number of men whose praise was truly desirable. Ten thousand persons will read my book; if five hundred will promise to buy it, I shall be secure of all I want. You shall have it in large portions as fast it is written.

Yours,
 ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

" June 13. 1808.

" Dear Coleridge,

" I have the last census of Spain here, and perhaps you may like to give the Courier a statement of the

population of the Northern Provinces, as taken in 1797, and published in 1801.

		Population.	Males from the Age of 16 to 50.
These Provinces are what we call Biscay.	Asturias - - - -	364,238	80,554
	Galicia - - - -	1,142,630	225,454
	Alava - - - -	67,523	15,367
	Guipuzcoa - - - -	104,491	23,343
	Vizcaya - - - -	111,436	25,801
			400,519

These are the provinces which have asked assistance; but there is probably a French force at Ferrol, which may, for awhile, keep part of Galicia in awe. The people are a hardy race, and most of them good shots, because there are no game laws, plenty of game, and wolves in the country. Probably every man has his gun. One hardly dares indulge a hope; but if Europe is to be redeemed in our days, you know it has always been my opinion that the work of deliverance would begin in Spain. And now that its unhappy government has committed suicide, the Spaniards have got rid of their worst enemy.

“ This account of Lisbon, which has just reached me, may also fitly appear in the Courier, for the edification of Roscoe and such politicians:—‘ Every private family has a certain number of French officers and soldiers quartered upon them, who behave with their accustomed insolence and brutality. The ladies of one family very naturally, upon the intrusion of these unwelcome guests, retired to their own apartments, where they proposed remaining; but these civilised Frenchmen required their presence, and

would admit of no excuse. *Il faut que les dames viennent* was the only reply which they made; and of course the women were compelled to be subject to their ribaldry and impertinence. Whole families of the middling class are seen begging at the corners of the streets; and women, who had till now borne an unblemished reputation, prostitute themselves publicly to gain wherewithal to buy bread. The soldiers and the flower of the peasantry are sent to recruit the French armies in distant parts.' Nothing can exceed the misery and the despondency of the people.

"Were I minister, I would send half the regular army without delay to Spain; the distance is nothing, — a week would be but an average passage; and these seas are not like the German Ocean, where so many brave men have been sacrificed in useless expeditions during stormy seasons.

"Of public affairs enough! We have had a bilious fever in the house, which was epidemic among the children of the place. Herbert has suffered severely from it; I thought we should lose him. The disease has reduced him very much, and left him in a state of great debility. Keswick is scarcely ever without some kind of infectious fever, generally among the children. When these things get into a dirty house, they hardly ever get out of it; and I attribute this more to the want of cleanliness than to the climate. But ague is beginning to re-appear, which had scarcely been heard of during the last generation; — this is the case over the whole kingdom, I believe. What put a stop to it then, or what brought it back now, is beyond the reach of our present knowledge.

You love the science of physic; and Nature, who seems to have meant you for half a dozen different things when she made you, meant you for a physician among the rest. I will tell you, therefore, two odd peculiarities of my constitution; the slightest dose of laudanum acts upon me as an aperient; — if I am at any time exposed to the sun bareheaded for two minutes, I infallibly take cold. This probably shows how soon I should be subject to a stroke of the sun, and indicates the same over-susceptibility which the nitrous oxide did, a smaller dose affecting me than any other person who ever breathed it.

“ I have read that play of Calderon’s since my return: its story is precisely as you stated it, and in the story the wonder lies. Are we not apt to do with these things as naturalists do with insects? — put them in a microscope, and exclaim how beautiful! — how wonderful! — how grand! — when all the beauty and all the grandeur are owing to the magnifying medium? A shaping mind receives the story of the play and makes it *terrific*; — in Calderon it is *extravagant*. The machinery is certainly most extraordinary; and most extraordinary must the state of public opinion be, where such machinery could be received with the complacency of perfect faith, — as undoubtedly this was, and would be still in Spain.

“ At last I have got all my books about me, and right rich I am in them — above 4000 volumes. With your Germans, &c., there is probably no other house in the country which contains such a collection of foreign literature. My *Cid* will be published in about six weeks. *Brazil* is not yet gone to press, —

the price of paper has deterred me ; and yet there is little likelihood of any reduction, indeed no possibility, till the North is again open to us.

“ This is the moment for uniting Spain and Portugal; and the greater facility of doing this in a commonwealth than in a monarchy would be reason enough for preferring that form of government were there no other. Portugal loses something in importance and in feeling by being incorporated in the Spanish monarchy; it would preserve its old dignity by uniting in a federal republic,—a form which the circumstances of Spain more especially require, and its provincial difference of laws and dialects. Each province should have its own cortes, and the general congress meet at Madrid,—otherwise, that city would soon waste away. No nation has ever had a fairer opportunity for reforming its government and modelling it anew. But I dare say this wretched cabinet will be meddling too much in this, and too little in the desperate struggle which must be made; — that we shall send tardy and inefficient aid — enough to draw on a heavier French force, and not enough to resist the additional force which it will occasion.

“ The crown, like the Ahrimanes of the earth, will sacrifice any thing rather than see the downfall of royalty.

“ That best of all good women, Mrs. Wilson, has borne the winter better than any former one since we have known her.

“ I am thinking about a poem upon Pelajo, the restorer of Spain. Do you wish to serve me? Puff

Espriella, in the Courier, as the best guide to the lakes. All well. God bless you!

R. S."

To Mr. Neville White.

" Keswick, June 20. 1808.

" My dear Neville,

" The box arrived about an hour ago. Sir William Jones's works are placed opposite my usual seat, and on the most conspicuous shelf in the room. . . . I have retired to my library to thank you for the most splendid set of books it contains. I thank you for them, Neville, truly and heartily; but do not let it hurt you if I say, that so costly a present gives me some pain as well as pleasure. Were you a rich man, you could not give me more books than I would joyfully accept, for I delight in accumulating such treasures as much as a miser does in keeping together gold; but, as things are at present, no proof was needed of your generous spirit, and, from the little you have to spare, I cannot but feel you are giving me too much. You will not be offended at my expressing this feeling, nor will you impute it to any unjust pride, which, blessed be God, I am too poor a man, and too wise a one, to be guilty of in any, even the smallest degree. Be assured that I shall ever value the books far more than if they had come from a wealthier donor, and that I write the donor's name in them with true respect and esteem. You will be pleased to hear they are

587

beauties still want weeding out, but in point of matter laboriously corrected and faithfully brought forward, it stands before any historical work in the language. Have you also seen Wordsworth's new poems? Some are very childish, some very obscure, though not so to me, who understand his opinions; others of first rate excellence — nothing comparable to them is to be found anywhere except in Shakspeare and Milton. Of this character are most of the sonnets which relate to the times. I never saw poetry at once so truly philosophical and heroic.

As a literary anecdote to conclude with, I have found in Heber's "Amadis of Greece," besides Spenser's "Mask of Cupid," Sir Philip Sidney's "Zelmane," and Shakspeare's "Florisel." God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought. *mis place*

Keswick, Sept. 9. 1808. *should come in at*

MY DEAR TOM,

The "Cid" has been detained some weeks longer than I expected by Frere. The proofs take a long circuit to reach him through official franks. He is slow in returning them, and he sees *revises*, as they are called, *i.e.*, second proofs. However, I look daily to see it advertised, and Longman has directions what to pack up with your copy, as soon as the publication takes place. *p 85 in front*

I spent a week tooth and nail at my old letters, cutting and slashing at a great rate, and inserting more than was omitted, by rummaging my original journals, and hunting out just so much antiquarian and historical

matter as was pertinent, among my books. The Life of D. Luiza also is inserted at the end of the first volume. It will now be a respectable book, having thus been weeded. The two volumes are in the printer's hands, and will soon be completed. Dispatch was one reason for dividing it, and another was the wish to have all my operas in the same size. Just at this time it is very likely to have a sale, and by and by my later letters will help it off by occasionally referring to it.

By this evening's "Courier," I perceive that we had a severe earthquake here just a fortnight ago. All I can say about it is, that we never heard of it before. Not that an earthquake would surprise me. Whatever makes our bottom winds*, and sends up these islands, is unquestionably equal to produce an earthquake, if it only takes place upon a larger scale. Good part of the Island has now sunk, and a little one has risen nearer the shore, with a canal almost through it. Humphry Senhouse came over last week to see it, and a thorough wetting I had in rowing him back. He brought with him a Miss French, a very nice girl, whose brother has lately published a volume of poems. They staid two nights with us. Miss Wood comes tomorrow by the coach; something has been said about our returning with her, but whether we shall do this or not, I do not know.

Coleridge is arrived at last, about half as big as the house. He came over with Wordsworth on Monday,

* "The surface of the Derwentwater is sometimes violently agitated, by what has been termed a *bottom wind*, because it is supposed to be air pent up at the bottom of the lake. This phenomenon varies as to its duration; sometimes the swell of the waves continuing only for an hour or two, and sometimes nearly a whole day, although no wind whatever is perceptible above the surface of the water."—*Leigh's View of the Lakes*, 2nd edit. p. 69.

and returned with him on Wednesday. His present scheme is to put the boys to school at Ambleside, and reside at Grasmere himself. Some good is likely to result from his coming, for Wordsworth declares that if he does not write an essay upon the pleasure produced by bad poetry, he will do it himself. You have heard him talk upon the subject;— whoever does this, the effect will be to flay ~~A~~ alive, and take full and ample vengeance upon all such offenders.

John King Arthur is deposed for misconduct in unnecessarily delaying the review; and it is well for him he is, as otherwise I should have made a desperate home thrust at him, for having had the impudence to omit the reviewal of Wordsworth's poem, which he received from me, and inserting an Aikinish one in its stead. But as he has been already cashiered, I shall resent this in no other way than by dropping all acquaintance with the said King Arthur and his whole generation.

I am writing in great haste to secure the post. The Wolseleys and Brownes are coming to tea. Two days ago I dined at Calvert's, with the Mr. George Taylor whom we met last year at Spedding's. Spedding has just got a new boat, which is named the Spanish Patriot. Now had you been here we should have explored Bas-senthwaite thoroughly.

The papers say that some of our large ships are to be paid off forthwith, as being no longer wanted. In that case I should think by your account of the Dreadnought that she stands a fair chance of being laid up. The worst thing would be that you would probably be turned over to some dirty small craft, such as it seems we want to meet the Danes with: this is what is proposed. On the other hand, it hardly seems likely that you would be treated with so little respect.

Kehama gets often interrupted by late hours, or disturbed nights, or much exercise in the preceding day.

503
 Jeffery
 of Grasmere

Arvalan is now driving the dragons; the car is fastened on their yokes thus :



the circles being the yokes, and the seat fastened on the upper arch. So he drives, and long before this reaches you he will be at the North Pole.

Emma has acquired the name of Old Scratch, by reason of her sharp nails. My son rides Pocko whenever he can catch me, and will not be persuaded that Pocko can be tired. Both he and Edaw, as he calls her, are equipped this evening in dark brown stuff gowns, trimmed with red, which Mrs. Wolseley has made them.

Huzza for Spain. How completely have our hopes been justified ! It is my firm opinion that Bonaparte has received his death blow. Very probably another year may bring about peace after the extirpation of his royal race. God bless you.

R. S.

To G. C. Bedford. Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 4. 1807.

MY DEAR GROSVENOR,

Ever since the arrival of Harry's letter I have been in great uneasiness concerning you, for, by the same post Wynn told me he supposed you were by that time here. This evening your letter from Acton has brought the first intelligence of you, which has been delayed some days by a blunder of the post in carrying it to Birmingham. Now that you are in

*Wolseley //
Arvalan*

585

20 St Southey Oct 13. 1808

in the Keswick play-bill? A tale in verse, by R. Southey, Esq., to be recited by Mr. Deans. There's fame for you! What the tale was I have not heard: most likely the Maid of the Inn, which is right worthy of such recitation.

“ It occurred to me last night, I know not how, that I have never, to the best of my recollection, seen one of the large house-snails in this country, and very few indeed of the smaller kind, which are so numerous, and of such beautiful varieties in our part of the kingdom. You know what a collector of snail shells I was in my time, hoarding up all the empty ones I could find. The rocks used to be my hunting place. That amusement has made me familiar with every variety in that neighbourhood, and certain I am that the greater number are not to be found here. Slugs we have in plenty. By the by, I have lately seen it mentioned in an old French book, that frogs eat snails, shells and all.

“ I wish you had the Cid to have shown the Spaniards; they would have been pleased to see that the Campeador was beginning to have his fame here in England, 700 years after his death. Unquestionably that Chronicle is one of the finest things in the world; and so I think it will be admitted to be. Coleridge is perfectly delighted with it. Frere, passionately as he admired the poem, had never seen the Chronicle, which is remarkable enough. You will see, by comparing the Dumb-ee scene in both, that the Chronicle is sometimes the most poetical of the two.* I am so fond of this kind of contemporary his-

* Cid, Book ix. c. xiii.

tory, and so persuaded of the good which it is likely to do, by giving us a true knowledge of other times, and reviving those high and generous feelings which all modern habits of life tend to counteract, that I think seriously of translating the works of Fernan Lopez as soon as my history is completed. There is the Chronicle of Pedro the Just, which is a very small volume, my great MS., and the Chronicle of Joam I. The whole would fill three such quartos as the Cid. I should like to do it for the pleasure of the thing,—as the man said when he was to shoot Shepherd's goat.

“ I am getting on with my Letters from Portugal. The evenings close in by tea-time, and fire and candle bring with them close work at the desk, and nothing to take me from it. The Long-man of the Row recommends the small size in preference to quarto, as producing greater profits, in consequence of its readier sale. To this I willingly assent. They will probably extend to three such volumes as Espriella. When they are done, the fresh letters of Espriella will come in their turn; and so I go on. Huzza! two and twenty volumes already; the Cid, when reprinted, will make two more; and, please God, five a year in addition as long as I live.

“ Edith has just been in with her kiss—as regular as the evening gun. She wants to know when Uncle will come home. Sooner perhaps than he himself thinks, for the glorious revolution in Spain will bring Bonaparte down. It is morally impossible that such a nation can be subdued. If King Joseph should fall into their hands, I pray that —— may

To Humphrey Senhouse, Esq.

" Keswick, Oct. 15. 1808.

" My dear Sir,

Colvert " I have had a visit this morning from S~~enhouse~~ and C~~—~~ upon the subject of this convention in Portugal. They, and some of their friends, are very desirous of bringing before the country, in some regular form, the main iniquity of the business, — which has been lost sight of in all the addresses, — and of rectifying public opinion by showing it in its true light.* A military inquiry may or may not convict Sir Hugh Dalrymple of military misconduct. This is the least part of his offence, and no legal proceedings can attach to the heinous crime he has committed; the high treason against all moral feeling, in recognising Junot by his usurped title, and deadening that noble spirit from which, and which only, the redemption of Europe can possible proceed, — by presuming to grant stipulations for the Portuguese which no government ever pretended to have power to make for an independent ally, — covenanting for the impunity of the traitors, and guaranteeing the safety of an

* The feeling of the country seems to have been more generally roused on this occasion than almost on any other: — "The London newspapers joined in one cry of wonder and abhorrence. On no former occasion had they been so unanimous, and scarcely ever was their language so energetic, so manly, so worthy of the English press. The provincial papers proved that from one end of the island to the other the resentment of this grievous wrong was the same. Some refused to disgrace their pages by inserting so infamous a treaty; others surrounded it with broad black lines, putting their journal into mourning for the dismal information it contained." — *Edinburgh Annual Register*, 1808, p. 368.

army of ruffians, all of whom, without his intervention, must soon have received their righteous reward from the hands of those whom they had oppressed. He has stepped in to save these wretches from the vengeance of an injured people : he has been dealing with them as fair and honourable enemies, exchanging compliments and visits, dining with them in the palaces from which they had driven the rightful lords, and upon the plate which they had stolen. He, therefore, has abandoned our vantage ground, betrayed the cause of Spain and Portugal, and disclaimed, as far as his authority extends, the feelings which the Spaniards are inculcating, and in which lie their strength and their salvation, by degrading into a common and petty war between soldier and soldier, that which is the struggle of a nation against a foreign usurper, a business of natural life and death, a war of virtue against vice, light against darkness, the good principle against the evil one.

“ It is important to make the country feel this ; and these sentiments would appear with most effect if they were embodied in a county address, of which the ostensible purport might be to thank his Majesty for having instituted an inquiry, and to request that he would be pleased to appoint a day of national humiliation for this grievous national disgrace. This will not be liable to the reproof with which he thought proper to receive the city address, because it prejudices nothing, — military proceedings are out of the question : what is complained of is, a breach of the law of nations, and an abandonment of the moral principle which the words of the convention

509

prove, and which cannot be explained away by any inquiry whatsoever.

Spence and *C. about* know many persons who will come forward at such a meeting. Coleridge or Wordsworth will be ready to speak, and will draw up resolutions to be previously approved, and brought forward by some proper person. We will prepare the way by writing in the county papers. Here ends my part of the business, and not a little surprised am I to find myself even thus much concerned in any county affairs, when the sole freehold I am ever likely to possess is a tenement, six feet by three, in Crosthwaite churchyard.

Believe me,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Walter Scott, Esq.

" Keswick, Nov. 6. 1808.

" My dear Scott,

" I have sometimes thought of publishing translations from the Spanish and Portuguese, with the originals annexed, but there was no prospect of profit to tempt me; and as certainly, if I live, it is my intention to enter fully into the literary history of both countries. That made me lay aside the

thought of any thing on a lesser scale. Another reason, perhaps, may have been this, that it is not more difficult to compose poetry than to translate it, and that, in my own opinion, I can make as good as I can find. Very, very few of the Spanish ballads are good; they are made in general upon one receipt, and that a most inartificial one; they begin by describing the situation of somebody who makes a speech which is the end. Nothing like the wildness or the character of our ballads is to be found among them. It is curious, and at present inexplicable to me, how their prose should be so exquisitely poetical as it is in the *Cid*, and their poetry so completely prosaical as it is in their narrative poems. Nevertheless, I might be tempted. Some translations I have by me, and many of my books are marked for others. There are some high-toned odes in the Spanish, and a good many beautiful sonnets. Many of their epics would afford good extracts; and I am competent to give critical sketches of biography, formed not at second-hand, but from full perusal of the authors themselves. My name, however, is worth nothing in the market, and the booksellers would not offer me any thing to make it worth my while to interrupt occupations of greater importance. I thank you heartily for your offer of aid, and should the thing be carried into effect, would gladly avail myself of it.

“ I am planning something of great importance, a poem upon Pelayo, the first restorer of Spain: it has long been one of my chosen subjects; and those late

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Oct. 26. 1807.

It will not be very long before I shall be able to tell you something about my winter operations. My uncle and Harry were to take flight from Lisbon on the 12th of this month; they will probably come in a Liverpool ship, as they talk of seeing me soon,—but this is only a guess. If my uncle could get a passage in a King's ship, as one of his Majesty's servants, he meant to prefer it; in that case, he would come to Plymouth or Portsmouth, and it would be more likely that I should meet him in London, than that he should come here during the winter. Rickman wishes me to come before Christmas; I can do my reviewing in time, and shall do it, to be ready for any call. My movements will be in a very zig-zag line. Wynn wants me to stop at Wynnstay; how can I cross from Shrewsbury over to your part of the world? This evening has brought me a letter from Litchfield, and I am bound to make a visit there. . . . She (Miss Seward) is really a very staunch friend. Fellowes, having become joint editor of the "Critical Review," besought her to give him an article; to serve him, she reviewed the poem of Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, and, Heaven knows how, lugged in "Madoc" by neck and shoulders. Poor Fellowes petitions that this may be left out, in compassion to the "Review," which had abused "Madoc" by bell, book, and candle, and must not, he says, throw off all consistency at once; but he promises great civility to all my future works, and this it is likely they will meet with, through this interest. Pretty work, this reviewing, Senhora! I am abused because one reviewer hates Coleridge, and now am to be praised because another is a friend of Miss Seward's.

She, however, is a good friend of mine, and I am very much obliged to her.

The books shall be sent you forthwith. "Palmerin" was advertised yesterday for the first time as published. In the "Athenæum" for September, is a letter pointing out a real blunder of the translator of D. Manuel, in one of his notes, written by somebody who admires the book, and believes in its authenticity. The Count, who took his departure on Sunday morning, told John Fisher, on his way out of town, that I had a book in which his lodgings were mentioned; and Aggy Fisher, his sister, has been here to-day, begging to see it, which, as his worship kept "Espriella" for the last two months at his lodgings, and left it there after all, to be brought home when the man of the house pleases to bring it, we could not lend her. She imputes it to—guess whom—to a Turk, who, she says, lodged there once; and, I assure you, she is expecting it with as much anxiety as a lady of fashion looks for the description of her first court-dress in the newspaper. Were you gone before Koster wrote a criticism upon this book to me, not suspecting me to be the author, but hinting to me to take the hint, invite an Italian to travel with me, and supply the deficiencies in D. Manuel?

The Peacheys were gone a day before your letter arrived. She desired she might stand to the unborn, a thing which I should have asked her, had it not been for that fear which, year after year, I feel at seeing her depart,—that she never possibly can live to return, and for which there is more cause every year than the last. There is a sweetness in that woman's nature which is worth all other endowments whatsoever. That sweet island of hers always makes me melancholy, when I look at it after she is gone; seven years ago, I should have said so in half a score poems, but I am

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, Dec. 19. 1807.

MY DEAR WYNN,

Frank for me the enclosed to the Rev. Joseph Wilkinson, Thetford, Norfolk. My brother Henry is looking about him where to settle. Thetford is one of the places which have been mentioned to him; and as I happen to be acquainted with the rector of that place, this letter is to make inquiry concerning the chance there may be of his succeeding there. Another year in Lisbon would have been convenient for him.

My uncle loses 300*l* a year by this expulsion of the English. My friend, John May, 20,000*l*. He is one of the best men I have ever known; it was not possible to make a better use of affluence than he did, or to part with it with more composure.

I replied to the overtures about the "Edinburgh Review" by a decided refusal, upon the ground of my utter disapprobation of the general system of criticism pursued by Jeffrey, and my utter dissent from all his principles of taste, morals, and politics. As Walter Scott happens to agree with me in the first, and in his opinions about peace and Catholic Emancipation, he was well pleased with the grounds and manner of this refusal.

Coleridge is to lecture at the Royal Institution. Have you heard that Davy is dangerously ill? I know no man whose death would be so greatly to be lamented, as he has just struck out some of the most important and original discoveries that have ever been made in chemistry, and which, if he lives to pursue them, will set his name far above all other natural philosophers. God bless you.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Dec. 21. 1807.

MY DEAR SENHORA,

I am flattered and gratified by Sir Edward's offer of becoming godfather to the unborn, and you will express to him my thankful acceptance of his offer, in the best terms you can find. You have contrived to mingle something unpleasant with this, by requesting me to change the name intended. I have told Danvers that, should the child be a boy, Danvers is to be his name, and assuredly Danvers his name must be. I have as great a respect for Sir Edward as it is possible to have for any person with whom I am well acquainted only by report, and have seen so seldom. But were I to name a child of mine after him, the immediate question would be, Is he a particular friend of yours? And to this, what reply could be made? It would be paying him a very mean compliment, thus to set aside one of my oldest and dearest friends,—a man whom I most entirely love, honour, and esteem, and whose name, I verily believe, if there be anything good in the boy who bears it, will operate as an incitement in him to every virtue. If I judge rightly of Sir Edward Littleton, he would think within himself, what am I to Southey, that he should show me this preference? and judge me to be one of a suppler spirit than it has pleased God to make me. When you have reflected a little upon this, you will feel that I am right; and as for the *never forgiving* of which you talk, it is I, Senhora, who have to forgive you the imprudence with which you have subjected me to this risk of displeasing Sir Edward, and appearing insensible of the honour he has done me. Out of this you must bring me as you best can. I

111 1808-1837
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To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Jan. 9. 1808.

MY DEAR SIR,

You will be pleased to hear that I have received two letters, both from persons whom I have never seen, one yesternight, and the other this evening, requesting me to favour them with some fragment of Henry's writing, however trifling, that they might preserve it as a relic. One of these applications comes from Mr. Arthur Owen, whom I think you will feel disposed to oblige, in requital for his sonnet, which bore tribute to Henry's merit at a time when such tributes were useful as well as pleasing. His direction is Edmund Hall, Oxford. The other is from Mr. William Fox, junr. Clapton, near Hackney, who published, some years ago, a descriptive poem called "La Bagatelle." It is a book which leaves a favourable impression both of the talents and disposition of the author; and, as the papers are so numerous, you will perhaps have no objection to oblige him also. If you gave the MS. of one of the shortest *printed* poems to each, they would be gratified, and your store not impoverished. There is something in the feeling from which such requests originate that pleads their excuse, and makes one wish to gratify it.

My friend Turner, the historian of the Anglo-Saxons, one of the best, as well as of the most learned men with whom it is my good fortune to be intimate, tells me he cannot express how much he has been interested by the "Remains," and that he regrets Henry far more than Chatterton. I cannot say whether all here who peruse the volume feel most wonder or regret.

If no accident prevent, I shall see you in the course of next month, and, perhaps, early in the month. It

will give me very sincere pleasure to shake you by the hand.

Yours very truly.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To C. W. Williams Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, Jan. 14. 1808.

MY DEAR WYNN,

You may rest assured that not one syllable of the abuse in the "Courier," has come from Coleridge. The origin of the report is obvious. He is very intimate with Stuart, who is one of the proprietors (not the editor) and to whom the house belongs, and his home in town is in consequence at the "Courier" office. I am a little surprised that you should have thought it possible anything so contemptible could have come from him.

I am obliged to you for the newspapers. Scott Waring's reasoning, if it can be so called, is thoroughly despicable. Something I had said upon the subject in reviewing Buchanan's Travels; and I am not without hopes that in consequence of what I said to him yesterday, the Bishop of Llandaff may take up the subject.

The removal of the court to Brazil cannot be otherwise than most highly beneficial to that country and to this, as we shall now trade as freely with the colony, as we did heretofore with Portugal. Anything like enlightened policy is not to be looked for, nor anything beyond what cannot possibly be avoided. The prince is almost an idiot, but just as he was obliged to run away from Bonaparte (who proved himself the greater idiot of the two in this business), just so will he be obliged to open a free trade with England: circumstances

confinement of my father's takes away my after-teas; it is necessary to play backgammon with him, or to complete a rubber. Happily idleness and gaming are seldom unwelcome to me. My mother is as well as usual. Hudson Gurney is recovering.

“ Yours,

“ WILLIAM TAYLOR, JUN.”

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 59.)

“ Keswick, July 11, 1808.

“ Dear William Taylor,

“ Whether you or I be most to blame for a long chasm in a never very close correspondence, is more than my memory can at present reach to decide, but I suspect myself to be in fault. I have received Dr. Sayers's Disquisitions, and placed the copy which he addressed to Coleridge among his books, where, with Dr. S.'s Poems, it lies awaiting his return, which is rather more difficult to calculate than that of a comet: he is at present with Mrs. Clarkson at Bury. Make my acknowledgements for the book: I was pleased to see it had grown bulkier in its new edition. Had Middleton been now at Norwich; it is possible that you might have seen Coleridge there, for M. called upon him in London. It has been his humour for time past to think, or rather to call, the Trinity a philosphi-

cal and most important truth, and he is very much delighted with Middleton's work upon the subject. Dr. Sayers would not find him now the warm Hartley^{an} that he has been; Hartley was ousted by Berkeley, Berkeley by Spinoza, and Spinoza by Plato: when last I saw him, Jacob Behmen had some chance of coming in. The truth is that he plays with systems, and any nonsense will serve him for a text from which he can deduce something new and surprising.² Mrs. Martin has told me some ill news from Norwich, and I suppose you have ere this lost a good man who will long be regretted. Of late I have had some interruptions in my ordinary goings-on; first, from sickness among the children, and latterly by one of my obstinate catarrhs, which effected a lodgement three weeks ago in my nose and eyes, and has not yet quitted its quarters, though it seems upon the move. You will receive the 'Cid' in the course of a month. How nobly have his countrymen justified the opinion of them which I have so often expressed, and so generally to the astonishment of those who heard me! Spain will now be free. Bonaparte has but one favour more to confer upon them,—if he makes away with the royal family, his crimes and their deliverance will then be complete. It may perhaps be possible to prune down the rotten tree of their

thing, is painting a picture from one of my poems, which is designed for me: it will come through Miss Betham, the painter and poetess, who is the largest damsel I have ever seen that is not of the race of the giants, but a clever and interesting woman, and likely to be the best poetess of her age.

“ God bless you !

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

~~William Taylor to Robert Southey.~~
William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 56.)

“ My dear Friend, “ Norwich, July 26, 1808.

“ Thanks for your letter of the 11th July; it was welcome as a shower after a drought. I began to grow anxious for news from Keswick, and should have written to ask concerning your welfare, had not Henry stilled the mere how-do-you-do solitudes.

“ Since the receipt of your letter I have been hoping for Coleridge’s appearance in Norwich. I do not write to offer him a bed, because my father’s infirmities, which occupy our servants very much, have altered our hours and oblige us to retire early, and Coleridge’s habits tend to an intemperate lateness; but he would agreeably diversify our dinner-parties and would not find Norwich inhospitable.

“ Fox’s historic work I have been reading with great delight: it is meritorious for research, and has all the attachingness of romance, to which

the bursts of oratory contribute not a little. The pathetic narrative of Argyle's fate is injured by the dramatic introduction of an imaginary penitent, who sees the hero sleeping calmly before his execution. The dissection of character, though protracted, is exquisitely anatomical. The care taken so to narrate everything that men may profit in future by this particular record of experience, is a prominent merit of the history; it is full of deep thought and fine maxims, yet the morality is rather lax. Like Michael Angelo's Torso, though a fragment, it will be the favourite study and the frequent model of the artist*. The new Unitarian canon is just arrived, and I am reading it. New trans-

* In a letter written at this period to his cousin, Mr. Dyson, he thus expressed himself on the same subject:—"Have you yet read Fox's historic work? I am delighted with it. The research of the antiquary is blended with the interest of the novelist. There are too many bursts of eloquence, yet one cannot wish away such fine pleading. The death of Argyle is a most pathetic piece of narration. The analysis of personal character—see especially that of Charles II. and that of Monmouth—is carried to greater nicety than by any preceding historian. The care taken to detect the moral of every incident, and to convert the records of experience into lessons, is admirable. The debates on the Exclusion Bill ought to have been related; and I should gladly have seen a specimen of the manner in which Fox would condense a debate. It is strange that he should be defective in parliamentary matter. Michael Angelo made the Torso, though a fragment, the chief model of his sculpture; so the future historiographer will select this fragment as the best extant specimen how history ought to be written."

The Memoir of 1808 is Taylor's. Mrs. Norton owned, revised, & published it. I think very highly of it.

is a long piece cut off from the end of the ninth book, and some metrical and other minor improvements made; the notes printed at the end of each book, a great difference in appearance, and no very material one in reality.

“ God bless you !

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 61.)

“ My dear Friend, “ Keswick, December 6, 1808.

“ Coleridge, I understand, has ordered some of his prospectuses to be sent to you, relying upon me to write to you on the subject. He manages things badly: a letter from me on the blank side of one prospectus would have done without packing off to you a bundle of papers; and a few advertisements in newspapers and magazines would have done better than ^{any} prospectus at all. The thing however is done, and that with so little deliberation, though not till after much delay, that some of it requires undoing; for should he have many subscribers in the country, there will be no mode of regular delivery otherwise than by post. In that case the numbers must be stamped, and stamps cover only a single sheet. Smaller type and larger paper will bring it to the same quantity of contents and the same market value. Will he go on with the undertaking, will be your first question. He can do it with little more

so stuff
to
any
with an
purpose

Friend

Friend

trouble than that of arranging and putting together fragments already in existence; and yet I will own to you, that I have great doubts and misgivings. I do not like the prospectus; it is too much like what it pretends to be, too fit for a letter to be proper for the public. There is an injudicious adulation, as it may almost be called, of his friends, and an overdone abasement of himself; on the whole, a want of manliness, which I cannot away with. But assuredly, if he carries it into effect, great things will be done; sounder criticism and sounder philosophy established, as well as advanced, than modern ages have seen; great truths upholden, and the axe laid at the root of those great errors, which have been for the last century held to be the very nine-and-thirty articles of philosophical faith.

“When you collect your Synonimes you would do well to mark what is the existing use of words, as well as to hunt out their primary meaning. I am much pleased that you persevere so steadily in this collection, which will form a very valuable book in itself, and be of signal utility to the compiler of a national dictionary, whenever that work shall be undertaken. I believe I shall withdraw from the Athenæum altogether. Dr. Aikin, among other rejections, has thought proper to suppress an article in the Omniana, for no other imaginable reason than that it called Pitt a bab-

Will you inform Mr. Park that those few poems of poor Lovell's, for which I searched in vain, have turned up among some old papers, and that I should have sent them to him, had not his letter led me to believe they would be too late;—if there be time, they shall still be forwarded.

The "Letters," as you may well remember, were printed off in the second edition before I saw Mr. Dashwood; part of his communication was inserted in the "Life"; the rest as soon as it could be in the third. I am glad he is well pleased with the book.

The "Life of Colonel Hutchinson" is one of the best books in the English language, or in any other; you must have read it with peculiar interest as being a Nottingham man. It accorded with all my best feelings and dearest principles; and I had the satisfaction of reviewing it in the Annual, in such a manner as to produce a letter of thanks from the editor.

For these reverses in Spain I was prepared, and by them I am not cast down, nor indeed led to abate a jot of my full confidence in the final success of the Spaniards. We have, as usual, done everything in the very worst manner possible, and have been far more mischievous to the Spaniards as friends than we ever could have been as enemies, by that rascally business in Portugal, which appears worse and worse the more it is investigated. But the end will be well; this I said before any person had begun to hope, and this I shall say after every person has ceased to hope, for Joseph will soon be crowned at Madrid,—is probably by this time. Zaragoza will in all likelihood be laid in ashes, and Bonaparte will march to Lisbon; still the country will redeem itself, and work out its own redemption. Sir John Moore has a strong country behind him, and if he cannot make head in the field, may secure himself in the fortified towns along the frontier.

God bless you. Remember me to James—has he received benefit at Brighton?

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Dec. 7. 1808.

You will have stared, Sir Domine, at receiving a parcel of Coleridge's Prospectuses. I am desired to ask you to consult with Mr. George Taylor about sending some to Sunderland. Make what use of them you can in the way of distribution. They are upon too horny a paper for any other use, and if you find any persons who wish to subscribe, send me the names.

Domine Doctor, it is not such a Prospectus as I would have written; and had I seen it before it was printed, I should have objected to its form, and to some of its parts. It is now too late. Will he carry the thing on?—*Dios es que sabe*. I hope so; for if it be carried on, we shall have a tremendous battery to direct which way we please; and if he does but fairly set it forward, it shall not drop for any accidental delay of illness on his part.

I presume you are tooth and nail at your Annuals, finishing off to be in time. Mine went off on Thursday last; and the floor is now covered with the contents of a parcel on account of the unborn Review, all relating to the Missions, of which I am preparing a general view and vindication, in direct hostility to that despicable article of Sidney Smith in the "Edinburgh." We shall hoist the bloody flag, down alongside that Scotch ship, and engage her yard-arm and yard-arm. Jeffrey, after all his shifting, is now so sold, body and soul, to the

sneaking Whig party, that we shall have with us all the rest of the country. What a complete separation is there upon this question of war or peace between the Whigs and the Republicans!

What articles are yours in the last "Medical?" "Mason Good," I guess, for one. One phrase in the review of Blair's book would make me think it was yours, but the whole paper leads me to a different conclusion. Can you tell me which are Gooch's articles? The journal is very well done, but there is a twang of Edinburgh insolence about it, which will make enemies, which can do no good, and of which the writers, when they are a little older, will be sorry and ashamed. Severity may often be right; insolence is always wrong. Generous minds and tempers, Domine, are mellowed, like wine, as they grow older. You may repent a sarcasm,—you never can repent having forborne one. I like Gooch so much, and was so thoroughly pleased with all I saw of him, that this character which he has given to his review surprises me. It is not his nature; and why in God's name will he graft crabs upon a nonpareil stock?

I do not remember if I told you that Parry sent me a letter during the summer to introduce some ladies, who never came. It was a vile palavering letter,—provokingly so, and set both Tom and me growling. Nevertheless, I should have been civil to his friends, had they made their appearance. Saving Joanna Baillie, we had no very interesting people this season:

And how go on physic and fees? Have you enriched the apothecary? Has the undertaker set up his coach—the grave-digger retired from business, since you came to enrich them? Have you had any cases of the Pole Davy? and exhibited the Zebethum Occidentale to advantage in these Northern latitudes? Ha, ha! Domine! I long to have a laugh with thee once more. Here my puns are wasted on the desert air, and quaint

things enough to have set up a king's fool in times when fools kept to their profession, are thrown away, and of no account. Yet I go on heroically, and so I should do if I were shut up for sedition in one of the solitary cells of the English bastilles.

Early in the year I think of seeing you, going by way of Carlisle, and returning by Bowes.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, Oct. 30. 1808.

MY DEAR TOM,

You inquire about my uncle just as if you supposed that a man in England was likely to get anything because he had good claim to it. I have not heard that the Dean of Hereford is dead, and I am sure that my uncle has no expectation of obtaining anything. He has made up his mind to pass the remainder of his days at Staunton.

It is some satisfaction to me that I shall be able to leave upon record my opinion upon this infamous Convention, in the "History of Portugal." There is a talk of an address from this country, but Lord Lonsdale will do all he can to prevent a meeting, or oppose anything that may be done at once. He and the ministry (all ministers alike) never wish the people to come before the King with anything except professions that they are ready to kiss his Majesty's . . . This his Majesty is not yet tired of hearing, and would go on creating knights and giving gracious replies to the end of the chapter. I rejoice to see the spirited manner in which

the Common Council have resented his most improper answer to their petition. If anything is done in Cumberland, here it will originate with Wordsworth: he and I and Coleridge will set the business in its true light, in the country newspapers, and frame the resolutions, to be brought forward by some weighty persons; and Wordsworth will speak at the meeting, he being a freeholder. We are all to meet Curwen (by his special desire) at Calvert's on Friday next, and then I suppose the plan of operations will be settled. It was wished not to make this a party matter, and therefore Lord Lonsdale was applied to through H. Senhouse, but it seems he "views the Convention in a very different light." God help poor England! Well might W. forefeelingly call our rulers

"A venal band
Who are to judge of danger which they fear,
And honour which they do not understand."

Do you know anything of Captain Philip Beaver? He has, I believe, the *Acasta* at this time in the *W. Indies*. If you were in the way of falling in with him, I would have a copy of the "*Cid*" sent you, that you might give it him as a mark of respect. I have been reading—indeed, have bought,—his "*African Memoranda*," the *Journal of the colony* which he attempted to found on the *Island of Bulama*, and from which only himself and one adventurer returned; but never did I read a book which gave me so high an idea of the infinite resources, activity, and genius of any one man, as that plain, manly, right English book has given me of its author.

Herbert grows stout, and continues short. "Why does Papa call you Herby?" (which is what he calls himself). "Mine dog!" and then laughs. "And what does mamma call you?" "Bright eyes!" You would laugh to see the faces he makes, when he says of his sister's

name, not *Edaw*, but *Edis*. Edaw he used to call her. He says everything : rides *pocko*, rides towel, rides foot, makes me give him three tosses, and has no mercy upon either *pocko*, towel, foot, or father. Your niece wants sadly to know when you are coming home, and is surprised that you have not killed all the French yet. I verily believe Lord Chatham would have finished the war by this time. Twenty thousand men, landed at St. Andero four months ago, would have exterminated all the French in Spain, and 100,000 Spaniards would have been beyond the Pyrenees, spreading fire, sword and manifestoes, more formidable than either, before them. I am glad to see they are investing the town upon the coast from Catalonia. With Lord Cochrane's help, they will find employment for a great many troops in defending their own shores. But at home here, all is delay, blunder, jobs, and rascality ; and so it will continue to be till things are thoroughly altered. No strength of mind, no rectitude of heart, no feeling of honour, no sense of shame, among our trading politicians. If it were not for the indignation which the people have discovered upon this cursed occasion, one might be ashamed of one's country, and tempted to wish oneself a Spaniard.

I shall make use of your stories of the hand, and of "Junot," and good use. Do not let any stories of this kind, or anything which I can make use of, escape you. You know how these things, even after the lapse of many years, always turn to account at last. God bless you. Edith's love.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 18. 1809.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Parliament being so soon to assemble, — to the great benefit of franking, and spoiling of newspapers, I suppose that the Emperor of the Franks may by this be arrived at Westminster, and that letters may once more travel free as thought,—though not quite so fast. George I., I believe, is somewhere in the way of College Libraries; if you know where, direct to him the accompanying note, the purport of which is to request that he (a most fit man) will hunt out a passage in an old Lyons or Leyden edition of Ptolemy, impugning the authenticity or veracity of Amerigo Vespucci's letters, as they appear in the "Novus Orbis" of Grynæus. For I shall either prefix or append to each volume of my "Opus" a critical account of the documents from which it is compiled. I am in the press, and have corrected seven sheets.

Landor (Gebir) has a bill coming before Parliament, which will take him to town in four or five weeks. Shall I introduce him to you, on the ground that you may possibly give him information which may save him some trouble? You will thus see one of the most extraordinary men that it has ever been my fortune to fall in with, and one who would be one of the greatest, if it were possible to tame him. He does more than any of the gods of all my mythologies, for his very words are thunder and lightning,—such is the power and the splendour with which they burst out: but all is perfectly natural; there is no trick about him,—no preaching, no parade, no playing off.

I will wrap up this in Coleridge's Prospectus. For "The Friend" itself you may whistle these three months, and God knows how much longer. Hitherto, however

615

615

there is no other blame attachable to him than that he carried a prospectus wet from the pen to the printer, without consulting anybody, or giving himself time for consideration, and so a day was fixed for the appearance of the first number which was impossibly soon. Meantime, a hundred difficulties open upon him in the way of publication, and doubtless some material change must be made in the plan. I advise half-a-crown or five shilling numbers irregularly, whenever they are ready; but no promised time, no promised quantity, no promised anything. The Prospectus looks too much like what it intends to be, talks confidently to the public about what the public cares not a curse for, and has about it a sort of unmanly *humblification*, which is not sincere, which the very object of the paper gives the lie to, which may provoke some people, and can conciliate nobody. Yet, such as it is, I shall augur best of those persons who expected most from it, such a habit of thinking, and such a train of thinking is manifested there.

Have you seen Wordsworth's essays in the "Courier" upon the Cintra Convention? The second appeared in to-night's,—that is, Friday, the 13th. They will be separately published. God help us, Rickman! If anything can ruin Spain, and England too, it will be such generals and such ministers as we are destined to be cursed with. Even now the game is in our own hands, if we knew how to play it. But these wretches have no principles of action, no moral courage; their boldness is only face deep,—bronze over plaister-of-Paris heads—and their talents just equal to the dirty job-work which has long been the main business of what is called government in England.

When you see or communicate with Arrowsmith, will you tell him that what I have finally determined about the map is, to have it as large as it conveniently

613

I should not have written just now, had it not been to mention Rickman, thinking that you may find it useful to know him; for I wished, when writing, to tell you of "Kehama;" and a good many interruptions have occurred to delay my progress; indispositions of my own, or of the children's,—this latter the only thing concerning which I am anxious overmuch. At present my wife is seriously ill; and when I shall be sufficiently at ease to do anything, God knows. Another heat will finish the poem.

I hope you will not return to Spain. What is to be done in that country must be behind stone walls, not in the open field. Moore should have dispersed his army among the frontier towns from the Minho to the Guadiana, and then have worn out the patience of the French, while we fitted out a greater army to relieve him. I do not abate a jot of heart or hope, as to the ultimate issue of the struggle. Nay, I am, and ever have been, fully persuaded, that if we landed 100,000 men near Bilbao, secured the passes, shut the French in Spain, and landed 50,000 men to fight them there, we should then have a campaign to which the world has never seen a parallel since the battle of Plataea. But

house, and marvelled at his immense stores of information, and at his facility as well as pleasure in imparting them to a willing hearer like myself. I may mention, likewise, how, under a somewhat hard exterior, there was the deepest sense of Christian charity. I had a never-to-be-forgotten opportunity of noticing this in a large party at his house, on which occasion, (admitting his errors) he defended the name and memory of Porson, whom he knew, from needless censure. What has become of his Etymological Collections, and his Papers on Roger and Lord Bacon? If his own motto was "*Pondere, numero, et mensurâ,*" mine, deeply impressed with the sense of his worth, acknowledged and expressed by all parties in the House, after his death, would be in the words of Ennius, —

"VIR BONUS ATQUE PROBUS!"

70. Staunton 269 1809
 we are palsied at home. There is not one statesman among us who has either wisdom or virtue.

Coleridge's essay is expected to start in March.

My uncle, Mr. Hill, is settled at his parsonage at Staunton-upon-Wye, — in that savage part of the world to which your cedar plantation will give new beauty, and your name new interest, when those cedars shall have given place to their offspring. It is probable that you have no other neighbour so well informed within the same distance. Next year, God willing, I shall travel to the south, and halt with him. It is likely that I may then find you out, either at Llantony, or somewhere in the course of a wide circuit. Meantime I will still hope that some fair breeze of inclination may send you here to talk about Spain, to plan a great poem, and to cruise with me about the Derwentwater. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, February 18. 1809.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I should have written to you before this, had it not been for a more unpleasant reason than the permanent one of constant employment. Edith has had a serious indisposition, which at length confined her to her bed for eight days; and it was but yesterday that she was sufficiently recovered to walk from her own room into mine.

I am anxious to hear how your brother bears the climate of Brazil. Healthy as that part of the country is, yet, I believe, few Englishmen can escape without some seasoning; and there was an account, some little

CHAPTER IV.

1809 to 1810.

CORRESPONDENCE WITH R. SOUTHEY. MONTHLY
MAGAZINE. CRITICAL REVIEW. LETTER TO
MR. BELSHAM. 'TALES OF YORE.' MONTHLY
REVIEW.

ROBERT SOUTHEY commenced his correspond-
ence with William Taylor in the year 1809 by
sending him the before-announced prospectus of
Coleridge's projected periodical paper, 'The
Friend,' which was accompanied by the follow-
ing letter.

Robert Southey to William Taylor. (No. 62.)

Taylor Southey began by writing Jan^y 15th 1809
Feb. 3 " Keswick, January 15, 1809.

" My dear William Taylor,

" At length I have laid hand on a prospectus,
which I send you rather as a thing worth having
than for any other use; for Coleridge sent it
abroad hastily, without consideration on his own
part or consultation with anybody else, and both
the how and the when of publication remain
yet to be settled. My advice to him is, not to
venture upon any periodical task, because I am

611
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quite certain he never will be ready in time; but to publish a half-crown or five-shilling number whenever he can be ready with one. That something should be done I am very anxious, because if what there is in Coleridge be not drawn out of him in this way, it will never be drawn out of him at all.

“ I thank you for De Lery, which has proved of greater value than I expected, inasmuch as De Bry, like a right Roman Catholic, has omitted the whole chapter relating to Villegagnon, the main part of the preface, and most of the parts which expose Thevet's ignorance and knavery. Even from the book thus mutilated I had, by the help of Thuanus, formed an opinion, which the additional facts thus got at completely verify and establish. My Bayle is, I fear, the first edition, for I can find nothing there upon the subject. Moreri has something about it in his usual meagre and wretched way. I do not by any means dispute or doubt that the Caraibes of the French are our Carribs; but in De Lery the word is different. He means there the Tupi priests, who were Tupis themselves; but it is used improperly both by him and some of the Portuguese writers, for Marcgrave (what is the Dutch orthography of that name?) makes the distinction, and explains Paye to be the conjuror, Caraiba his power of conjuration.

6-7

more as a body than any or all our universities. It should have been Bonaparte's policy to have restored the Jesuits ; he should have done it for his immediate interest and for his future character. Thorough villain as he is, he is not much worse than Constantine ; and the praise of a grateful sect can yet do wonders in whitewashing a negro-reputation.

“Two things amused me in the last Monthly Review—the sagacity with which the William-Taylorisms of the Demerary book are accounted for by Mr. Bolingbroke's official situation, and Mr. Evans's Verses upon Madoc (not my ‘Madoc,’ but the prince himself), which are certainly made upon the most approved receipt for verse-making. I have seldom seen a worse reviewal than that of Bolingbroke. The writer must have been wretchedly ignorant to extract the account of the Feast of Dead, which is to be found in very many books (you are wrong in supposing it to be Mexican), and he must have been perversely stupid to pass over without any notice the great and striking novelties which the book really contains. I do not mean in matter of fact, of which there is little enough, but in its deductions and views.

“This affair of the Duke of York and Mrs. Clarke is certainly one of the most important signs of the times. The people here are very

indignant, and revolution is prophesied by those who certainly have no wish to see their predictions verified. William Smith has done himself no credit in this investigation, and the House of Commons never appeared to less advantage than by the gross leaning towards the Duke which they have manifested throughout.

“ I hope to have ‘ Kehama ’ finished early in the spring, and much to my satisfaction. The metre of my next poem is yet undecided, and this is the only point about it which requires further consideration. I am full of great plans, and, God be thanked, never was better disposed nor better able to go through with them. The ‘ Cid ’ fell to W. Scott’s care in the Quarterly, to Turner’s in the Annual. God bless you !

“ Yours,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 59.)

“ My dear Friend, “ Norwich, March 10, 1809.

“ I have to thank you for two letters ; the one enclosing Coleridge’s prospectus received in January, and the other applying for Raymond Berton, of which book Mr. Bolingbroke and I know no more than Lord Monboddo has been pleased to say concerning it in a note to the ‘ Origin of Languages,’ c. vii. vol. i. p. 503. From hearing

no more of *The Friend*, the enterprize I presume is abandoned, or at least put into the more expedient form of appearing as a whole volume. There is a perpetual demand for parlour-window books, and *The Friend* seems adapted by its general structure for the reading of the female and the moral world. The tendency to metaphysical speculation, which may be inferred from the prospectus, is not likely to popularize the book.—Do you not yet despair of the Spanish cause, as far as European Spain is concerned? I never much thought that so superstitious and ignorant a people would combine for a national purpose with efficacious skill. The best chance was to have let republicanism loose and to have set up a representation of the people, presided by the archbishop of Toledo; if by *any* means, by an alliance of church and people at the expense of royalty and aristocracy, the zeal and the resources were to have been found. The proclamation of Ferdinand VII. was in every view impolitic; it must intercept our recognition of the independence of Spanish America.—What I said of Jeffrey respected his talents, not his consistency: he always exaggerates, as every stimulant writer must do: and all hyperbolists appear far more inconsistent and self-contradictory, when they or their spectators have moved to the opposite side of the ring, than persons who use tame expressions. Hence Burke appears to many so full of

tergiversations. If you are now an advocate for war, in order to help the Spaniards, you must keep in your bosom those common-places of philanthropy which you used to employ in favour of peace, while you abhorred the war against the liberties of France. Is there in this any tergiversation? Surely not. Why may not Jeffray be motived by adequate causes to think as he thinks? However, it is not with his politics that I am in love; but with his comprehensive knowledge, with his brilliant and definite expression, and with his subtle argumentative power. I have not yet seen the Quarterly Review; it is said to rival that of Jeffray; but I shall be surprised if there is literary strength enough in any other combination to teach so many good opinions so well as the Edinburgh Reviewers. Who is the manager of it? I suppose what you were writing about the missions is the article that has appeared in the Quarterly.

“I thought I had written you the secret history of Mr. Bolingbroke’s book; I must have written it to Henry, and supposed it was superfluous to say the same things both at Durham and Keswick. The papers were put into my hands and into those of his brother-in-law, Robert Gooch, whom you know. We both clipped out much and put in something. Mr. Bolingbroke was very anxious to execute with effect his chapter about the slave-trade. There

624

I do not possess; and a punctuality not to be exceeded by that of Mr. Murray's opposite neighbours at St. Dunstan's.

I am, Sir,

Yours very respectfully,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Lieut. Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

"Keswick, March 14. 1809.

"My dear Tom,

"Yesterday I returned from a visit to Henry and his bride. . . . He lives in a street called by the unaccountable name of Old Elvet. A lucky opening on the opposite side of the way leaves him a good view of the cathedral on the hill, and the river is within a stone's throw of his back-door. Durham stands upon a peninsula,—that is to say, the main part of it,—a high bank, on which is the cathedral, and the castle, and the best houses; and there are delightful walks below, such as no other city can boast, through fine old trees on the river's bank, from whence you look to the noble building on the opposite side, and see one bridge through the other. Harry is well off there, getting rapidly into practice, and living among all sorts of people,—prebends and Roman Catholics, fox-hunters and old women, with all of whom he seems to accord equally well. . . . It is a place where any person might live contentedly. Among all these thousand and one

acquaintances there are some whom one might soon learn to love, and a great many with whom to be amused, and none that are insufferable. One day I dined with Dr. Zouch, who wrote the Life of Sir P. Sidney. I never saw a gentler-minded man; the few sentences of bigotry which he has written must have cost him strange efforts to bring forth, for I do not think a harsh expression ever could pass his lips, nor a harsh feeling ever enter his heart. In spite of his deafness, I contrived to have a good deal of talk with him. Dr. Bell was there, the original transplanter of that Hindoo system of teaching which Lancaster has adopted. He is a great friend of Coleridge's; a man pleasant enough, *certes* a great benefactor to his country, but a little given to flattery, and knowing less about India than a man ought to know who has lived there. Another day I dined with Dr. Fenwick, the ex-physician of the place. There we drank the Arch-duke Charles's health in Tokay, a wine which I had never before tasted. This is the first victory by which I ever got anything. The Tokay proved prolific. Harry's next door neighbour was one of the party, and fancied some unknown wine which had been presented to him might be the same as this; and he proposed, as we walked home, to bring in a bottle and sup with us. I, however, recognised it for Old Sack, — itself no bad thing.

“ On Monday last, after a week's visit, I took coach where I had appointed, to pass a day with James Losh, whom you know I have always

I expect daily to hear of Harry's marriage with Mary Sealy. God bless you. I suppose Sir E. is in town, and therefore do not inclose the letter.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

Keswick, May, 1809.

MY DEAR TOM,

I was wondering what could be become of you, till the "Courier" told me Admiral Sotheby was cruising in the Channel. Good luck to your cruise, and a reasonable supply of prize-money!

Since last I wrote, Herbert has had the croup, and we, as you may suppose, were in great anxiety. He is now, thank God, recovering his looks, for the bleeding left him dismally pale; the blister is healed, and very thankful we are that the means of treating a disease, which, till lately, was almost always fatal, are now so well understood.

Ballantyne, the bookseller (the printer's brother), sent me a note yesterday, saying he was arrived at the Royal Oak, and would be happy to wait on me at whatever hour I might appoint, so I asked him to dinner, — a lucky piece of civility on my part, inasmuch as it appeared afterwards that he was come from Penrith on purpose to see me, and returned there the same night. Of this I had not the smallest suspicion. The matter was this: I had, in a letter to Scott, said that a review of old books, that is, of any books, except such as were in the province of contemporary criticism, would answer if it were well conducted. Scott talked this over in London, and Ballantyne, returning from thence, came commissioned to treat with me about

such a work. Things will not be finally settled till I have seen Scott, who offers to take a great share in the work, if I will conduct it. I am offered 100*l.* a year as editor, and ten guineas a sheet; the thing to be in quarterly five shilling numbers; and the name which I propose is "Rhadamanthus," he being the Judge of the Dead. I can rely upon William Taylor for material co-operation, and hope for some from Rickman and Turner, — possibly from Lamb, not impossibly from Coleridge. There are some things which Lloyd could do well, if I were not afraid of his *flux* of writing; but I shall talk to him. If this plan be carried into effect, I shall need no other *lucre-of-gain* work, for the quantity of my own contributions will depend upon myself, and I can with ease write 150*l.* worth in the year. The trouble as editor is merely that of writing letters, receiving articles, suiting them to the numbers, and correcting proof sheets; and as I would not begin till I had the quantity for two numbers ready, all anxiety arising from improvidence, or want of punctuality in others would be prevented.

Ballantyne, speaking of the "Quarterly," said he hoped they would leave alone the business of the Duke of York, thereby implying a fear that they would defend him, which would destroy the Review. My immediate answer was, "that if they did, or if they took up the anti-Jacobite politics, I should immediately withdraw;" and in all likelihood this will be the case, unless the foreknowledge which they must have of this determination of mine should prevent them; for to Gifford I explained my principles, and to Bedford expressly stated that as soon as the book ran counter to them I should break off the connexion.

I expect Scott daily, with his wife, on their way to Edinburgh; they stop one night, and if they arrive in the course of a week I go on with them. It is likely

return on Saturday. Yesterday I took Miss Betham, Edith, and Mrs. Coleridge up Skiddaw, being their first appearance upon that stage. They walked it, and did it well by help of meat and drink on the way. Coming home Mrs. C. got into a bog some way above her knees, and I saved her life! I wish you had been there to have assisted in it. Afterwards I washed her petticoat in one of the gills, and carried it home upon my stick. Oh, Dominie, Doctor! if you had but been there! Our love to Mary. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, August 17—20. 1809.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

I can wish you nothing better than that your life may be as long, your age as hale, and your death as easy as your father's.* The death of a parent is a more awful sorrow than that of a child, but a less painful one: it is in the inevitable order and right course of nature that ripe fruit should fall; it seems like one of its

* "I have received your letter of the 29th July; but see the instability of human affairs! I, who talked of going to Keswick, am now at Christ Church, summoned to attend the funeral of my good father, who is to be gathered to his ancestors at Milford (between this and Lympington) to-morrow. His illness was but a paralytic stroke, which rendered him insensible immediately, so that he has died, as desired, at a good old age, and without the sting of mortal dissolution. Peace be with him! A man of milder temper, and of more general benignity never lived. In the peaceful qualities of the mind, a better man than his son; in activity, perhaps in utility, inferior. You knew him, and I think held his countenance and his heart to be in happy unison!" — *MS. Letter from J. Rickman to R. Southey.*

mishaps when the green bud is cut off. In the outward and visible system of things nothing is wasted: it would therefore be belying the whole system to believe that intellect and love,—which are of all things the best,—could perish. I have a strong and lively faith in a state of continued consciousness from this stage of existence, and that we shall recover the consciousness of some lower stages through which we may previously have past, seems to me not improbable. The supposition serves for dreams and systems,—the belief is a possession more precious than any other. I love life, and can thoroughly enjoy it; but if to exist were but a lifehold property, I am doubtful whether I should think the lease worth holding. It would be better never to have been than ever to cease to be.

Still I shall hope for your coming. You would at any rate have been inconveniently late for the Highlands, for which as near Midsummer as possible is the best season. September is the best for this country.

I have been made to do what has proved to be a foolish thing. Walter Scott wrote to me to say that Canning had a great wish to serve me, and that he, Scott, had been commissioned by him to find out in what manner it might be done conformably to my inclinations. Sharpe was here at the time. I told him of this, and he advised me to ask for the stewardship of the Derwentwater Estates, which will soon be vacated by death. Upon this I wrote to Scott, and also to Wynn; both agreed that it would be the best thing possible for me, and both advised me, as a *sine quâ non*, to make interest for Lord Lonsdale's countenance. Behold me thus place-hunting in regular form. I got Sir George Beaumont to write to Lord Lonsdale. My friend Humphrey Senhouse (who has election weight with him) did the same, and that position was effectually secured. He promised everything, and in-

wards you; but the fault is not in me. Longman has been to blame in adjourning the printing the work *sine die*. I will in my next letter state to him that he is making me use you ill, and that if there be any further delay, I shall feel myself bound to throw up the business.

Yours very truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Lieut. Southey, H. M. S. Dreadnought.

"Sept. 19. 1809.

"My dear Tom,

"Poor Jackson is gone at last, after a cruel illness. I followed him to the grave to-day. A good man, to whom the town of Keswick and many of its inhabitants are greatly beholden. He has left Hartley 50*l.* to be paid when he comes of age. Had he thought of bequeathing him his books it would have been a more suitable remembrance. Never had man a more faithful, anxious, and indefatigable nurse than he has had in Mrs. Wilson, — always ready, always watchful, always willing, never uttering a complaint, never sparing herself; with the most disinterested affection; acting so entirely from the feelings of a good heart, that I do not believe even the thought of duty ever entered it. The night after his death we made her take a little spirit and water; it was not a tea-cupfull, but upon her it acted as medicine; and she told me the next day that, for the first time during two years, she had slept through the night.

He never turned in his bed during that whole time that she did not hear, nor did he make the slightest unusual sound or motion that she was not up to know what could be done for him. As you will readily suppose, I have long since told her never to think of quitting the place, but to remain here as long as she lives with people to whom she is attached (she doats upon Edith and Herbert), and who can understand her worth.

“Busy as it is usually my fortune to be, I was never so busy as now. Three mornings more will finish my transcribing task for the first volume of my History of Brazil, including a long chapter, which, I fear, can hardly be got into the volume, though I much wish to insert it. Then come the notes, — supplementary, — which might, with great pleasure to myself and profit to my reader, be extended to another volume as large; but I shall not allow them much more than fifty pages. The book, as a whole, is more amusing than was to be expected. About a fortnight’s morning work will complete my work for it: 448 pages are printed; the whole will not be less than 660.

“Last night we had a prodigious flood, higher in some places than can be remembered; I say in some places, because the lake was previously low, and the force of the waters was spent before they found their way to it. Do you know the little bridge over what is usually a dry ditch at the beginning of the Church Lane? The water was over it, and three feet deep in the lane. Half Slacks Bridge is gone, a chaise-driver and horses lost between this place and Wigton,

and, doubtless, the most popular in delivery, are usually extraneous to the main subject in hand. All his congregations would fairly say ‘What a fine discourse!’ to every sermon; but, when the whole are read collectively, they do not exhibit that clear and connected view of prophecy which is what he should have aimed at. There is, perhaps, hardly any subject which requires so much erudition, and so constant an exertion of sound judgment. The Doctor’s learning is not extensive; he quotes from books of little authority, and never refers to those which are of most importance. Indeed, he does not appear to know what the Germans have done in Biblical criticism.

“
It has occurred to me that it would add to the interest of the Remains, if the name under the portrait were made a fac-simile of Henry’s handwriting. Since I wrote to you, I fell in with Dr. Milner, the Dean of Carlisle, who talked to me about Henry; how little he had known of him, and how much he regretted that he should not have known him more. I told him what you were doing with James, expressing a hope that he might find friends at Cambridge, for his brother’s sake as well as his own, which he thought would certainly be the case.

“ We thank you for Miss Smith’s book, a very, very interesting one. There are better translations of some of Klopstock’s odes in the Monthly Magazine, where, also, is to be found a full account of the Messiah, with extracts translated by my very able

to Newton White October 10/09
 and excellent friend, William Taylor, of Norwich. Coleridge and Wordsworth visited Klopstock in the year 1797: he wore a great wig. Klopstock in a wig, they said, was something like *Mr. Milton*. His Life will always retain its interest; his fame as a poet will not be lasting. . . . In Germany, his day of reputation is already passing away. There is no other country where the principle of criticism is so well understood. But one loves Klopstock as well as if he had been really the poet that his admirers believe him to be; and his wife was as much an angel as she could be while on earth. . .

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

Mr. Coleridge, who was at this time residing at Grasmere, had lately commenced the publication of *The Friend*, which came out in weekly numbers; and, becoming apprehensive that it was not altogether well calculated to find favour with the class of readers likely to take in a periodical work, he now wrote to my father, requesting him to address such a letter to him in his *Friendly* character as might afford him a good plea for justifying the form and style of the paper in question.

Both the request and the reply to it will be interesting to the reader, especially as the *Friend*, however unattractive to the popular mind as a periodical, has, like the *Spectator* and the *Rambler*, taken a permanent place among the works of its author and the literature of the nation.

631
Research Sept 7. 1809
of them may accord with his object; and also how far it will be compatible with my better pursuits to undertake so large a portion of trade work. He has applied to me upon very short notice, and I am by no means prepared for the task. It was indeed in other hands, but the sample sent was so thoroughly tame and worthless (I had it sent to me), that he has done wisely to pay for it and cancel it at once. I am waiting for documents which Longman is slow in sending, and meantime get on with a preliminary view of parties at home, so written as to be sure of pleasing no party, because it will speak bitter truths of all. The death of the Athenæum rather surprised me, because I thought the booksellers could force anything in that shape down: let any motto be written upon its ach'ment except *Resurgam!* The death of the Annual I expected: if the coroner's inquest should sit upon its body, they may find that it was starved to death. Peace be with it! I served a seven years' apprenticeship to it at low wages, and must have *struck* had it continued longer. You will receive the first volume of 'Brazil' late in autumn; fifty-four sheets are printed, and I am transcribing the last chapter: supplementary notes and a bibliographical appendix will extend the volume to something above 600 pages. It has cost me very great labour, and I do not

think more could have been done with it. The second volume will be the more interesting of the two.

“ Harry, being now fairly settled in practice, and a married man, has, I believe, fallen seriously to work upon what has long been a favourite project of his, and one in which I have always encouraged him, — a ‘ History of the Crusades.’ He is well situated for this, there being two libraries belonging to the church at Durham, both at his command and both abounding with old books, among which are the most important of his materials ; some I can help him to, and the rest I know where to borrow. I have instructed him in my method of historical book-keeping,—the result of nine years’ experience,—which will save him much labour,—that is, in preventing him from losing any.

“ Coleridge has sent out a fourth number to-day. I have always expected every number to be the last: he may, however, possibly go on in this intermitting way till subscribers enough withdraw their names (partly in anger at its irregularity, more because they find it heathen. Greek) to give him an ostensible reason for stopping short. Both he and Wordsworth, powerfully as they can write and profoundly as they usually think, have been betrayed into the same fault,—that of making things, easy

Very
H.D.

of comprehension in themselves, difficult to be comprehended by their way of stating them: instead of going to the natural spring for water, they seem to like the labour of digging wells. The tower-of-Babel character of your English offends them grievously; the hardness of theirs appears to me a less excusable fault. Your plan of a quarterly magazine could not fail to answer, if it were well-started and supported. I wish you could start one; and, if you should, will do for it all I can.

“ God bless you !

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

William Taylor to Robert Southey. (No. 62.)

“ My dear Friend, “ Norwich, March 28, 1810.

“ A letter arrived here last Saturday directed to you: am I to forward it elsewhere, or may I hope to see you? Daily since it came I have been to meet both the mail-coaches at the inn, with the eager expectation of your being a passenger; fatigued of disappointment I desist from my search, to exhale the sigh of aspiration or regret.

“ It is long, shamefully long, since I have written to you: the cause is not wholly of agreeable narration. In November last I was deferring to write with the wish of accompanying my letter by a copy of the ‘Tales of Yore’; but I discovered that I had acted with levity (to use

no coarser name), by endeavouring to eke out the want of provided material with an old translation of Voltaire's 'White Bull'. I determined to cancel the vicious sheets. This took time: there was new matter to seek, to translate, and to overlook. I received but last week the purified copies, which I would willingly have believed the only extant ones: unhappily Mr. Mawman, in his eagerness to accommodate his Critical Review with early intelligence, sent to the editor of that journal a copy with all its pristine imperfections on its head. I am assured, however, that not six copies have got abroad in the original state; but as some impertinent bibliographer may choose to record the fact, I must bear as I can the consequence. I have to send you and to send to Henry a copy of the book, but know not through what channel to order the forwarding: it is a bookseller's job, which I do not wish to avow. I have read with more than the interest of intellect, if that be possible, your prospectus of the Edinburgh Annual Register. Walter Scott would have done better not to incommode you with a subsidiary volume of literary intelligence: an Edinburgh Annual Register should be a separate care. You will find it difficult to compress the details which are permanently valuable into one volume; and you will find the tail of the comet less radiant than the

635

nucleus,—sweepings of the heavens where Jeffrey and Co. are the constellations. Hermogenes lived seventy-seven years and wrote seventy-seven books; you too promise fair to count years by works. The death of Rhadamanthus I do not regret. One trial which I had reported for the records of his court, and which I have addressed to Sir Richard Phillips for the Monthly Magazine, is Heywood's 'Hierarchie of the Blessed Angels,' 1635. It is wonderful to me that Milton should so totally have disdained even the angelic nomenclature of his predecessors. Heywood was indeed a loyalist and a bad poet; but bad poets usually tinge their better contemporaries.

“Lately I have been busying myself in a manner you will disapprove, by throwing together all my past and present theological speculations about the origin of Christianity and the life of Christ in the form of letters to the editors of the ‘Improved Version.’ Burnett, who has been writing to me with his Milton, and for money, and for patronage in his pursuit of the librarianship at the Institute, has mediated with his printers for the publication. I sent a preliminary letter a month ago; but, not having heard a word since, I suspect the manuscript has miscarried; and if so, I believe the work will miscarry. The fever of mental stimulation has subsided, and with it all present inclination to

proceed : my zeals, however, though never lasting, are always revivable. At one time the mezerions of poetry stretch their purple fingers ; at another, the hedge-row hawthorns of politics, limiting rights and wounding trespassers : at another, the high-darting, regularly knotted, elastic, plastic bamboos of metaphysics ; at another, the dark-wreathed simbul which strangles the cedar of superstition. Oh that, instead of this morbid versatility, I could persevere in some quiet incessant historic task ! You are now among the politicians. Are we to hope for a change of ministers, or to fear it ? There is much to desiderate, little to desire ; the merit is absent which one could alone be anxious to elevate. I am no convert to Sir F. Burdett's argument about Gale Jones's case : a right of police, sufficient to protect the house from being overawed by a rabble, ought to vest in the Commons themselves ; the king and his courts of justice would only defend the representatives of the people against disloyal clamourers. The impeachment of Strafford was compelled by the operation of such wall-bills as Gale Jones furnished : trifling as may be his offence, just as may be his feeling, the precedent is momentous.

“ For Coleridge's ‘ Friend ’ I desired my bookseller to write, but it has never reached me : some one compared it in my hearing to a muddy

S. T. Coleridge to R. Southey.

" October 20. 1809.

" My dear Southey,

What really makes me despond is the daily confirmation I receive of my original apprehension, that the plan and execution of *The Friend* is so utterly unsuitable to the public taste as to preclude all rational hopes of its success. Much, certainly, might have been done to have made the former numbers less so, by the interposition of others written more expressly for general interest; and, if I could attribute it wholly to any removable error of my own, I should be less dejected. I will do my best, will frequently interpose tales and whole numbers of amusement, will make the periods lighter and shorter; and the work itself, proceeding according to its plan, will become more interesting when the foundations have been laid. Massiveness is the merit of a foundation; the gilding, ornaments, stucco-work, conveniences, sunshine, and sunny prospects will come with the superstructure. Yet still I feel the deepest conviction that no efforts of mine, compatible with the hope of effecting any good purpose, or with the duty I owe to my permanent reputation, will remove the complaint. No real information can be conveyed, no important errors radically extracted, without demanding an effort of thought on the part of the reader; but the obstinate, and now contemptuous, aversion to all energy of thinking is the mother evil, the cause of all the evils in politics, morals, and lite-

rature, which it is my object to wage war against; so that I am like a physician who, for a patient paralytic in both arms, prescribes, as the only possible cure, the use of the dumb-bells. Whatever I publish, and in whatever form, this obstacle will be felt. The Rambler, which, altogether, has sold a hundred copies for one of the Connoisseur, yet, during its periodical appearance, did not sell one for fifty, and was dropped by reader after reader for its dreary gravity and massiveness of manner. Now, what I wish you to do for me — if, amid your many labours, you can find or make a leisure hour — is, to look over the eight numbers, and to write a letter to The Friend in a lively style, chiefly urging, in a humorous manner, my Don Quixotism in expecting that the public will ever pretend to understand my lucubrations, or feel any interest in subjects of such sad and unkempt antiquity, and contrasting my style with the cementless periods of the modern Anglo-Gallican style, which not only are understood *before-hand*, but, being free from all connections of logic, all the hooks and eyes of intellectual memory, never oppress the mind by any after recollections, but, like civil visitors, stay a few moments, and leave the room quite free and open for the next comers. Something of this kind, I mean, that I may be able to answer it so as, in the answer, to state my own convictions at full on the nature of obscurity, &c. . . .

“ God bless you !

S. T. COLERIDGE.”

To S. T. Coleridge, Esq.

“ TO THE FRIEND.

[Without date.]

“ Sir,

“ I know not whether your subscribers have expected too much from you, but it appears to me that you expect too much from your subscribers; and that, however accurately you may understand the diseases of the age, you have certainly mistaken its temper. In the first place, Sir, your essays are too long. ‘ Brevity,’ says a contemporary journalist, ‘ is the humour of the times; a tragedy must not exceed fifteen hundred lines, a fashionable preacher must not trespass above fifteen minutes upon his congregation. We have short waistcoats and short campaigns; everything must be short — except lawsuits, speeches in Parliament, and tax-tables.’ It is expressly stated, in the prospectus of a collection of extracts, called the Beauties of Sentiment, that the extracts shall always be complete sense, and *not very long*. Secondly, Sir, though your essays appear in so tempting a shape to a lounge, the very fiends themselves were not more deceived by the *lignum vitæ* apples, when

‘ They, fondly thinking to allay
Their appetite with gust, instead of fruit
Chew’d bitter ashes,

than the reader is who takes up one of your papers from breakfast table, parlour-window, sofa, or ottoman, thinking to amuse himself with a few minutes’

light reading. We are informed, upon the authority of no less a man than Sir Richard Phillips, how 'it has long been a subject of just complaint among the lovers of English literature, that our language has been deficient in lounging or parlour-window books;' and to remove the opprobrium from the language, Sir Richard advertises a list, mostly ending in *ana*, under the general title of 'Lounging Books or Light Reading.' I am afraid, Mr. Friend, that your predecessors would never have obtained their popularity unless their essays had been of the description Ο"μοιον ὁμοίῳ φίλον,—and this is a light age.

"You have yourself observed that few converts were made by Burke; but the cause which you have assigned does not sufficiently explain why a man of such powerful talents and so authoritative a reputation should have produced so little an effect upon the minds of the people. Was it not because he neither was nor could be generally understood? Because, instead of endeavouring to make difficult things easy of comprehension, he made things which were easy in themselves, difficult to be comprehended by the manner in which he presented them, evolving their causes and involving their consequences, till the reader whose mind was not habituated to metaphysical discussions, neither knew in what his arguments began nor in what they ended? You have told me that the straightest line must be the shortest; but do not you yourself sometimes nose out your way, hound-like, in pursuit of truth, turning and winding, and doubling and running when the same object might be reached in a tenth part of the time

by darting straightforward like a greyhound to the mark? Burke failed of effect upon the people for this reason,—there was the difficulty of mathematics without the precision in his writings. You looked through the process without arriving at the proof. It was the fashion to read him because of his rank as a political partizan; otherwise he would not have been read. Even in the House of Commons he was admired more than he was listened to; not a sentence came from him which was not pregnant with seeds of thought, if it had fallen upon good ground; yet his speeches convinced nobody, while the mellifluous orations of Mr. Pitt persuaded his majorities of whatever he wished to persuade them; because they were easily understood, what mattered it to him that they were as easily forgotten?

“The reader, Sir, must think before he can understand you; is it not a little unreasonable to require from him an effort which you have yourself described as so very painful a one? and is not this effort not merely difficult but in many cases impossible? All brains, Sir, were not made for thinking: modern philosophy has taught us that they are galvanic machines, and thinking is only an accident belonging to them. Intellect is not essential to the functions of life; in the ordinary course of society it is very commonly dispensed with; and we have lived, Mr. Friend, to witness experiments for carrying on government without it. This is surely a proof that it is a rare commodity; and yet you expect it in all your subscribers!

“Give us your moral medicines in a more ‘elegant preparation.’ The Reverend J. Gentle administers his physic in the form of tea; Dr. Solomon prefers the medium of a cordial; Mr. Ching exhibits his in gingerbread nuts; Dr. Barton in wine; but you, Mr. Friend, come with a tonic bolus, bitter in the mouth, difficult to swallow, and hard of digestion.

“ My dear Coleridge,

“ All this, were it not for the Sir and the Mr. Friend, is like a real letter from me to you: I fell into the strain without intending it, and would not send it were it not to show you that I have attempted to do something. From jest I got into earnest, and, trying to pass from earnest to jest failed. It was against the grain, and would not do. I had re-read the eight last numbers, and the truth is, they left me no heart for jesting or for irony. In time they will do their work; it is the form of publication only that is unlucky, and that cannot now be remedied. But this evil is merely temporary. Give two or three amusing numbers, and you will hear of admiration from every side. Insert a few more poems,— any that you have, except *Christabel*, for that is of too much value. There is scarcely anything you could do which would excite so much notice as if you were *now* to write the character of Bonaparte, announced in former times for ‘to-morrow,’ and to-morrow and to-morrow; and I think it would do good by counteracting that base spirit of condescension towards him, which I am

afraid is gaining ground; and by showing the people what grounds they have for hope.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To Mr. Ebenezer Elliott.

“ Keswick, Nov. 22. 1809.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have had your poem little more than a week: yesterday I carefully perused it (not having had leisure before), and should this evening have written to you, even if your letter had not arrived.

“ There are in this poem (which appears to me an alteration of that whereof you formerly sent me an extract) unquestionable marks both of genius and the power of expressing it. I have no doubt that you will succeed in attaining the fame after which you aspire; but you have yet to learn how to plan a poem; when you acquire this, I am sure you will be able to execute it.

“ This is my advice to you. Lay this poem aside as one whose defects are incurable. Plan another, and be especially careful in planning it. See that your circumstances naturally produce each other, and that there be nothing in the story which could be taken away without dislocating the whole fabric. Ask yourself the question, is this incident of any use? does it result from what goes before? does it influence what is to follow? is it a fruit or an excrescence? Satisfy yourself completely with the plan

before you begin to execute it. I do not mean to say that the detail must be filled up, only make the skeleton perfect. There is no danger of your getting into the fault of common-place authors, otherwise I would recommend you to read some of the bad epic writers, for the sake of learning what to avoid in the composition of a story.

“In your execution you are too exuberant in ornament, and resemble the French engravers, who take off the attention from the subject of their prints by the flowers and trappings of the foreground. This makes you indistinct; but distinctness is the great charm of narrative poetry: see how beautifully it is exemplified in Spencer, our great English master of narrative, whom you cannot study too much, nor love too dearly. Your first book reminded me of an old pastoral poet—William Brown: he has the same fault of burying his story in flowers; it is one of those faults which are to be wished for in the writings of all young poets. I am satisfied that your turn of thought and feeling is for the higher branch of the art, and not for lighter subjects. Your language would well suit the drama: have your thoughts ever been turned to it?

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 “If, when you have planned another poem, you think proper to send me the plan, I will comment upon it, while it may be of use to point out its defects. It would give me great pleasure to be of any service to a man of genius, and such I believe you to be. If business ever brings you this way, let me see you. Should I ever travel through Rotherham, I

StC in London Nov 1810 605

CORRESPONDENCE WITH R. SOUTHEY. 301

Herwick Nov 3. 1810

of the Annal, and its thorough consistency with the good old course. I am hard at work upon 1809. Indeed I am deeply concerned in the Register. They pay me 400*l.* a year for it, and I have vested 209*l.* of the first year's payment in a twelfth share of the property, which will pay me 40 per cent. Thus I am at last well paid for my labours. My books in Longman's hands may now be left to clear off arrears with him, and I have a fair prospect (life and health permitting) of beginning in a very few years to get above the world, in the worldly meaning of the phrase.

“ I have a rod in pickle for Jeffrey, in the shape of a review of Montgomery's poems, and another for Sidney Smith and the Unitarian Barrister, concerning the Methodists. Of all the ignorant and dishonest controversialists which I have ever met with, this Barrister is the very worst. Such arguments against Methodism as he and Sidney Smith make use of, would persuade me into it—if that were possible.

“ Coleridge is in town, and will probably visit Bury before he sets his face northward. If you talk to him about your theological theories, you will find a man thoroughly versed in the subject, bringing to it all that can be brought from erudition and meditation. Griffiths will remember that for ten years his Review has been my bitter

See
Mish
on the
Barrister
Mish
Quaker

and even malicious enemy, and how this is to be got over, I scarcely know. I know nothing of the authorship in the second part of the Register. The criticism is indeed preciously absurd. Rickman was with me last week. You are now almost the only *friend* whom I have never seen here. In the spring I go southward, and take Edith with me. It is not impossible that we may visit Clarkson, and if so I shall find my way once more to Norwich. Pray remember me to your mother; the recollections of twelve years make me feel like an old guest of the family. God bless you.

“ Yours very affectionately,

“ ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

William Taylor's secession from the Annual Review and Athenæum, which ensued from the circumstances stated in his fifty-ninth letter to Robert Southey, did not materially detract from his literary occupations during the years 1809 and 1810. They were only turned into other channels. The rupture which at the same time he apprehended with Sir R. Philips, did not take place, but he continued to write as usual for the Monthly Magazine.*

* The following are the articles contributed by him :—

Vol. 27. A Critical Survey of Lessing's Works; A Short Account of Meadley's Memoir of Paley, in the Retrospect of Domestic Literature; Remarks on the Poems of Oldham.

will not be done. However, if Sir G. Beaumont can do it for me, he will. My best hope for him is that Lord Melville may go back to the Admiralty, when I am sure Scott would get him promoted. Surely, it is not possible that the present set of men can keep their ground; yet I would rather support even them than see the Foxites in power.

My uncle takes the living of Streatham, resigning for it his Christ Church preferment in Herefordshire. This will be likely to bring me more frequently to London. I shall probably visit him there towards the fall of the leaf, if one may look on so far. I hope to get the press of business off my hands in time to be at Durham for the *Long Main*, a thing which it is highly proper that D. Manuel should see. Heaven knows whether I shall ever see the other side of Snowdon. The older I grow the more I have to do at home, the less inclination to leave it, and yet the more calls abroad.

They have made a melo-drama of "Mary the Maid of the Inn," at one of the Strand theatres. Did I ever tell you that the story is in Plott's "Staffordshire?" The scene of it was the Black Meer of Morridge, near Leek; the chief personage a man, and the murder not discovered, but prevented. If you have the book, you will find it at page 291. I verily believe that at least half my reputation is owing to that paltry ballad, which is bad enough to spoil a very fine story. The strolling players recite it here about the country.

Tom has found on ship-board a copy of the American "Madoc," which is on its way to me. It was published in numbers. Longman has unluckily bound it, without directions, and so deprived me of the criticisms upon the covers. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, Dec. 31. 1809.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I should be more sorry at having unintentionally occasioned a quarrel between you and —, if there were anything in his correspondence which either you or any person could possibly regret. That poor unlucky man is strangely wrong-headed; — with the best disposition in the world he is always getting into hot water. He has sent Coleridge a communication for the “Friend,” and quarrelled with him because he could not read it; if it could have been read there would have been another ground of quarrel, I will venture to say, in consequence of its non-insertion. As for the passage which has given him offence (God knows how innocently on my part!), do you alter the words “would probably” into “might possibly,” in the next edition, and then I think neither he nor any one else can object to them.

Our difference of opinion respecting that part of Dr. Collyer’s “Lectures” has nothing to do whatever with any difference of faith, our faith being the same respecting the Crucifixion; and the simple question is, whether it be not a very forced, unlikely, and unnatural interpretation to allegorise a high-wrought fiction of temporal prosperity into a prophecy of that event. If the same latitude be allowed, any conclusion may be drawn from any premises. It has nothing to do with Calvinism nor Arminianism, nor any of the other *isms*; being wholly a matter of opinion—of critical judgment—not a *joint* of faith. That he might have more talents for poetry than for prose, was a mere supposition founded on no other ground than this — that he seemed at all times to trust more to the exertions of fancy than

of any other faculty; and this ground I readily admit to have been insufficient.

It is the printer's fault that my first volume has not already made its appearance. He goes on so slowly that I dare not say when it will be completed. My poem is gone to the press. The first proof has not reached me yet; and the interval between the first and last is so completely at the printer's mercy, that there is no guessing at its length. Young authors are apt to be very impatient upon these occasions. For my part, I wait with as much tranquillity as the public themselves, and no work of mine can possibly occasion less sensation in its appearance than it does on me. I have the satisfaction of composing it, of correcting it, sheet by sheet, from the press, and finally of seeing the finished volume: then my solicitude ends — the brood is fledged, and has left the nest.

You have probably seen "The Friend," and, after Miss Smith's book, would be interested by the account of Klopstock, and the heads of his conversation with Wordsworth. If Coleridge should fulfil his intent of criticising the "Messiah," you will be convinced that Klopstock's merits as a poet have been ridiculously exaggerated.* I, who am no German, have heard enough read, and seen enough translated by his admirers, to be convinced that he is full of buckram and bombast. Not that this, in the slightest degree, lessens the interest one feels in his admirable wife. His reputation has long been on the wane in Germany.

* Southey himself once participated in this exaggeration, for he writes to C. W. W. Wynn in the following terms:—"I was with William Taylor at Norwich, the translator of the "Iphigenia in Tauris." He read me many of Klopstock's Odes: they are very fine. The old man seems to have studied the Prophets till he almost caught their inspired sublimity." — *14th June, 1798.*

Henry's "Christiad" would have been worth fifty "Messiahs." Sacred epics seem likely to be the fashion. Some gentleman gives his plan for "The Deluge" in the last "Monthly Magazine." In 1801 I formed a plan upon the same subject while on my voyage home from Lisbon. It will never be executed; but it was not ill conceived, and had many grand situations. This in the "Magazine" is thoroughly common-place, and nothing good can come of it. In fact, there exists, against all stories connected with the great facts of Scripture history, the objections which I have stated before the "Christiad." You cannot blend fiction with truths which are so universally and definitely known. Every person instantly feels when the truth ends and the fiction begins. "The Deluge" and "The Last Day" are also subjects too vast; no canvas can hold — no imagination conceive them.

I have not seen the two last "Quarterlies." The publisher has been out of town, and they have not been sent me. There ought to be an article of mine upon Holmes' "American Annals" in this fourth, but I do not see it advertised. The great "Life of Nelson" is come down to me for this review. It is a book which never can be read, from its bulk. His life and his letters are so intermixed, that the work is neither the one nor the other; and what is worse, the time is not yet come when either the one or the other could, with propriety, be fully laid before the public. Both, therefore, are not only mingled injudiciously together, but both are unavoidably incomplete.

I hope you saw Coleridge's letters in the "Courier," especially that in which he justifies himself for speaking of Buonaparte in terms of abhorrence. This man is continually giving the surest proof of intellectual weakness in altering his plans. He builds up kingdoms and pulls them down, just as children serve their card

houses: aiming at nothing permanent, and incapable of producing anything that can be so. Many happy new years to you and yours. God bless you.

R. SOUTHEY.

To Lieutenant Southey, H. M. S. Lyra.

Keswick, January 9. 1810.

MY DEAR TOM,

I look daily to hear that you are superseded, and, to say the truth, shall be glad to hear it. These tremendous gales have often made me wish you back in the three-decker. As for such wretched small craft as the Lyra, Government had better cut them up for fire-wood than keep them in commission at the expense of life which they occasion.

My uncle has accepted Streatham, and must resign Staunton in consequence. Now, whether I told you this before or not I cannot recollect, but rather think I did.

Here is the great "Life of Nelson" sent me to review, and I am to have twenty guineas a sheet for doing it. By way of deserving this price I have just invented a new mode of criticism, which is to send the book to Miss Crosthwaite's to be weighed, and then calculate its faults by the pound. It is the largest book I ever saw, being actually five inches thick, and at least one half consisting of matter which had been better away; yet not so bad a book neither as might have been expected from Stanier Clarke. I hope to condense its whole pith into about forty pages of the "Quarterly."

To day I shift off the first six sections of "Kehama" to Ballantyne. It is to be printed in quarto for the

654

of Macaulay

sake of my dignity. I have been correcting this portion over and over again, and so doggedly sometimes as to grow half out of humour with it; but the first proof will brighten me up again. I wished a frontispiece, but was easily dissuaded by Longman, on account of the great probability of getting a bad design. The other day I told Herbert there was a book coming with pictures, and it was about Lord Nelson. "What! Wilsy's cat?" said he; and pretty astonished was he to find there had ever been another *Yord Neyson*, as he calls him, in the world. When a warrior's name finds its way to fishing-smacks, ale-house signs, dogs, cats, and tulips, then, indeed, he may truly be said to be famous.

Longman writes me word that he has bound the American "Madoc," and that it is on the road with the "Cyclopædia" and periodicals. I am rather sorry he has bound it, but he thought he was doing wisely; so you must tell me what was said on the covers. My periodicals are lessened in number by the completion of the "Censura Literaria," and the demise of the "Athenæum" and "Annual." They now consist only of—1., "Pinkerton's Voyages;" 2., "Cobbet's State Trials;" 3., "Beauties of England and Wales;" 4., "Medical Review;" 5., "M. Mirror;" 6., "M. Magazine;" 7., "Missionary Transactions;" ditto "Periodical Account;" 8., "Cyclopædia;" 9., "Hewlett's Bible;" and 10., "Quarterly Review;" to which, as soon as the new year begins, I am about to add the "Evangelical Magazine," and the "Edinburgh Annual Register" will make up thirteen. I wish I could afford a few more. There are about half a dozen magazines which I covet and desire. I am indeed getting a few other books, which come out volume by volume, such as "Phillip's Voyages," the "Somers Tracts," which Scott gives me, and which will be fourteen quartos at

653

three guineas each, the "History of Printing," in five three guinea quartos, which I subscribe to, and the publications of old Thomas Hearne, which I subscribe to also, and which are to be forty-two octavo volumes at 15s. each. Then I have two daily papers (which cost me nothing), and the "Friend" comes once a week; so that you see, Captain Southey, I have always something to look for with joyous expectation, and it falls to my lot to dally with delight, in the shape of a knot upon a parcel, as often as to that of any private gentleman in His Majesty's dominions. By the by, the "Naval Chronicle," of which I have the volumes for 1808 (the "Register" year) is a better work than I expected it to be: there are some good letters there upon the state of the navy, and a great deal of interesting matter. I should think it a book likely to do considerable good.

It would be very agreeable to me if they were to turn you ashore in time for you to come to your old moorings before I finish "Lord Nelson." You would be of great use at my elbow.

I do not think my "Register" work is more than half done, but that is much. They have only sent me four proofs, and I am very glad they do not hurry me. In the last there was a broadside of bitterness against Whitbread for his base apologies for Buonaparte. What other effect this year's history may produce upon my character Heaven knows; but it is pretty plain that it will establish it for honesty and plain speaking.

I believe you are acquainted with my fleet of kissing ships; we have lately launched a new ship, the Abalboozo-banganoribo's ship, a ten-decker, with which my son is exceedingly well pleased. His feet are quite as they should be, and he is as round as a dumplin—the nicest kissing, and sweetest playfellow! We have now nine kisses for the Nine Muses, three for the

Graces, ten for the Predicaments, another half-score for the Commandments, nine-and-thirty for the Church Articles, and seven for the Deadly Sins.

God bless you. I live in hopes that you will soon be turned out to grass among the mountains. You will find your room carpeted, and with a new bed furniture. Love and the usual kisses.

R. S.

To Miss Barker.

Keswick, Jan. 29. 1810.

DEAR SENHORA,

My daughter and I have each to thank you for a letter,—both very good ones in their kind. I have, as you may suppose, had many things said to me concerning the “Friend,” but nothing so much to the purpose as what you have remarked. It is not a little extraordinary that Coleridge, who is fond of logic, and who has an actual love and passion for close, hard thinking, should write in so rambling and inconclusive a manner; while I, who am utterly incapable of that toil of thought in which he delights, never fail to express myself perspicuously, and to the point. I owe, perhaps, something of this to the circumstance of having lived with him during that year in my life which was most likely to give my mind its lasting character. Disliking his inordinate love of talking, I was naturally led to avoid the same fault; when we were alone, and he talked his best (which was always at those times), I was pleased to listen; and when we were in company, and I heard the same things repeated,—repeated to every fresh company, seven times in the week if we were in

*(See Barker's notes elsewhere)
(Papers of Coleridge & Barker)*

655

seven parties,—still I was silent, in great measure from depression of spirits at perceiving those vices in his nature which soon appeared to be incurable. When he provoked me into an argument, I made the most of my time; and, as it was not easy to get in more than a few words, took care to make up in weight for what they wanted in measure. His habits have continued, and so have mine. Coleridge requested me to write him such a letter upon the faults of the "Friend" as he might insert and reply to. I did so; but it was not inserted, and therefore I am sorry I did not copy it. It described the fault you have remarked as existing in Burke, and having prevented him from ever persuading anybody to his opinions, — for Burke made no proselytes except such as wanted an excuse for professing to change their party. You read his book, you saw what his opinions were; but they were given in such a way, evolving the causes of everything, and involving the consequences, that you never knew from whence he set out, nor where he was going. So it is with C.; he goes to work like a hound, nosing his way, turning, and twisting, and winding, and doubling, till you get weary with following the mazy movements. My way is, when I see my object, to dart at it like a greyhound.

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Never was anything so grievously mismanaged as the "Friend." Because he would have all the profit (having taken it in his head that I was cheated by my publisher), he would publish for himself; thus has he the whole trouble of collecting his money, the whole responsibility, instead of having a publisher to look to; and the expense of postage will far, very far, exceed any publisher's percentage. Then he writes to the public about all his difficulties and his projects, as if they wanted to know anything about them, — not perceiving that this lowers him in the eyes of the foolish,

and certainly does not raise him in the judgment of the wise. And certainly of all modes of publication that could be devised, nothing could be so ill adapted for such materials as a weekly form. Had he brought out these same papers in a body, either as a system, or as so many essays, they would have commanded more attention, he would have been saved the whole anxiety of periodical exertion, and people would have had no reason to complain because they found something altogether different from what they expected. However, we must be glad to get some part of what is in him out of him in any way. Satyrane is himself, though, if you are versed in Spenser, you will think the name marvellously inappropriate.

Mrs. C. takes on herself poor Jackson's house, in expectation that C. will one day come back; and still more because he will have a place to which he may come whenever he likes, as if it were his own house,—a thing which cannot be with my establishment, ought not, and shall not. Mrs. Wilson lives there, and will do so as long as she lives, and we go on as usual in everything at present, except in the division of rent. But the truth is that in my own mind I look on to your coming here almost as if it were a settled thing, from the great fitness that it should be so settled. My worldly concerns are in an improving way. If this engagement for the "Register" continues three or four years it will set me above the world; that is to say, it will clear off all accounts with Longman, and my income will exceed my expenditure. For, while it lasts, that and my pension will supply all current demands; and everything else of past or present labour forms a sinking fund, which would ere long clear my way, and enable me to lay something by. I am already on the point of insuring my life for 1000*l*. This is securing something; and, in case of my death, I have prepared

657

directions for a subscription edition of my collected works, which, if only a thousand copies were subscribed for, would produce not less than 3200*l.*, leaving still the contingent profits and the copyrights untouched, as long as the law allows them. This property (if I do not much overrate myself and my good name) is of a good kind, and it is yearly accumulating. I believe more than 1000 names may be procured with little exertion when I am dead,—not improbably twice the number; and I have no fears whatever about the worldly fortunes of those whom I may leave behind.

The printers use me ill, but they do not vex me, because I am not vexable by such things. Send me a story about mad-dogs and goose dung, of which I remember the substance, but forget the particulars. Do you see the "Quarterly Review"? I am likely to do more in it than I have yet done. There are materials before me for another set-to at the Evangelicals. My intention is not to be angry with them, but only to dissect them alive. "Kehama" is at the printer's, and I am every evening disappointed of the first proof sheet. "Pelayo" is begun, though not advanced above the first ninety lines. It promises well. I hoped to have sent you my first volume of "Brazil" long ago; it is the printer who delays it. My uncle has the living of Streatham, and removes to it in the summer.

God bless you.

R. S.

P.S. First proof of "Kehama" arrived this evening.
Huzza!!

To John King, Esq.

Keswick, February 6. 1810.

MY DEAR KING,

I expected to hear that Mrs. Edgworth was to be the biographer of Beddoes, and that if she declined the task, you would undertake it. Davy would have done himself more honour by volunteering upon this service than by waiving it*; for not to show respect in this instance is to manifest a want of it. Peace to the memory of the dead, if — is to write his history! It will be without feeling, and without philosophy! and the properest frontispiece would be a portrait of the historian, putting an extinguisher upon a sepulchral lamp, which else might burn for ever.

I can and will write an inscription for paper; but one for marble I have no skill to execute. There is a felicity required for the lapidary style which I have not attained, though I have more than once unwillingly attempted it. If Coleridge will do anything, he will do this, for he had the most thorough esteem for Beddoes, and has been very greatly affected by his death, even to a superstitious depression of spirits. I expect to see him in a day or two. . . . You will, it is to be hoped, write your Essays on Physical Education. From Beddoes I hoped for more good to the human race than any other individual; and if you have not received his mantle, he has taken it with him. This, too, increases my regret that you are not to be his biographer; for no

* In a letter to Charles Wynn, he speaks of "Davy, the pupil of Beddoes." Dec. 16. 1799. The late Dr. Erasmus Darwin, of Shrewsbury, whose kindness to me as a schoolboy it is pleasant to remember, had a very high opinion of Beddoes. Following in his steps, he sent all *consumptive children* with their nurses into cow-houses, and made them walk up and down the *Butchers' Row* whilst the meat was fresh.

see next page

man living is so competent as yourself to explain his views, and so to develop his principles that they shall be understood and fairly appreciated, and thus continue in some degree their action. —'s book will answer *his* purpose very well — that of advertising himself as the successor, — but it will not answer any other.

Landor is at Bath, but I fear he will go again to Spain. I have done with the "Athenæum," because Dr. Aikin rejected my articles without either rhyme or reason, to make room for other people's; and supposing they *were* dull, I had a better right to be dull than anybody else. But this thing was too pointed for him; that was too flat; my learning was too old; my speculations too new: so I have retired in dudgeon, and have a drawer full of Omniana ready to despatch for the first Magazine that asks for them. I am in good health. . . . The children thrive, and promise well. . . In my "History of Brazil," where you will see all sorts of things, I leave nothing to be gleaned after me. The eleventh proof is now lying on the table; it is printed just in the manner of the "Cid." I dare say this book will disappoint most readers, for people will fancy that a fine country must have a fine history belonging to it; and this history has the anomalous character of having scarcely any other thread running through it than that of chronology. However, there will be a great mass of information brought together; a great deal which will be interesting as a book of travels; a greater body of facts respecting savage life than can be found in any other single work; and, what has never yet been given, a perfectly fair account of the Jesuits in Paraguay. Coleridge has been here; he groaned at the mention of ~~it~~; talked of writing the life himself, and said he would, that very night, write to offer his services. This, of course, he has not done; nor, if he undertook it, is it likely that he would accomplish that, or any-

659
 J. D. Adcock

thing else. I meant to have asked him about the inscription, but he talked the thought of it out of my head: however, I will write to him on the next carrier's day. There will be an article of mine in this new "Quarterly Review," of which the secret history is, that Walter Scott is the proprietor, and Gifford the editor. For this year's "Annual" I have done little, and shall do little or nothing for the next. The day is scarcely long enough for its work, and it is time for me to consider what things of importance I earnestly wish to complete, and how many of them there will be time for, according to the common chances of life. This consideration comes upon me, and begins to make me a miser of my hours, for it will take more years than can be reckoned on to get out of my head all that I have put into it: and alas! every day's study serves to show me how much I have yet to learn upon those subjects of which it is my duty to know everything. Remember me to Mrs. King. I shall write speedily to Danvers.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Lieutenant Southey, Bristol.

Keswick, Feb. 11. 1810.

MY DEAR TOM,

Your *Balliol* story differs from most lies in this respect — that it has not the slightest foundation in truth. It not only *is* not true, but could not, by possibility, be so, the American plan not having been formed till after I left Oxford, so that it was communicated to Robert Allen — poor fellow! — by letter from Bristol. They must be much at a loss for recollections of me, to invent so clumsy a tale. As for beating people, it has never been my habit on any occasion.

See the Introduction to Colley 404

The only approximation to a quarrel which I ever had at Oxford, is, I dare say, remembered at Balliol by one of the present fellows, Cooke Rogers, the only person who witnessed it. There was one Freke, who, from not understanding a metaphysical conversation which he heard me carry on with somebody else, reported it about that I talked blasphemy, and avowed myself an Atheist. Rogers, who had a great regard for me, came to tell me this, his Welch blood boiling with indignation, and, luckily, we met Freke almost directly. After a lecture, which my gentleman most probably will remember as long as he lives, upon the fitness of understanding another person's opinions before he ventured to represent them, I concluded by first requiring him to go and contradict what he had said, and then, "Sir," said I, "I have to desire that, in future, you will not blaspheme *me* by mentioning my name at all." You never saw a black-looking fellow's face bleached more effectually.

Coleridge will doubtless offend the Unitarians; for it is upon that point that his opinions, or, more accurately speaking, his professions, are altered. As for his political notions, the main difference is not in the end and aim of them, but in the way of coming to those conclusions. In the conclusions themselves he will be found to differ very little from Wordsworth and myself, both of us, as you know, tolerable plain-spoken men upon such matters.

That C. writes worse than he did ten years ago is certain. He rambles now as much in his writings as in his conversation—beginning at Dan, and wandering on to Beersheba. Still there are in those numbers of the "Friend" some passages of first-rate excellence, and the principles of morality are placed in them upon their only firm foundation. There his philosophy is firm as a rock; all other systems of ethics are built upon sand.

You write from Taunton, and yet make no mention of Aunt Mary. I wrote to her about two months ago, having learnt where she was by a chance letter from Standast.

We shall not paint the boat till you come—a reason why you should come soon. I look already with great satisfaction at the parchmentarians that have lain so long in humble expectation of your glorifying hand.

James and Edward Lloyd, with one of the Boddingtons, have had a most providential deliverance. The ice broke under them, and had not a chance passer seen them sink, and given the alarm by her shrieks, they must have been drowned. We talk of going to Brathay for a few days next week.

My uncle, I suppose, will be making ready for his removal. You will probably see three of the printed sheets of “Kehama” at Staunton. There are a good many material alterations in the six first sections. I have yet some insertions to make in the concluding section, and in the twelfth. The first section of “Pelayo” is nearly finished: slow and sure,—lighter mornings will give me more time. Your better route from Hereford will be by Shrewsbury and Chester, for the sake of a new road. From Chester there is a canal navigation to the Mersey, and then a passage of about ten miles to Liverpool. We, that is to say, myself and the two Ediths, go to Durham in April, your visit had best be at the same time. Sir Domine can board us together, and bed you in my former quarters there, opposite his own, and one chaise will carry us. Come speedily, for I have not had a walk these two months, and only one since the beginning of winter.

Remember me to all friends at Bristol. I hope my books are on the road. Tell Danvers that if Larramendi’s “Basque Dictionary,” in Gutch’s catalogue, had been two guineas instead of four, I would have had it.

To John Rickman, Esq.

" Jan. 21. 1810.

" My dear Rickman.

" I am one of those lucky people who find their business their amusement, and contrive to do more by having half a dozen things in hand at once than if employed upon any single one of them. . . . You will like what I have said concerning the Catholic question*, and not dislike the way in which I have discharged a little of my gall upon the Foxites, the place-mongers, and Mr. Whitbread. This is a very profitable engagement. They give me 400*l.* for it; and if it continues two or three years (which I believe rests wholly with myself), it will make me altogether at ease in my circumstances, for by that time my property in Longman's hands will have cleared itself, the constable will come up with me, and we shall travel on, I trust, to the end of our journey cheek by jowl, even if I should not be able to send him forward like a running footman.

The Quarterly pays me well—ten guineas per sheet: at the same measure, the Annual was only four. I have the bulky Life of Nelson in hand, and am to be paid double. This must be for the sake of saying they give twenty guineas per sheet, as I should have been well satisfied with ten, and have taken exactly the same pains. . . .

" The next news of my grey goose quill is, that I have one quarto just coming out of the press for you.

* In the Edinburgh Annual Register.

I have another just going in for Mrs. Rickman, though I suspect it will be less to her taste than any of my former poems. Kehama has been finished these two months, is more than half transcribed, and the first part ought to have reached Ballantyne's a month ago, but those rascally carriers have delayed or lost it. The days are now sufficiently lengthened to give me some half hour before breakfast, and I have begun Pelayo, conquered the difficulty of the opening, and am fairly afloat. Add to all this, that from the overflowings of my notes and notanda I am putting together some volumes of *Omniana* (which will, I have no doubt, pay better than any of the works of which they are in the main, as it were, the crumbs and leavings), and then you will have the catalogue of my works in hand.

“*Mathetes* is not De Quincey, but a Mr. Wilson,— De Quincey is a singular man, but better informed than any person almost that I ever met at his age. The vice of the Friend is its roundaboutness. Sometimes it is of the highest merit both in matter and manner: more frequently its turnings, and windings, and twistings, and doublings provoke my greyhound propensity of pointing straightforward to the mark.

The Coalition* which you seem to look on, is

* “If Lord Grenville consent to leave the experiment (of establishing Romanism in Ireland) untried, I do not see what should hinder him from joining with Lord Wellesley, Perceval, and Canning in forming a stronger government than the present; and I should the less wonder at it, as one may suppose that all the Tantarararas are bodily frightened at the remarkable progress of Cobbetism, built on the late disasters of our armies, though I cannot consent to wish the battle of Talavera unfought, that having established that there is some truth in the old opinion of the bravery of the British, who that day, even by confession of the enemy, were not half their numbers.” —*J. R. to R. S.*, Jan. 14. 1810.

In the Courier
for Thursday Sep 20
1870 - there appeared
the following: The
article signed STC
had appeared on Sep
15th.

Walter Scott

In our paper of the
15th inst there ap-
peared an article and
the head of "Walter
Scott" and with
the signature of "STC".
As this is ~~the~~ has
often appeared as
the signature of Mr
Coleridge we feel it
our duty, ^{at} his
request to declare
that Mr Coleridge
is not the author &
would not have known
even of the existence
of



of the Paragraph
 has not been pointed
 out to him soon
 after the arrival
 of the Courier at
 Keswick. Neither
 is Mr Coleridge able
 to interpret the phrase
 "guilt, of imputation"
 a sort of guilt which
 every writer in prose
 or verse must of
 necessity be implicated
 if we except Homer
 who is himself im-
 -maculate by origin
 only from the loss
 of all the writings
 anterior to the Med.

[Copied from a transcript
 - in made by Sara
 Coleridge - lent me by
 E.H.C.]

Scott's reply to Suther's
letter is in Lockhart's
Life of Scott (vol
2) iii 293 - he had
felt compelled by the
evidence to believe
the article to be by
Coleridge & thanks
Suther for undeceiving
him promptly

To Walter Scott, Esq.

“Keswick, Sept. 17. 1810.

“My dear Scott,

“In the Courier of the 15th (which has this evening reached us) is an article pretending to exhibit imitations from your poems, and signed S. T. C. At the first sight of this I was certain that S. T. Coleridge had nothing to do with it; and upon putting the paper into his hands, his astonishment was equal to mine. What may be the motive of this dirty trick Heaven knows. I can only conjecture that the fellow who has practised it, designs in some other paper or magazine to build up a charge of jealousy and envy in Coleridge, founded upon his own forgery. Coleridge declares he will write to the Courier disavowing the signature. I know he means to do it; but his actions so little correspond to his intentions, that I fear he will delay doing it, very probably, till it is too late. Therefore I lose no time in assuring you that he knows nothing of this petty and paltry attack, which I have no doubt, from whatever quarter it may have come, originates more in malice towards him than towards you.

“I was not without hopes of seeing you in this land of lakes, on your way from the Yorkshire Greta; but happening to see Jeffrey about a fortnight ago, he told me that you were settled at Ashiestiel for the autumn. I say happening to see him, because his visit was to Coleridge, not to me; and he told C. that he had not called immediately on me, as he did not know what my feelings might be towards him, &c.

“ You have probably seen my labours in the Register. Upon almost all points of present politics I believe there is little difference of opinion between us ; and every where, I think, you will give me credit for fair dealing as well as plain speaking. At present I am working very hard upon the second volume ; it is an employment which interests me very much, and I complain of nothing but the want sometimes of sufficient documents respecting the Spanish war. Particularly I regret the want of detailed accounts of the second siege of Zaragoza and the siege of Gerona, that I might be enabled to present a full record of those glorious events. I suppose you know the whole secret history of the Register, otherwise I would tell you how liberally the Ballantynes have behaved to me. They will probably find their account in having engaged a man who writes with such perfect freedom ; for though parts of the work may, and indeed will, offend all parties in turn, still there is a decided character of impartiality about it, which will prove the surest recommendation.

“ Kehama has travelled so slowly through the press, that, instead of appearing at the end of one season, it will be ready about the beginning of the next. I expect every body to admire my new fashion of printing (though unfortunately the printers did not fall into it for the first three or four sheets) ; if any thing else is admired — *ponamus lucro*. My unknown critic in the Register will think that I am going against wind and tide with a vengeance, instead of sailing, according to his advice, with the stream. But if he or any body else should imagine

567

this liberality should have coexisted with his false taste, his Catholic superstitions, and his own individual madness, is indeed most curious. He was not indeed quite as mad as Joanna Southcote, but he was just in the state of one of her four-and-twenty elders. I want the *Provas* to "*Seabra's Ded. Chron.*" He hates Vieyra as a Jesuit, and has raked up the old calumnies against him.

I have been stealing a march to Brazil for these few days past. It is long since I have heard how you are going on at Streatham.

R. S.

To the Rev. Herbert Hill.

Keswick, Feb. 5. 1811.

AN examination of the "*Arte de Furtar*"*, which I had not read since I was last at Lisbon, convinces me that it is not Vieyra's. He speaks as an eyewitness of things in Algarve and in Castille: now it does not appear, either from his life or letters, that he had been in either country. It has nothing of his character or manner. I think, too, that I perceive a mode of expression which never occurs in any of his undisputed works. The defence of the Inquisition would not have come from Vieyra. On the whole, I have not a doubt upon the subject.

Ballantyne watches, with all the anxiety of a printer and publisher, over the "*Register*," and serves me as

* "The *Arte de Furtar* is manifestly written by an Alontego man, probably by an inhabitant of Villa Vicoza. There is such plain proof of this that I cannot conceive how it should ever have been given to Vieyra." — *MS. Letter to the Rev. H. Hill*, Feb. 11. 1811.

a safety-valve. Not that there can be any political danger; the opinions of the book are a sufficient security against that; but he keeps a keen eye upon anything which might by possibility injure the sale. My second volume makes vigorous war upon the Burdettites. I do not apprehend any possible inconvenience to myself from the freedom with which it is written; that which so strenuously supports the Government, both Church and State, may be allowed to censure the Administration; and as for any personal offence which might be taken, if any man were fool enough to challenge me, I should turn over the correspondence to a lawyer;—first taking the opportunity of delivering, in a summary manner, my opinions respecting duelling.

I urged Coleridge to double the intended number of "Omnia" volumes, merely for the sake of making him do something for his family; this requiring, literally, no other trouble than either cutting out of his common-place books what has for years been accumulating there, or marking the passage off for a transcriber. He promised to add two volumes, and has contributed about one sheet, which, I dare say, unless he soon returns to Cumberland, will be all.

Robinson is the man who introduced me to Abella and Gen. Carroll, who writes to say that he will obtain for me an account of Romana's operations from R. himself. This portion of the year's annals, I hope, will be far less imperfect than in the former volume. I have also satisfied myself in the Walcheren affair. Rickman is my right hand in supplying all Parliamentary Documents, and much private information beside. Some, also, I obtain from Wynn, and I have access to the Admiralty through Bedford's brother, though what I wanted was not to be found.

With regard to "Kehama," I was perfectly aware that I was planting acorns while my contemporaries

more obvious. Then you must print the tragedy. It will not have many more admirers than Gebir; but they will be of the same class and cast; and with Gebir it will be known hereafter, when all the rubbish of our generation shall have been swept away.

“What will you do next? Narrative is better than dramatic poetry, because it admits of the highest beauties of the drama; there are two characters in Roman history which are admirably fit for either; but in both cases their history suits the drama better than the epic—Sertorius and Spartacus. When I was a boy, the abortive attempt at restoring the republic by Caligula’s death was one of my dramatic attempts. Another was that impressive story in Tacitus of 300 slaves (I think that was the number) put to death for not preventing the murder of their master, whom one of them had killed. The Emperor Majorian is a fine character. I wish I could throw out a subject that would tempt you, but rather to a poem than a play; for though your powers for both are equal, and the play the more difficult work of the two, yet in my judgment the poem is the preferable species of composition.

“God bless you!

R. S.”

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“Keswick, Feb. 16. 1811.

“My dear Grosvenor,

“If I had not heard of you from Gifford at the beginning of the month, I should have been very uneasy about you. Thank you for your letter, and for your serviceable interpolation of the review*, which is just what it should be, — that is to say, just what I would wish it, only I wish you would not call me the most sublime poet of the age, because, in this point, both Wordsworth and Landor are at least my equals. You will not suspect me of any mock-modesty in this. On the whole, I shall have done greater things than either, but not because I possess greater powers.

“My abode under Skiddaw will have been more unfavourable to my first year’s *Annals* than to any other, because I had fewer channels of information opened, and because of home politics I was very ignorant, never liking them well enough to feel any interest beyond that of an election feeling. Now that it becomes my business to be better informed, I have spared no pains to become so; and the probability is, that I learn as much political news to my purpose by letters, as I should do by that intercourse which would be compatible with my way of life. Of three points I have now convinced myself, that the great

* This refers to a reviewal of *Kehama*, which Mr. Bedford had written for the *Quarterly*, not knowing that Sir Walter Scott had one in preparation. The latter was the one inserted.

say, then the contest would be over; the mother country must fall, and there would no longer be any obstacle to a free trade between this country and Venezuela. Thus would these men barter away the birthright of a whole nation, and the independence of the country of their fathers, for a mess of pottage. I have no patience for such sordid selfishness. It is better (supposing the two things incompatible) that Spain should be free, than that the Caraccans should have a free trade; for this is the alternation upon which these men, who call themselves patriots, and talk of liberty and of rights, have thus decided.

It is evident to me that the Anglo-Americans separated from the parent state at least a century too soon. They became independent before they had a race of scholars or of gentlemen among them. Their independence is not yet thirty years old, and see what a national character they have obtained and deserved. But the Spanish Americans are even less fitted to form a new state, for they are far more ignorant; and the morals of the worst part of the United States (Virginia and the other southern states) are less depraved than those of the best parts of Spanish America; but the one main cause of inevitable depravity exists in both—the practice of slavery. The idleness of the Spaniards leads them still more to sensuality, and the Roman Catholic religion demoralises every people among whom it takes root.

This is a subject which would lead me on to a great length were I to pursue it; you will, however see it treated (if I live) in the third year's "Register." Have you read my second year's volume?

I was sorry to learn how ill that unpleasant affair, in which you took so manly and honourable a part, has terminated. Yet, if the man be thus utterly unprin-

7. *J. Keble White Nov 16 1811*

principled, it is better for the poor girl to be thus rid of him than yoked for life to a villain.

When the new edition of "Kehama" is ready, Longman will send you a copy for James. I wrote him a letter of good advice, some time ago, and look daily to hear from him. Remember me at Nottingham when you write. Remember me also to Josiah Condor; thank him for his letter, and tell him that in consequence of it I *am* reviewing Montgomery's volume. Do you attend Coleridge's lectures? God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Dr. H. H. Southey.

Keswick, Nov. 18. 1811.

VON TROIL does not enumerate consumption among the diseases of Iceland; which is remarkable, because Horrebow (who wrote before him) does. He says: "It is usual with the men about the age of fifty to fall into a decay, by reason of the various disorders that come upon them, and at last put an end to their lives. Consumptions and asthmas, *the reigning disorders among them*, are occasioned chiefly by the many hardships they endure at sea in fishing, and their carelessness of preserving their health. They do not mind jumping into the sea to save their boat from running aground, or receiving damage against the rocks; and frequently keep on their wet clothes, even in frost and snow, without changing anything. Coughs and consumptions so affect them, that none hardly ever wear as well, or have such florid complexions, as the people of Denmark."

Olafsen and Povelsen give the same account. About

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Nov. 24. 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You know that I would write anything for you as readily and with as much pleasure, and with as great a desire to do it, as for any person living. You will therefore give due weight to my reasons for not attempting what you now desire of me. First, the inscription ought to be in Latin, decidedly;—so it appears to me. Now I have not written a Latin sentence these seventeen years, and, moreover, have read so much of the middle-age Latin, that classical Latinity is one of those things which I have forgotten. This I am by no means ashamed of confessing: on the contrary, it is to my credit that I can afford to forget it.

But you will say it may be in English verse—which alone I could do,—having never attempted the lapidary style of composition. This I could do had there been time for it. It is true, little time is required for composing ten or fifteen lines, when the matter is once ready; but it might be weeks or months before I could conceive in what form it ought to be cast. There is no sitting down to these things doggedly. Fifteen years ago I could have answered any of these calls on demand, because I was more easily satisfied with myself. Two instances of later occurrence will show you the state of my ability now. I was requested to write two epitaphs by different persons, and very desirous in both cases of doing it: in the one because I knew and loved the dead almost as if she had been my sister; in the other, because the letter containing the request was written in a manner that very much impressed and affected me. Both were fine subjects for monumental

inscriptions, and this I immediately felt, and neither of them employed me an hour, but I was six weeks before I could perceive in what manner to shape the one inscription, and three months on the other; and I can safely affirm that no day passed without the subject recurring to my mind, and in some degree harassing me. Heaven knows how long it might be before I could do anything, and when it were done it might very probably be worth very little! You see, therefore, that I have no chance of having verse of mine engraved on silver. If I could do it to my own satisfaction I would most cheerfully, though there are two poets in the family, by either of whom an inscription might be supplied. I certainly think, considering the relation in which the donors stand to G. Coleridge, that the inscription should be in Latin. The thing should be classical.

I have not the "Privilegios Ingleses," and shall be much obliged to you to send me the book. Longman will convey it to me.

The "Treaties" I have in the "Correio Braziliense." Do you see that work? The editor's parallel between the English and Portuguese constitutions is exceedingly able, and I would wish nothing better for Portugal or Brazil than to see its ministers acting upon such principles as this writer holds out. But they go on ill in Brazil. If things can be kept quiet there, the tendency of society now is to mend itself. The English will act upon the people there as they did at Lisbon and Porto,—soften down their intolerance, and teach them commercial industry. What is to be feared is, that the abuses of the Government will increase the disaffection of the subjects, and that the principles of their neighbours on the Plata will spread among them. The provocations which the Spanish Americans have received are very great, I fully admit, but not such as to

675

J. John May Nov 24 1811

justify them. I have a good many B. Ayres "Gazettes" of late date, and the feeling with which the affairs of the mother country are mentioned is precisely like that which the Caraccas deputies make no attempt to conceal, — sorrow at any event which seems likely to retard the total subjugation of the Peninsula, because that subjugation would seem to justify them, and would remove all obstacles to a free commerce with Great Britain. The more I think of Spanish America, the worse the prospect appears. For the mother country I do not regard the separation as eventually an evil, except that, as in our case with North America, the cause of the separation will always remain a blot upon her history.

The best edition of Shakspeare is Isaac Reid's, in twenty-one volumes.

I am very anxious that Coleridge should complete this course of lectures, because whatever comes from him now will not be lost as it was at the Royal Institution. I have taken care that they shall be taken down in shorthand. Remember us to Mrs. May.

God bless you.

Yours very affectionately,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Dec. 27. 1811.

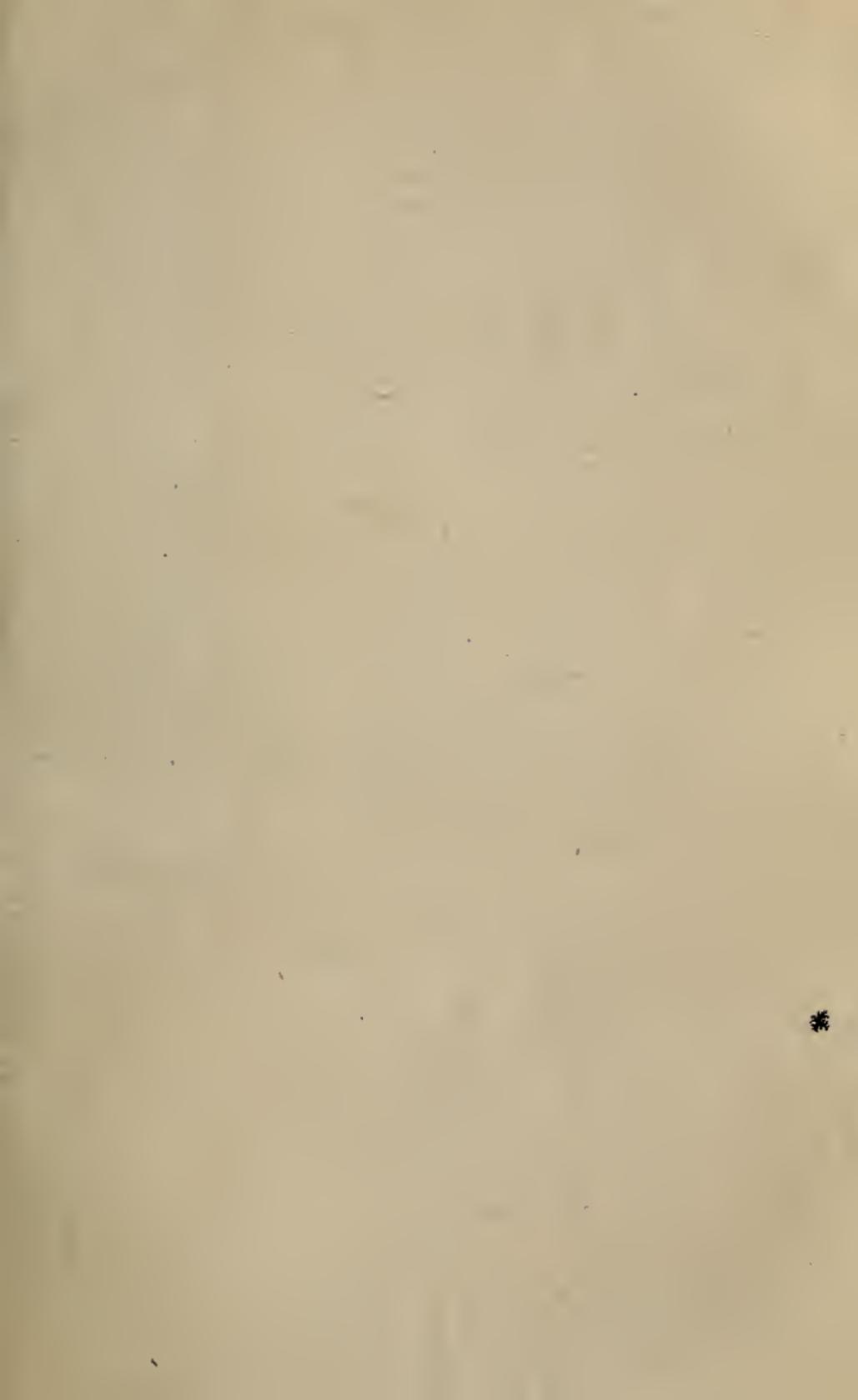
MY DEAR NEVILLE,

It is needless to say that I will, with great pleasure, peruse the tales you mention, and give you my real opinion as to their fitness for the press. That they would obtain an immediate sale is certain; every-

thing beyond this must depend upon their merit; and I confess I am a little apprehensive upon this score, merely because of Henry's youth. It is one thing to write poems, and another to write a tale. The former requires feeling, fancy, imagination — things to be found *within*—and a command of language which memory is very soon able to supply; the latter a knowledge of human character and of the human mind, for which experience is necessary. Of course, this fear of mine only applies to Henry—to him only on account of his age at which he wrote it.

We in the country here are thinking and talking of nothing but these dreadful murders, which seem to bring a stigma, not merely on the police, but on the land we live in, and even our human nature. No circumstances which did not concern myself ever disturbed me so much. I have been more affected, more agitated, but never had so mingled a feeling of horror, and indignation, and astonishment, with a sense of insecurity too, which no man in this state of society ever felt before, and a feeling that the national character is disgraced. I have very long felt the necessity of an improved police, and these dreadful events, I hope and trust will lead to the establishment of one as vigilant as that of Paris used to be. The police laws cannot be too rigorous; and the usual objection that a rigorous police is inconsistent with English liberty might easily be shown to be absurd.

I am at present reprinting, in a separate and enlarged form, the essay upon the "New System of Education," which appeared in the last "Quarterly." The subject, as connected with the well-being of society, is a very important one, and the dispute in both parts, personal and political, must, I think, be decided by it, in every fair and well-judging mind. A few days ago I received a curious proof of the effect which is produced by



Southerly to J. M. Brown
Mem. to J. M.
297 - a long letter of 5/11
meeting at Oxford 1794 "fixed"
~~Coleridge had at that time~~
the fortunes of both "
" Coleridge had at that
time thought little of
politics; in morals he
was a loose as men
at a university usually
are; but he was a
Unitarian. My main
views of the spirit
of the Revolution; that sentiment
which made me a poet
kept me pure - before I
had used neither our
Rousseau nor Spicker,
our meeting was mutual
agreeable. I reformed
her life & he disposed me
toward Christianity
by showing me that
none

some of the arguments
that had led me to renounce
it were applicable
against the so-called
scheme.

When he was in town
how they planned that,
to show for this I know
he gave up every other
purpose. But he was
not so painfully awakened
further. He passed
through Quakerism with
no approval at least
of practice. He is
still a seeker.

"I am of no visible
church, but assured
I feel myself of the
community of the
saints - ?"

London. I have been here only four months, and one knowing man about London practice says, that he would prefer my prospect to that of any of the young physicians; and another, still more knowing, says that in ten years I shall walk over the course. This, however, is intended only for the eye and ear of friendship. As you may readily suppose, I have much more leisure than when I was at Croydon, for reading and writing. I have been, at the suggestion of Robert Southey, drawing up a life of Beddoes for the next volume of the Edinburgh Register. I have several other things in prospect, which you shall know when they are executed.

“ By the by, Murray the bookseller and proprietor of the Quarterly Review, has been expressing a wish that you would contribute to it; and Gifford the editor, to whom he mentioned the subject, said that he was familiar with your writings, and should be happy if we could persuade you to enlist in the corps; he even went so far as to say, that he wished I would call on him, that he might talk to me about it. All this arose, not from my recommending them to procure your assistance, for I was and am still uncertain whether you would accept the task, but merely from Murray's hearing me speak of you in my usual strain. What shall I do about it? You know they pay ten guineas per sheet. Al-

D. Wallace Gooch to W. T. Abernethy 12/3/12
 though Murray and Gifford went so far in their invitation, I was deterred from meeting them, because I was unwilling you should encounter the same treatment as Dr. Sayers's article about Dugald Stewart's book, and because of the known habit of the editor, of rejecting articles, not which are dull, for God knows they accept plenty of that description of commodity, but which are unsuitable to the tastes and the feelings and the creeds of the literary multitude. Direct me what to do, and it shall be done.

"I have been hearing several of Coleridge's lectures, and met him once at a dinner-party; he is certainly a very eloquent man, but his public effusions, although they now and then contain powerful passages, are certainly uncomplete and unsatisfying. It seems as if he entered the lecture-room without preparation, which is a monstrous disadvantage; he is like a singer who begins with too high a note, and having resolved at the outset of a passage to give it a certain form and length, he finds before he has gone half through that he has expended all his stock of thought, and is obliged to fill up the remainder with flatulent and sonorous verbiage; his finest things seem to me to be said immediately after having made his friends in pain and his indifferent hearers disgusted by his failures, like Antæus, who grew strong on touching the ground.

What I have lately seen of him has not raised him in my opinion. He is now I believe at Westwick with Southey.

What I have lately seen of him has not raised him in my opinion. He is now I believe at Keswick with Southey. Have you heard lately from the Durham Doctor? I have set him a task, and he sends me word that he is very industriously engaged in doing it. You know that pulmonary consumption is cured by warm climates, and is said to have been relieved and even cured by warm apartments in cold ones. Yet the remedy has been tried in only a few cases, and the profession does not know the extent of its efficacy. The only way to settle this or any other question about the value of a remedy, is to try it on a much larger scale than can be done in private practice. Medical institutions, where numbers with the same disease are treated, are, if properly employed, the great means of settling all questions of this kind for ever at rest, and dissipating that dreadful doubt which involves many of the most important topics the profession has to deliberate on. They are engines, by which the natural experience of a long life, so diffused and scattered that it is almost valueless, becomes compressed into a few years. With this idea Southey has converted a large ward in the Durham Infirmary into a hot-house for consumptive patients; and if he is active and judicious in his management of it, may before long be the most experienced man in the kingdom about the influ-

*Southey
with
Southey*

629
see
to
Ketter

ence of the remedy. The cases treated at the Infirmary, together with an inquiry into the prevalence or absence of consumption among the different nations of the world, and its connection with their habits and their climate, would make a very valuable book; Beddoes only turned up the field. Are you not writing for the Monthly? and could not you procure for me the admission of a gratis volunteer article? A very intelligent lady has been translating Fénelon on 'Education of Girls,' and I wish to review it. I want an opportunity of praising her, because she deserves it. Pray let me hear from you soon. You have two questions which require a speedy answer—one relative to Murray, the other to the Monthly. Mr. Grattan on the 15th of April opens the Catholic question: I am tired of the subject, as much as some are of Liberty and Necessity; but, for the sake of the orator, I shall go to hear him, unless anything should prevent me. I wish you were with me.

“Yours with the utmost esteem and affection,

“ROBERT GOOCH.”

From the same to the same.

“Aldermanbury, April 20, 1812.

“My dear Friend,

“I send you a few words about the education

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, March 18. 1812.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

There is not a man in England whose opinion upon any matter of business is worth less than mine; but I think I can see a difficulty in transferring the "Remains" from Vernon's house wholly to Longman's which is not to be overcome; and that is, that the two houses being partners in this concern, the one will not choose to do anything detrimental to the other. Your interest or inclination is nothing to them: they will consider nothing but themselves; and it will be more Longman's interest to remain with a fourth share of the profits and the goodwill of Vernon's house, than to take a third, and, by so doing, offend them.

I did not tell you in my last that I hope to produce a few lines, in the form of an inscription, for a tablet in Wilford churchyard, because in cases of this kind the deed does not always follow the will; and if I could have succeeded I should have sent you the poem, if I had failed the disappointment would have been confined to myself. This is the only reply which I can make to you on my own part. I can engage to produce a great poem which shall be the work of years, and is to be drawn from accumulate stores — the work of long meditation and labour; but for those smaller pieces, which, if they come, must come unsought, I never can bind myself. From Coleridge I could, without difficulty, procure you a promise, but am very certain that such a promise would end in nothing. His good nature would render it impossible for him to refuse, and his habits would render it still more impossible for him to perform what he had thus incautiously pledged himself to do. I would not have the book assume the appearance of a

formal collection of verses ; there must be, as in all these "Illustrations," some short descriptive accounts of the places represented in the prints, and such poems as you may obtain had better appear interspersed in their respective places.

I congratulate you on your good resolutions, and shall be truly glad to congratulate you when they are carried into effect. A man may be cheerful and contented in celibacy, but I do not think he can ever be happy ; it is an unnatural state, and the best feelings of his nature are never called into action. The risks of marriage are far greater on the woman's side ; women have so little the power of choice, that it is not perhaps fair to say they are less likely to choose well than we are ; but I am persuaded that they are more frequently deceived in the attachments which they form, and their opinions concerning men are much less accurate than men's opinion of their sex. Now if a lady were to reproach me for having said this, I should reply that it was only another mode of saying there were more good wives in the world than there are good husbands, which I verily believe. I know nothing which a good and sensible man is so certain to find, if he looks for it, as a good wife.

I would answer Josiah Condor's note if I were more at leisure, and thank him for it. Tell him I believe the "Edinburgh Annual Register" will be obliged to him for any pieces, and that I will gladly transmit them for him. Tell him also that I have unfortunately mislaid those lines of Montgomery's which he gave me for that purpose. This has given me a good deal of trouble in hunting for them, and still more vexation ; and I shall be very much obliged to him if he will have the goodness to favour me with another copy. I have searched so thoroughly for them, that I despair of ever finding them till they shall turn up unexpectedly.

623

it, though I have a good deal dependent upon the success of the work. As long as it continues it makes my income sufficient, and enables me to rub off some old scores. This is now the third volume, and it is an uphill business to get the work into an adequate sale, because the old "Registers" have got possession, and it is difficult to supersede them, though they are literally below contempt, and as worthless as it is possible for such works to be; but many booksellers are concerned in them, and they, of course, impede our progress as much as they can. However, I think it will go on. There was an article of mine in the last "Quarterly" upon the Inquisition, containing a good deal of knowledge which probably no other person in this country possessed, collected in great part from Portuguese manuscripts. The next number will contain a reviewal of the "Iceland Travels." I am going, as soon as possible, to review "Humboldt," and also to write upon the state of the poor. The truth of what Espriella says of a manufacturing populace, and of what he saw in the last year's "Register" upon the *sinking* of Jacobinism from the middle and reasoning classes, down to the mob, is exemplified at this time in the state of the manufacturing countries. It is well for us that we have not a Pitt and Grenville Administration, or, with this system of *United Englishmen*, so undeniably existing, there would soon be an end of all liberty in England. I do not think the country in danger, but it is very certain that the tendency and object of these proceedings is to bring about a second reign of Jack Cade. The end will be to strengthen the Government by alarming all men who are not wilfully blind, and God be thanked that the Government are not likely to abuse their strength!

Here we are in want of potatoes. They tell us there are plenty about Penrith. The backwardness of the

7. Danvers May 9. 1812
 season is unfortunate; the worst effect that I apprehend from the universal scarcity is, that it may impede Lord Wellington's movements. Nothing else, I think, can prevent him from driving the French out of Andalusia. The state of things in Sweden is very curious, but my hope is in Spain: there is the vantage ground, — there we have baffled the utmost effort which Bonaparte could make against us, and there, if we persevere, we shall give him his mortal wound.

Remember me to Rex. We are looking daily for Miss Fricker, and wondering at her long delay. Will you bring with you some citric acid; and if Martha be not set out, and you could send by her some of the dry tamarinds which are sometimes to be had in Bristol, they would prove very grateful to her sister at this time. The young ones are well, and like your choice of playfellows. How is Dr. Estlin? Remember me there, and to all who inquire for me. Coleridge is in London, about to recommence lecturing. Tell Rex he must get Landor's tragedy. "Count Julian" is the title, and his name is not affixed. "Pelayo" comes on slowly. God bless you.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

P.S. My Taunton affairs end in paying for counsel's advice, which tells me I can claim nothing now, but have good ground for a Chancery suit in case of Lord Somerville's death without issue. A pleasant sort of inheritance!

so properly, — and which is the only thing for which I have the slightest ambition, — it would soon put me in possession of the utmost I could want or wish for, inasmuch as I could lay by the whole income, and the title would be, in a great degree, productive.

“Hitherto I have been highly favoured. A healthy body, an active mind, and a cheerful heart are the three best boons nature can bestow; and, God be praised, no man ever enjoyed them more perfectly. My skin and bones scarcely know what an ailment is, my mind is ever on the alert, and yet, when its work is done, becomes as tranquil as a baby; and my spirits invincibly good. Would they have been so, or could I have been what I am, if you had not been for so many years my stay and support? I believe not; yet you had been so long my familiar friend, that I felt no more sense of dependence in receiving my main, and at one time sole, subsistence from you, than if you had been my brother: it was being done to as I would have done.

R. S.”

The appointment of Historiographer, to which my father refers in the letter, appears to have fallen vacant almost immediately. Application was at once made for it in his behalf in several influential quarters; but it seems to have been filled up with extraordinary haste, having been bestowed upon Dr. Stanier Clarke, Librarian to the Prince Regent. It turned out ultimately that there was no salary attached to the office, the appointment being merely honorary.

The next letter was written immediately on hearing of the murder of Mr. Perceval.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“Keswick, May 14. 1812.

“Dear Grosvenor,

“In spite of myself I have been weeping; this has relieved the throbbings of my head; but my mind is overcharged and must pour itself out. I am going to write something upon the state of popular feeling, which will probably appear in the *Courier*, where it will obtain the readiest and widest circulation. Enough to alarm the people I shall be able to say; but I would fain alarm the Government, and if this were done in public they would think it imprudent, and, indeed, it would be so.

“I shall probably begin with what you say of the sensation occasioned by this most fatal event, and then give the reverse of your account as I have received it from Coleridge; what he heard in a pot-house into which he went on the night of the murder, not more to quench his thirst than for the purpose of hearing what the populace would say. Did I not speak to you with ominous truth upon this subject in one of my last hasty letters? This country is upon the brink of the most dreadful of all conceivable states — an insurrection of the poor against the rich; and if by some providential infatuation, the Burdettites had not continued to *insult* the soldiers, the existing government would not be worth a week’s purchase, nor any throat which could be supposed to be worth cutting, safe for a month longer.

“You know, Grosvenor, I am no aguish politician, nor is this a sudden apprehension which has seized me. Look to what I have said of the effect of Mrs. Clarke’s

To Mrs. Drake
June 9 1812

a few weeks every year on his way from Ireland: but he is a very old man, and may very likely drop his lease—or drop himself. He left it in August last year, and lent it to the Bishop of Meath: very likely he may be disposed to let it this autumn. It would suit you well; it has land belonging to it, which may probably be had, and the communication by land would be easy, and better still by lake.

Do not send off anything but what is wanted for your own use, for this house, though rather of larger dimensions than a nutshell, is almost as full as one. Martha is coming next week, and Danvers; and, what is worse, the boys' holidays begin. I shall march off with Danvers early in July for Durham; the holidays luckily have an end as well as a beginning. Hartley is grown a great fellow, all beard and eyes, — as odd and as extraordinary as ever he was, with very good disposition, but with ways and tendencies which will neither be to his own happiness nor to the comfort of anybody connected with him. Derwent, contrary to all former appearances, is much weaker in body; he is very tractable, and may be made anything; whereas Hartley is of such unmalleable materials that what he may make of himself God knows, but I suspect nobody will be able to mould or manage him. You will be much pleased with Herbert.* He may best be characterised by calling him a sweet boy. You can hardly conceive anything more gentle and more loving. He has just learnt his Greek alphabet, and is so desirous of learning, so attentive and so quick of apprehension, that if it please God he should live, there is little doubt but that something will come out of him.

* "HERBERT! — That sweetest and most perfect of all children on this earth, who died in my arms at nine years of age, whose death I announced to his father and mother in their bed, where I

I have long had many day-dreams of what was to be done when you came to reside among us. One has been of a poem or series of poems about this country, for which you were to make drawings, so as to make a splendid book.

If you get off as soon as you expect, we may look for you early next week. I had nearly forgotten what you say about the Island; it does not seem to me the kind of thing that could be asked. God bless you. Come speedily and cure me of my cold, for you know you have undertaken to cure everybody. I must go to work upon this endless "Register," hoping and trusting to finish the third volume this week; after which the first letter from Edinburgh will be to press me to lose as little time as possible in beginning the fourth. There is the difference between my labour and that of a miller's horse,—that he goes round and round, and that I go straight forward; but both of us are likely to be kept working as long as our strength lasts. Well! and if the horse likes it as well as I do, he has no reason to complain.

Yours affectionately,

R. S.

had prayed and persuaded them to go. When Southey *could speak*, his first words were, — '*The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; Blessed be the name of the Lord!*' Never can I forget that MOMENT.

"Present ever—ever! until I rejoin that heavenly child, and his heavenly Father,

"MARY SLADE, *née* BARKER."

Putticks Lot 1098

Friday 15. 2. 89

" Kerwick May 14. 1812

" Three days after sight pay to Mrs
Coleridge or bearer fifty Pounds
on account for Robert Southey

To Mr John Ballantyne

" Hanover Street

" Edinburgh

" accy June 8th Due 14th

" John Ballantyne & Co

(Endorsed) Sarah Coleridge

" Mrs D Crosthwaite

[+ helps to be
more signature]

Probably represented no transaction at all
between R S & Mrs S. T. C. - but merely
a convenient way of getting a
payment from Ballantyne
for Annual Register work?

less than to draw up instructions with Dr. Bell for a system of education to be introduced into every regiment throughout the army.

To Wade Browne, Esq., Ludlow.

Keswick, November 5. 1812.

MY DEAR SIR,

Guy Faux is receiving his usual honours of bonfire and uproar in the market-place: the two girls are exhibiting themselves at the dancing-master's ball, as happy as innocent hearts and apple-green kid shoes can make them; good old nurse is twirling the spinning-wheel in the room where Mrs. Southey is in bed with her new-born daughter Isabel; and I, who, like the last Duke of Cumberland, am all alone by myself, take pen and paper to inform you of this daughter's safe arrival.

I have desired Longman to send you a book of shreds and patches, the work of many hours of that sort of laborious idleness which is to me the most delightful of all dissipation. You will find some things to smile at, and some curious facts, affording matter for speculation, from which it is not impossible that scientific men may draw conclusions of some importance. I inserted some articles of Coleridge's in the book, merely in the hope of getting something from him in this way; he had literally only to cut them out of his common place books. It was my intention to make four volumes instead of two, in this manner; but he kept the press waiting fifteen months for an unfinished article, so that at last I ordered the sheet in which it was begun to

be cancelled, in despair. I have marked whatever is his, and you will wish that it were more.

My intended journey to London is postponed till spring, because it is expedient that the "Register for 1811" should be published in April; and this, therefore, allows me no time to stir from home. I am busily employed upon it, and have this day got over, in as summary a manner as possible, the Bullion business; — a part to which I looked on with as much horror as ever Christian did to the Slough of Despond or to the Hill of Difficulty. This is a very laborious work; it does not weary me, nevertheless: as it commenced with the usurpation of Spain, the first instance in which Bonaparte unequivocally displayed himself in his true character of pure devil, I should be well pleased to bring my part in it to a conclusion with his fall; — an event which I verily hope is not far distant. This wondrous war with Russia, since it has become not a political game at war for territory, but a national cause, in which men fight to save their wives and children, or to revenge them, — promises to become as fatal to France as the Spanish contest has been: and a daybreak of hope has appeared even in Paris itself. Should he leave his army to prevent the danger of another insurrection, I hardly suppose, composed as it is, of so many different people, all forced to serve, and hating him for whom they are sacrificed, that it can be kept together; and should he continue with it, there is good hope that a winter at Moscow may involve him and his army in the same destruction; or that a more successful attempt at deliverance may be made in France, and that she may refuse any longer to supply so wicked and so wanton a waste of life. Oh, that there were but energy enough in our Government to publish the terms upon which it is ready to make peace with France, at the same time pledging itself never to make peace with this frantic tyrant! What

an instrument would such a declaration have been in the hands of these generals at Paris !

My dear Sir,

Yours most truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Nov. 16. 1812.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

Thank you for the Buenos Ayres "Gazettes." The fourth volume of the "Register," when it appears, will show you that you have not procured these materials for me in vain. I expect to be enabled to draw up a very satisfactory chapter upon Spanish America.

Since this packet of yours arrived my family have been increased by the birth of a daughter, who, with her mother, thank God, is doing well. My sum total now consists of five,—four daughters and one boy. The latter has begun Greek under my tuition, and to his great amusement. I am amusing myself occasionally with putting the Greek accidence into rhyme for his use. It lays such hold on his memory that I shall probably go through with this curious undertaking.

Has Longman sent you the "Omnia"? These volumes are the fruits of many hours of that laborious idleness which is to me the most delightful of all dissipation. I who methodise upon so many subjects, and upon so extensive a scale, may certainly be allowed to smile, if upon this occasion I should be censured for throwing crude materials together without any method at all. My only reply would be, that the person who can find nothing there but what he knew before, is

entitled to abuse the book. I have materials, or rather memoranda, marked in the course of many years' almost incessant reading, which are enough to fill half-a-dozen more such volumes; and if these should sell, I shall certainly put two more to the press. But the sale of books depends upon such adventitious circumstances, that I can form a better guess about to-morrow's weather, than upon so uncertain a chance. The articles which are not my own, are Coleridge's: they would not have been there (being so few) if I had not hoped to obtain from him enough to have doubled the extent of the collection; and for this I waited so long, as not to leave me time for doing it myself.

I am reading Dr. Clarke's "Travels." They give me a very poor opinion of the author's judgment or powers of mind; but I am thankful for his facts, and find the book on that score exceedingly valuable. His prejudices against the Russians are both ridiculous and mischievous; and an Englishman travelling in Russia hereafter may feel their effects, as English travellers in Sicily have heretofore felt the effects of Brydone's rascally exposure of private intercourse. There is a species of falsehood which consists in telling nothing but truth, but, by telling only a part of the truth, produces all the effects of falsehood, and this is what Dr. Clarke has done. He tells you all the faults of the Russians, and keeps out of sight the good qualities which co-exist with those faults. I know persons who have lived in Russia; they uniformly speak of the nobles as a corrupted and vicious class, but of the people as possessing those good qualities which in a certain stage of civilisation are natural to humanity. In savage life they are like the seed which fell upon stones, and cannot shoot forth: in such a state as that of the Russian nobles, or the English journeymen manufacturers, they are stifled or poisoned; but neither

693

To Captain Southey, R.N., St. Helen's, Auckland.

Keswick, Dec. 30. 1812.

MY DEAR TOM,

I should know that midshipman's name if I saw it, and the name we must have. So I have written to Bedford to learn what *mids* of the Victory fell in that action.

You used to speak of the dead lying in shoal water at Copenhagen; there was the boatswain's mate, or somebody, asked for, when he was lying face upward under the stern or somewhere. Tell me the right particulars of this, which is too striking a circumstance to be lost. I believe I am making a most impressive narrative of this battle by your help. Something I remembered from Lintham, something from Ponsonby, to whom I shall walk over and read this chapter in hope of getting some corrections and additions; and a Dane's account printed in English gives me some fine things.

I am such a sad lubber that I feel half ashamed of myself for being persuaded ever even to review the "Life of Nelson," much more to write one. Had I not been a thorough lubber, I should have remembered half a hundred things worthy of remembrance, which have all been lost, because, though I do indeed know the binnacle from the mainmast, I know little more: tackle and sheets, and tally and belay, are alike to me; and if you ask me about the lee-clue garnets, I can only tell that they are not the same kind of garnets as are worn in necklaces and bracelets; and so fine facts have been lost, because I did not know where to store them in the ship, or in my recollection-closet up-stairs. There is something ridiculous, and something like quackery in

writing thus about what I so little understand. I walk among sea terms as a cat does in a china pantry, in bodily fear of doing mischief, and betraying myself; and yet there will come a good book of it, I verily believe.

I have touched your old tyrant, Sir Thomas, gently, but upon the sore place; imputing no blame, but stating every circumstance which makes misconduct an (almost) unavoidable inference.

What was your loss? Tell me all about your guns, and what loss they occasioned. Were they not honey-combed? Were you not saying when you pulled the triggers, "Here goes the death of six!" This is a thing which would be felt.

Did not Victor distinguish himself that day? I must not mention "poor Sir Hyde," as he was called, for that day's behaviour; for Sir Hyde had his merits. A jealous man, or a conceited man, would not have let Nelson do anything, and I can perfectly well enter into Domett's feelings when he said, "Save what you can, Sir Hyde."

I do not rightly understand you about the spare spars. "Many would have been saved that were destroyed lying on the booms," you say. Do you refer to the mere value of the spars thus destroyed, or to the damage also done by the splinters from these spars?

I am taking great pains with this chapter, and great interest in it. Your letter was of main use.

What a miserable thing is this loss of a second frigate to the Americans! Coleridge knew Decatur at Malta, and has often spoken of him in the highest terms. It is a cruel stroke; and though their frigates are larger ships than ours, must be felt as disgrace, and in fact *is* disgrace. It looks as if there was a dry rot in our wooden walls. Is it that this captain also is a youngster hoisted up by interest, or that the Americans were

695

manned by Englishmen, or that our men do not fight heartily, or that their men are better than ours?

The paragraph about Coleridge's tragedy is correct. It is the play which he wrote in 1797, and which Sheridan then rejected. I think it will succeed.

I have written to Sister Anne earnestly enough, but probably to little effect.

Herbert has been reading the "Pilgrim's Progress," taking infinite delight in the letter, but no great edification from the spirit, as Mary will conclude, when she hears that his favourite amusement at present is to what he calls play Apollyon with Bertha and Kate. He goes about the room or the passages roaring towards them like a lion seeking whom he may devour; and Kate and bluff Queen Henry cry out, "Don't *Pollyon*, don't *Pollyon* Herby!" though when he has done they ask him "to *Pollyon* again."

Supposing the action had not been suspended when it was, were not you with the Russell and the Desirée in danger? The great book here says that there those ships were not; but I think I remember otherwise from you.

"Robertson" and "Boyar Edward" I knew must be in the Newcastle library, but it was better you should have them at hand; the latter indeed will last you throughout the whole of your "Opus." I wish you had the "Naval Chronicle," but it is too expensive to be bought, and whenever you meet with a volume, it may soon be gutted of all that is to your purpose. I shall look out for books for you when I go to London, especially for "Du Testre." God bless you.

R. S.

To Mr. J. Neville White.

Keswick, Feb. 27. 1813.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I have something to ask you respecting Cambridge, and must first relate the circumstances which occasion me to make the inquiry.

Some three or four months ago, a boy at school sent me sundry specimens of his verses, asking my opinion of certain poetical plans which he had formed. The verses were nothing like Henry's at the same age, for he had a prematurity of sense and judgment in which none but Chatterton is comparable with him; but there was in them power enough of language, and ardour, and effect, and promise. I wrote him in reply a letter not of such advice as he had applied for, but of the best counsel that I could give him, cautioning him against early publication; and endeavouring to show him how these pursuits, which, if they were entered upon rashly, would prove his bane, might be made instrumental, in every way, to his advancement and happiness. A fortnight ago there came a second letter, telling me he had left school, that his friends thought the law would be the best profession for him, — that he was one of ten children, and his father (an old officer) could do little to set him forward in life. While, therefore, he should be preparing for the bar, he must do something for himself. For this purpose, he wished to make his love of literature available. This, therefore, he thought, would justify, or even require, earlier publication than would else be advisable; and he applied to me to instruct him how he should proceed. I liked his letter; it bore with it an appearance of goodness, as well as of talents; so I told him that the best way to the bar lies through the University, and that there is no means by which he

697

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OF
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VOL. IV.

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63



Gainsborough.

H. Robinson.

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IN SIX VOLUMES.

EDITED BY HIS SON.

The Rev.^d Charles Cuthbert Southey.

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CONTENTS

OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Present Happiness. — Affairs of the Edinburgh Annual Register embarrassed. — Life of Nelson. — Roderick. — Thanks to Sir W. Scott for Rokeby. — Regrets being compelled to Periodical Writing. — Politics. — Mr. Coleridge's Tragedy brought out. — Remarks on the Loss of youthful Hopes. — Destruction of the French Army in Russia. — Life of Nelson completed. — Literary Plans. — Reasons for submitting to Gifford's Corrections. — Letters concerning Mr. James Dusautoy. — Gloomy Political Forebodings. — Paper in the Quarterly Review on the State of the Poor. — Naval Reverses in the War with America. — Expected Death of his Brother-in-law Mr. Fricker. — Montgomery's Deluge. — Animated Horsehair. — Play by Mr. W. S. Landor. — Visit to London. — Appointment as Poet-laureate. — 1813 - - Page 1

CHAPTER XIX.

The Laureate's First Ode. — Restrictions upon his Freedom of Speech. — Complaints of Gifford's Corrections. — Bonaparte. — Conduct of the Austrian Government towards Hofer. — Anxiety respecting his Children's Health. — Thinks of an Ode on the expected Marriage of the Princess Charlotte. — Repulse of the British at Bergen-op-Zoom. — Quotation from George Gascoigne concerning the Dutch. — Feelings on the News of the Success of the Allied Armies. — Poetical Plans. — Lord Byron's Ode to Bonaparte. — Remarks on Mathematical Studies. — On Clerical Duties. — Ridiculous Poem. — Portrait and Memoir wanted. — Laureate Odes. — Spanish Affairs. — Humboldt's Travels. — Roderick. — Mr. Coleridge. — Domestic Anxieties. — Advice on College Studies. —

Children's Joy. — Hospitals badly conducted. — Political Speculations. — Barnard Barton. — Mr. Wordsworth's last Poem. — Literary Plans. — The Ettrick Shepherd. — Laureate Odes still required. — Foreign Politics. — Mr. Canning. — History of Brazil. — Expects nothing from Government. — A crazy Compositor. — Grave of Ronsard at Tours. — Roderick. — Oliver Newman. — Thoughts on Death. — Bonaparte. — History of Brazil. — New Year's Ode expected. — The Property-Tax. — The Squid Hound. — Lord Byron. — Roderick. — Difficulties of Removal. — Inscriptions and Epitaphs. — Evil of going to India. — Murat. — History of Portugal. — His Son's Studies. — Dr. Bell's *Ludus Literarius*. — Question of Marriage with a Wife's Sister. — Rejoicings at the News of the Battle of Waterloo. — 1814—1815 - Page 50

CHAPTER XX.

Feelings of rejoicing at the Termination of the War with France. — Journey to Waterloo. — Account of Beguinages at Ghent. — Notices of Flanders. — Of the Field of Battle. — Purchase of the *Acta Sanctorum*. — Detention by the Illness of his Daughter at Aix-la-Chapelle. — Return Home. — Picture of his Domestic Happiness in the Pilgrimage to Waterloo. — Multitude of Correspondents. — Meeting with Spanish Liberales in London. — Rapid Flight of Time. — Declining Facility of Poetical Composition. — Politics. — Regrets for the Death of young Dusautoy. — The Pilgrimage to Waterloo. — Scott's Lord of the Isles. — The History of Brazil. — Evils in Society. — Want of English Beguinages. — Early English Poetry. — Death of his Son. — Poetical Criticism. — Feelings of Resignation. — Circumstances of his Early Life. — Geology and Botany better Studies than Chemical and Physical Science. — Thomson's Castle of Indolence. — Youthful Feelings. — Owen of Lanark. — Remarks on his own Fortunes and Character. — College Life. — Wordsworth's Poems. — 1815—1816 - - 124

CHAPTER XXI.

Changes in his Political Opinions. — Causes which made him a Political Writer. — He is requested to go to London to confer with the Government. — Reasons for declining to do so. — Gloomy Anticipations. — Measures necessary for preventing a Revolution. — He

is hated by the Radicals and Anarchists. — Thoughts concerning his Son's Death. — Plan of a Work upon the State of the Country. — Proposed Reforms. — Efforts to assist Herbert Knowles to go to Cambridge. — Letter from him. — His Death. — Fears of a Revolution. — Literary Employment and Hopes. — Sympathy with a Friend's Difficulties. — Motives for Thankfulness. — Melancholy Feelings. — Blindness of Ministers. — 1816 - Page 198

CHAPTER XXII.

Surreptitious Publication of Wat Tyler. — Consequent Proceedings. — Is attacked in the House of Commons by William Smith. — Offer of a Lucrative Appointment connected with the Times Newspaper. — Tour in Switzerland. — Letters from thence. — Account of Pestalozzi. — Of Fellenberg. — Impressions of the English Lakes on his return. — High Opinion of Neville White. — Norfolk Scenery. — Speculations on another Life. — Life of Wesley in progress. — Curious News from the North Pole. — Lines on the Death of the Princess Charlotte. — Cure for the Bite of Snakes. — 1817 - - - - - 234

CHAPTER XXIII.

Retrospect of Life. — Reviewing. — Life of Wesley. — Uses of Affliction. — Edinburgh Annual Register. — Westmoreland Election. — Humboldt. — Paper on the Poor Laws. — Cobbett. — Nutritive Qualities of Coffee. — Milman's Poem of Samor. — Offer of Librarianship of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh. — Scarcity of Literary Men in America. — Ritchie. — Mungo Park. — Recollections of his Tour on the Continent. — He is attacked from the Hustings at a Westmoreland Election. — Wishes to print his Poems in a cheaper Form. — Mob Meetings. — Congratulations to Mr. Justice Coleridge on his Marriage. — Literary Advice. — Habits of Asceticism not unfavourable to long Life. — Mr. Wilberforce visits Keswick. — School Rebellion. — Remarkable Season. — Comparative Happiness of Childhood and Riper Years. — Changes in the Criminal Laws wanted. — 1818 - - - - - 290

CHAPTER XXIV.

Nervous Feelings. — Anxieties for the Future. — Recollections of early Journeys. — Prudence of anticipating Popular Opinion. — Ode on the Queen's Death. — Haydon. — Wordsworth. — Life of Wesley. — Home Politics. — Switzerland. — Criticisms on a Volume of Poems by Mr. E. Elliott. — Birth of a Son. — History of Brazil. — Rising Poets. — Waverley Novels. — Reasons for declining to attend the Westminster Meeting. — College Recollections. — Religion necessary to Happiness. — Notices of the Lake Country. — Mr. Wordsworth's "Waggoner." — Advises Allan Cunningham on Literary Pursuits. — Lord Byron's Hostility. — Probable Reception of the History of Brazil. — Crabbe's Poems. — Peter Roberts. — Literary Employments. — Colonisation necessary. — Tour in Scotland. — Desirableness of Men of mature Years taking Holy Orders. — John Morgan in Difficulties. — Literary Occupations. — Projected Journey. — 1818—1819 - Page 326

APPENDIX - - - - - 367

The Editor is requested to correct a mis-statement in the Autobiography, vol. i. p. 81. It is there said that "Mr. Dolignon, in some delirium, died by his own hand." This is an error; Mr. Dolignon having died of paralysis in the prime of life, "in the full enjoyment of domestic happiness and worldly prosperity."

into sight again, sometimes spreading like smoke as it ascends, then contracting as if performing some military evolution,—once they formed a perfect bow; and thus wheeling and charging, and rising and falling, they continued to sport as long as I could watch them. They were probably wild ducks.

“Your godson is determined to be a poet, he says; and I was not a little amused by his telling me this morning, when he came near a hollow tree which has caught his eye lately, and made him ask me sundry questions about it, that the first poem he should make should be about that hollow tree. I have made some progress in rhyming the Greek accident for him, — an easier thing than you would perhaps suppose it to be; it tickles his humour, and lays hold of his memory.

“This last year has been full of unexpected events, such indeed as mock all human foresight. The present will bring with it business of importance at home, whatever may happen abroad.

“There is one point in which most men, however opposite in their judgments about the affairs of the Peninsula, have been deceived, — in their expectations from the Cortes. There is a lamentable want of wisdom in the country; among the peasantry its place is supplied by their love of the soil and that invincible perseverance which so strongly marks the Spanish character. Bonaparte never can subdue them, even if his power had received no shock, and his whole attention were exclusively directed towards Spain: his life, though it should be prolonged to the length of Aurengzebe’s (as great a villain as himself),

To Wynn Jan 17 1813
 would not give him time to wear out their perseverance and religious hatred. I have never doubted of the eventual independence of Spain; but concerning the government which may grow out of the struggle my hopes diminish, and I begin to think that Portugal has better prospects than Spain, because the government there may be induced to reform itself.

“If Gifford prints what I have written, and lets it pass un mutilated, you will see in the next Quarterly some remarks upon the moral and political state of the populace, and the alarming manner in which Jacobinism (disappearing from the educated classes) has sunk into the mob; a danger far more extensive and momentous than is generally admitted. Very likely a sort of cowardly prudence may occasion some suppressions, which I should be sorry for. Wyndham would have acknowledged the truth of the picture, and have been with me for looking the danger in the face. It is an odd fact that the favourite song among the people in this little town just now (as I have happened to learn) is upon Parker the mutineer: it purports to have been written by his wife, and is in metre and diction just what such a woman would write.

“What part do you take in the East Indian question? I perceive its magnitude, and am wholly incapable of forming an opinion.

“Coleridge’s tragedy*, which Sheridan and Kemble

* After the successful appearance of this tragedy, which was entitled “Remorse,” my father wrote — “I never doubted that Coleridge’s play would meet with a triumphant reception. Be it known now and remembered hereafter, that this self-same play, having had

rejected fifteen years ago, will come out in about a fortnight at Drury Lane.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To Dr. Gooch.

“ Keswick, Jan. 20. 1813.

“ My dear Gooch,

“

Wordsworth refers, in more than one of his poems, with a melancholy feeling of regret, to the loss of youthful thoughts and hopes. In the last six weeks he has lost two children — one of them a fine boy of seven years old. I believe he feels, as I have felt before him, that ‘there is healing in the bitter cup,’— that God takes from us those we love as hostages for our faith (if I may so express myself), — and that to those who look to a reunion in a better world, where there shall be no separation, and no mutability except that which results from perpetual progressiveness, the evening becomes more delightful than the morning, and the sunset offers brighter and lovelier visions than those which we build up in the morning clouds, and which disappear before the strength of the day. The older I grow — and I am older in feeling than in years — the more I am sensible of this : there is

no other alterations made in it now than C. was willing to have made in it then, was rejected in 1797 by Sheridan and Kemble. Had these sapient caterers for the public brought it forward at that time, it is by no means improbable that the author might have produced a play as good every season : with my knowledge of Coleridge’s habits I verily believe he would.” — *To G. C. B. Jan. 27. 1813.*

a precious alchemy in this faith, which transmutes grief into joy, or, rather, it is the true and heavenly euphrasy which clears away the film from our mortal sight, and makes affliction appear what, in reality, it is to the wise and good, — a dispensation of mercy.

“ God bless you !

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.”

To Mr. Neville White.

“ Keswick, Jan. 25. 1813.

“ My dear Neville,

“ Before I say anything of my own doings, let me rejoice with you over these great events in the North. Never in civilised Europe had there been so great an army brought together as Bonaparte had there collected, and never was there so total and tremendous a destruction. I verily think that this is the fourth act of the Corsican, and that the catastrophe of the bloody drama is near. May his fall be as awful as his crimes ! The siege of Dantzic, and the accession of Prussia to our alliance, will, probably, be our next news. Saxony will be the next government to emancipate itself, for there the government is as well disposed as the people. I wish I could flatter myself that Alexander were great enough to perform an act of true wisdom as well as magnanimity, and re-establish Poland, not after the villanous manner of Bonaparte, but with

20 Wynn March 12 1813
 which they have in common is a hatred of the Church of England, and a wish to overthrow her. This they will accomplish, and you will regret it as much as I do; certainly not the less for having yourself contributed to its destruction.

“The end of all this will be the loss of liberty, for that is the penalty which, in the immutable order of things, is appointed for the abuse of it. What we may have to go through, before we sit down quietly in our chains, God only knows.

“Have you heard of the strange circumstance about Coleridge? A man hanging himself in the Park with one of *his* shirts on, marked at full length! Guess C.’s astonishment at reading this in a newspaper at a coffee-house. The thing is equally ridiculous and provoking. It will alarm many persons who know him, and I dare say many will always believe that the man was C. himself, but that he was cut down in time, and that his friends said it was somebody else in order to conceal the truth. As yet, however, I have laughed about it too much to be vexed.

“I have just got General Mackinnon’s Journal*: never was any thing more faithful than his account of the country and the people. We have, I fear, few such men in the British army. I knew a sister of his well some years ago, and should rejoice to meet with her again, for she was one of the cleverest women I ever knew. When they lived in France, Bonaparte was a frequent visitor at their mother’s

* See Inscription, xxxv. p. 178. one vol. edit.

house. Mackinnon would have made a great man. His remarks upon a want of subordination, and proper regulations in our army, are well worthy of Lord Wellington's consideration. It was by thinking thus, and forming his army, upon good moral as well as military principles, that Gustavus became the greatest captain of modern times: so he may certainly be called, because he achieved the greatest things with means which were apparently the most inadequate. God bless you!

R. SOUTHEY."

In a former letter my father speaks of an article he had written for the forthcoming number of the Quarterly Review, on the state of the poor, and he there mentions briefly the heads of the general view he had taken of the subject. This had appeared, and Mr. Rickman now comments on it, whose practical and sensible remarks I quote here, as showing his frankness in stating differences of opinion, and his friend's willingness to hear and consider them: —

“ I have read your article on the poor with great satisfaction, for the abundance of wit it contains, and the general truth of its statements and reflections. With some things you know I do not agree, — for instance, not in your dislike of manufactures to the same degree, — especially I do not find them guilty of increasing the poor. For instance, no county is more purely agricultural than Sussex, where *twenty-three* persons, parents and children, in *one hundred* receive parish relief; no county more clearly to be referred to the manufacturing character than Lancashire, where

Register, very much to the purport of Mr. Abbot's speech. Mr. Perceval should have given the Catholics what is right and proper they should have, by a bill originating with himself. What but ruin can be expected when a Government comes to capitulate with the factious part of its subjects!

“ God bless you!

R. S.”

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“ Keswick, May 26. 1813.

“ My dear Grosvenor,

“ Tom is made quite unhappy by these repeated victories of the Americans; and for my own part I regard them with the deepest and gloomiest forebodings. The superior weight of metal will not account for all. I heard a day or two ago from a Liverpoolian, lately in America, that they stuff their wadding with bullets. This may kill a few more men, but will not explain how it is that our ships are so soon demolished, not merely disabled. Wordsworth and I agreed in suspecting some improvement in gunnery (Fulton is likely enough to have discovered something) before I saw the same supposition thrown out in the ‘Times.’ Still there would remain something more alarming to be resolved, and that is, how it happens that we injure them so little? I very much fear that there may be a dreadful secret

of Langdon's Cartridges

at the bottom, which your fact about the cartridges* of the Macedonian points at. Do you know, or does Henry know, a belief in the navy which I heard from Ponsonby, that the crew of the — loaded purposely in this manner, in order that by being made prisoners they might be delivered from —'s tyranny? When Coleridge was at Malta, Sir A. Ball received a round-robin from —'s crew, many of whom had served under him, and who addressed him in a manner which made his heart ache, as he was, of course, compelled to put the paper into —'s hands. One day Coleridge was with him when this man's name was announced, and turning, he said to him in a low voice, 'Here comes one of those men who will one day blow up the British navy.'

"I do not know that the captain of the Macedonian was a tyrant. Peake certainly was not; he is well known here, having married a cousin of Wordsworth's; his ship was in perfect order, and he as brave and able a man as any in the service. Here it seems that the men behaved well; but in ten minutes the ship was literally knocked to pieces, her sides fairly staved in; and I think this can only be explained by some improvements in the manufactory of powder, or in the manner of loading, &c. But as

* "H. Sharp is just arrived from Lisbon; he has been in America, where he went on board the Macedonian and the United States.¹ He says the captured ship was pierced through and through, and full of shot, while in the American vessel scarcely any have been lodged. Our ship seems to have been very badly fought; the captors declared that they found many of the guns with the cartridges put in the wrong way." — *G. C. B. to R. S., May 24. 1813*

¹ The name of the vessel that took the Macedonian.

any undertaking. My advice to the booksellers is, that they make it a splendid work, with views and portraits as head and tail pieces to every chapter. In this way large paper and proofs secure a certain kind of sale for the first edition, and a notoriety which would give wings to the second. God bless you.

R. S.

P. S. "Roderick," which has long been aground, is just afloat again.

To Edith May Southey.

Streatham, Sept. 20. 1813.

MY DEAR EDITHLING,

I owe you a letter, and it is time the debt should be paid; so your mamma will let me write to you instead of her, especially as I have been stationary at Streatham ever since I wrote, and consequently can have nothing to communicate.

As I know you read the newspaper for the sake of seeing whether Bonaparte has been killed, how the King is, and whether there are any new murders, you may, probably, have seen there that your father is to be Poet Laureate. Son Lunus, who is an unbeliever about Pegasus, will, perhaps, not believe that the Prince is going to give me a right to wear laurel round my head. If you and he will look in a book about Petrarch, which is at the Senhora's, and is one of those upon which she has bestowed a paper-morocco back, there you will see the portrait of a poet laureate with his crown on. The laurels should be gathered from

the grove on that mountain where the Nine Sisters take care of my winged horse ; and it is not proper that I should wear any others.

I am teaching the two eldest of your cousins to say, "La, la, la, look at the lamb and the lark ; and wa, wa, wa, we will walk." Herbert learns this much more readily than his brother. They are very good children, and are grown very fond of me. I tickle and toss them wherever we meet, and sometimes kiss Duke Bruin, who is Ursa Major or the Great Bear, and is the best kissing of the three. But kissing him is a very different thing from kissing my own Bertha Bruin, and Kate, and Isabee-bo-bell. My aunt would be very willing to visit us, and bring the three Bears with her ; but I fear my uncle will not be persuaded to move. Earl Bruin, the little wee Bear, is very little older than Isabel, and does not talk ; but Marquis Bruin, the middle Bear, has an ursine language of his own which is very winning. His daily subject of complaint is, that nobody will be married, and so he can get no wedding-cake.

You must tell your mamma that I have seen a letter to-day from Mrs. Piozzi to Mr. Davies, which concerns me ; and which, as the writer is only seventy-five years of age, may, perhaps, make her jealous, if she heard of it from any other quarter than from myself. Mrs. Piozzi, hearing that I am at Streatham, and expecting to find me there when she comes herself, bids me beware of a solitary woman with "bright blue eyes, although her hair be grey." She writes a sprightly letter, full of life and spirits, and in a full, strong hand, which, as a sample of pen-womanship, is remarkably fine, but, considering her time of life, is really wonderful.

I have bought for you some Arabian Tales in three volumes, wherein you will find mention of the Dom-

daniel which Thalaba destroyed; and I have bought for Herbert the "Persian and Turkish Tales." I am writing at this time upon your desk, which is the size of your mamma's, and I mean to buy the fellow to it for Thisbe.* I shall also buy books and pictures for Bertha and Kate.

Do not forget your lessons while I am absent. I shall not be pleased if you lose ground. Tell Lunus to look over the poems which I made for him about his Greek, and have them all at the tip of his tongue when I return.

Your mamma will like to know all the news of my intended operations which I can send her. Tell her, then, that I am getting on well with my business, in every sense of the word; that I go to town on Friday, when Coleridge will be asked to dine with me at Harry's; on Sunday I dine and sleep at Holland House; the Wednesday following dine at a Mr. Vaughan's, with Elmsley, and the next day with Madame Stael. Next week will complete my main business, and then another fortnight will set me free from London. I mean to stop a day on my return at Worcester for the purpose of seeing Lucien Bonaparte.

And now, my dear Edithling, farewell. Give my love to Wilsey: the doctor inquired particularly for her. Say to your Aunt Coleridge that I long to sneeze and snap my toes at home once more; and tell the Senhora that poor *I* am getting sleepy, for it is half-past nine o'clock. Sufficient for the day hath been the labour thereof. I am Simorgish at all times; and when absent from home it is better to be asleep than awake. I hope Lord Nelson, Bona Fidelia, and Madame Catalani continue well. Sir John Murray has probably gone the way of all geese. How is Paul

* This was poor Sara Coleridge's nickname.

the Pig, and how go on his distant relations from Guinea? Next week I shall write to Herbert.

God bless you.

Your affectionate father,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Miss Barker.

Streatham, Oct. 8. 1813.

Two ladies arrived here to dinner, and they have all the Ionic pronunciation in such perfection, that, by an easy process of thought, I was led to think of the *Senhora* and the *ill* at Keswick, and *ome*, and sundry other things sympathetic of the malady called *ome-sickness*, whereof I *ave* a touch at the *art* just now. There they are talking away below stairs as *appily* as possible, and just as if there was no *h* in the alphabet; and here am I, above stairs, by my own fire, in the inner part of the drawing-room (Edith will recollect the room), wishing myself three *undred* miles off, and feeling very much as I used to do at school when I was thinking of the *oly days*. The church clock has just struck seven.

Herbert has got his letter this evening, and is, perhaps, at this moment, preaching it out with all gravity to Wilsey, who will be yet more delighted to listen than he is to read. In a few minutes I shall be summoned to tea. However, I have begun a letter, meaning to scrawl through it in the course of the evening (for sufficient for the day hath been the labour thereof), and to take it with me to London to-morrow, in hope that I may find Pegasus at the Doctor's, and seal it there-with.

721

First, then, and foremost, of the things which are to be said. I desire that I may have a letter sent off by Tuesday's post, and directed here, that it may reach me on Friday. My present engagements stand thus: to-morrow, dine with Dr. Stanger; Sunday, at Holland House; Monday, at Mrs. Gonne's, where this family are going; Wednesday, with John May at the Doctor's; Thursday, at Travers's, to be introduced to his sister, whom Gooch is going to marry; Friday and Saturday will complete my business here, and then I remove to town. There I shall stay as short a time as my unpaid engagements will permit, and then take the shortest road home; for I am beyond measure weary of being out of my own proper element.

I shall look for Lord William on Sunday, and endeavour to hurry this appointment by a simple notification that I certainly do not intend to wait for it. As long as my own affairs keep me in town, well; but they are not to suppose that I will submit to be detained here for the Marquis of Hertford's pleasure, or anybody else's. They ought to know that in accepting the office, I am conferring a favour rather than receiving one. I want it settled; because, as I intend to invest the salary in a life insurance, I shall save a fine of ten pounds by appearing at the insurance office; and I believe, also, that the oath of allegiance which I must take, cannot, on this occasion, be taken in the country. However, I shall ascertain all this, and get through it with the least possible delay. Of the many things which remain to be done in London, one is to wait upon Smith, and have the bust finished, and another to send off the hamper from Burges's, which shall be done as soon as I get the one thing needful for doing it: and you will not find fault with me, Senhora, if I put in a pot of caviare, in expectation that you and I, who have tips to our tongues, shall like it. I have to

*Robert
Melow
of Paris
by Cal-
cut -
I have
Bills:
Portrait
of Sen-
Lawrence*

see Miss Linwood's pictures, and the beasts at the Tower, and the Strand Bridge; to dine with Longman, and Murray, and Croker; and to go with Sharp to his country-house. Senhora, I am really too lazy and too Simorgish to write anything but such mere gossip as this. "It is *poor* I;" and I wish it were bed-time, and that the days were gone, and the nights too, which must pass before I take my seat comfortably in the mail-coach, and pack myself up for forty hours; for I want some garlick-pie, and the odour of your snuff-box, and to see Wilsey, and to kiss the children, and to make a noise, and to sit under the shadow of Mrs. Coleridge's nose, and to sit by my own fire-side, and to sleep in my own bed, and to resume my own way of life, and to say Aballaboozolanganoribo in the right place, and in the right tone of feeling, and (when I am called upon) to sing the "Bloody Gardener" with my usual obligingness.

Tuesday last I met Lord St. Helens at Mr. Legge's — a regular-built old courtier. He said that I must have lived a great deal in Spain; for the "Espriella" had been put into his hands, with information who the author was. He could hardly persuade himself that it was not the genuine work of a Spaniard, so well had the characters been preserved. The newspapers, among their fashionable news, have it that Mr. Legge gave this dinner to Lord St. Helen's, whereas the truth is, that it was given to me. However, as I made a better figure over the hermitage and the claret, his lordship is welcome to figure by himself in the "Morning Post." I took Coleridge to Madame de Stael on Monday, and left him there in the full spring-tide of his discourse.* His time of departure seems still uncertain. Mrs. C. will not be sorry to hear that he is selling his German

* It was after this interview that Madame de Stael said of Coleridge, "Pourtant, pour Mr. Coleridge, il est, tout-a-fait un monologue!"

books. I cannot quite so well say whether South will be glad that I shall purchase some of them.

“The restoration of the Jesuits is a most important measure, and not the least extraordinary of the great events which have lately taken place. This concluding volume of Brazil will be the only single work which contains the whole history of their empire in S. America, and of their persevering struggle against the Indian slave-trade, which was the remote but main cause of their overthrow. I am working at this from manuscript documents, some of which fatigue the sight.

“Murray sent me the other day the two first and two last volumes of your translation of Humboldt, which I shall review. This traveller has so encumbered his volumes with science, that I think you would do well to extract his travels, insert in them the readable part of his other works in their proper place, and thus put the generally interesting part within reach of the reading public. This is what Pinkerton ought to have done. Can you lend me Humboldt’s Essay on the Geography of Plants? It must, doubtless, contain some Brazilian information.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

To Joseph Cottle, Esq.

very much interested
 “Keswick, Oct. 17. 1814.”

“My dear Cottle,

“It is not long since I heard of you from De Quincey, but I wish you would let me sometimes hear *from you*. There was a time when scarcely a

day passed without my seeing you, and in all that time I do not remember that there ever was a passing coldness between us. The feeling, I am sure, continues; do not, then, let us be so entirely separated by distance, which in cases of correspondence may almost be considered as a mere abstraction. . . .

“Longman will send you my poem. It has been printed about two months, but he delays its publication till November, for reasons of which he must needs be the best judge. I am neither sanguine about its early, nor doubtful about its ultimate, acceptance in the world. The passion is in a deeper tone than in any of my former works; I call it a tragic poem for this reason; and also that the reader may not expect the same busy and complicated action which the term heroic might seem to promise. The subject has the disadvantage of belonging to an age of which little or no costume has been preserved. I was, therefore, cut off from all adornments of this kind, and had little left me to relieve the stronger parts but description, the best of which is from the life.

“Can you tell me anything of Coleridge? A few lines of introduction for a son of Mr. ~~_____~~, of St. James's (~~in your city~~), are all that we have received since I saw him last September twelvemonth in town. The children being thus entirely left to chance, I have applied to his brothers at ~~_____~~ concerning them, and am in hopes through ~~their~~ means, and the aid of other friends, of sending Hartley to

cloud of
(Cottle
p 386)

[Bathurst's July 28 1887.]

Biddulph

means

Sep + Oct

from him

at ~~_____~~ ^{Weymouth}

these

++ ^{of} Colind, himself. He may con-
-tinue to find men who will give
him board & lodging for the sake of
x his conversation, but who will pay
his other expenses? I cannot but
apprehend some shameful and
dreadful end to this deplorable
course, [nothing more about STC]

[x This sentence interpolated by Cottle
in another letter of Southey, - See
Cottle p. 386]

College. Lady Beaumont has promised 30*l.* ~~a year~~ *annually* for this purpose, Poole 10*l.* I wrote to Coleridge three or four months ago, telling him that unless he took some steps ~~in~~ providing for this object I must make the application, and required his answer within a given term of three weeks. He received the letter, and in his note by Mr. Biddulph promised to answer it, but he has never taken any further notice of it. I have acted with the advice of Wordsworth. The brothers, as I expected, promise their concurrence, and I daily expect a letter, stating to what amount they will contribute. *What is to become of* ++

Believe me, my dear Cottle,

Ever your affectionate old friend,

ROBERT SOUTHEY."

To Mr. Neville White.

" Keswick, Nov. 8. 1814.

" My dear Neville,

" I was *not* sorry that we did not meet at Ambleside merely to take leave. It is one of those things which, since my schoolboy days, I always avoid when I can; there are but too many of these long good-byes in life; and to one who has experienced in the losses you have sustained that fearful uncertainty of life which only experience makes us fully feel and understand, they are very painful. Our repast upon Kirkston* wore a good face of cheerfulness; but I could not help feeling

* A mountain pass leading from Ambleside to Patterdale.

how soon we were to separate, and how doubtful it was that the whole of the party would ever be assembled together again.

After our return Isabel was seized with a severe attack, and was brought to the very brink of the grave. I so verily expected to lose her, that I thought at one moment I had seen her for the last time. There are heavier afflictions than this, but none keener; and the joy and thankfulness which attend on recovery are proportionately intense. She has not yet regained her strength; but every day is restoring her, God be thanked.

“I am glad you have seen these children.
If, by God’s blessing, my life should be prolonged till they are grown up, I have no doubt of providing for them; and if Herbert’s life be spared, he has every thing which can be required to make his name a good inheritance to him.

“O dear Neville! how unendurable would life be if it were not for the belief that we shall meet again in a better state of existence. I do not know that person who is happier than myself, and who has more reason to be happy; and never was man more habitually cheerful; but this belief is the root which gives life to all, and holds all fast. God bless you!

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

727

judge upon principles which must be common to every modern European language; and he has not imitated the threadbare incidents of Homer, Virgil, and Tasso. But there is no conception of character, no grandeur of thought, no elevation of mind, no passion; very little of the cloak and embroidery of poetry, less of its body, nothing of its life and soul. The story is put together with some skill, but it is without interest. A multiplicity of characters are introduced, for none of whom do you feel any concern (one perhaps excepted, which is Laurena the widow of Carlomar); and the philosophy of the poem is precisely what you would expect from a poet who kisses the Pope's toe in his dedication. I am to review it, with the advantage of being well read in this particular branch of French poetry; having long since read the "Charlemagne" of Courtin, the "Alarique," the "Clovis," the "St. Louis," &c. &c.; many of which, indeed, are on my shelves.

Madame Staël means to write an heroic poem, in prose, of which our *Cœur de Lion* is to be the hero; and she talks of going into the Levant, in order to see the scene of action herself. She told me this, so you have it upon good authority.

I talk of a long journey next year; to Paris, by way of Dieppe, Caen, and Rouen; then down the Loire to Tours and Orleans; across the country of the Pyrenees, and from thence—casting a longing, lingering eye towards Spain—to Switzerland (if the state of things will allow), and down the Rhine to the land of the Frows, and the cheese and herrings and trackshuyts. Were I a single man, I should be in Spain; but being what I am, my life is of too much consequence to be put in the way of my old guerilla friends, who would neither know nor care whom they were shooting at for the sake of his portmanteau. Europe is left in a dismal state; and I am afraid that France, by getting a rea-

(Wortstoe)

To John King, Dec 12. 1814

sonably good Government, will improve her natural ascendancy in the course of a very few years, to the imminent danger of the rest of the disjointed continent. Oh, what an opportunity has been lost! Certain it is, that English statesmen are the very worst in the world.

We know nothing of Coleridge, save that the letters in the "Courier," signed "An Irish Protestant," are his. I have written to his brothers, and by their help, and that of some other friends, Hartley is going to Oxford in the spring. A good thing, called by the odd name of a postmastership, has been promised him at Merton, which will materially lighten the expense.

The concluding volume of my "History of Brazil" is in the press. It will contain much curious matter respecting savage life, and a full and fair account of the rise, progress, and fall of the Jesuit establishment in Paraguay, and in the heart of South America. I should have had much to show you, both within doors and without, if you could have staid here a few days. God knows when we shall meet again! I look southward, and frequently think that, in many respects, Bath would be the best residence for me. God bless you.

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHBY.

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq.

Keswick, December 15. 1814.

MY DEAR WYNN,

You must take the old lady's comfort in Shakespeare respecting your daughter, "'Tis a girl—promises boys hereafter."* There is yet time before you, and chance in your favour.

* Hen. VIII. act v. sc. 1.

729

doing it in some verses to the memory of Perceval, and this seems the favourite idea. Sometimes to the Army, or to the British People. Perhaps it will end in no dedication at all. Sometimes I have a half mind towards Canning,—upon this point, that I trust his voice will soon be heard powerfully in behalf of another war, as just, as inevitable, &c. If you see any fitness or unfitness in any of these embryo intentions, tell me. Your opinion will have, as you well know, much weight.

Ten o'clock, and I must go to the Senhora's to supper. Good night.

Shedaw is this day eleven years old. God bless you.
R. S.

To Mr. J. N. White.

Keswick, May 8. 1815.

MY DEAR NEVILLE,

I had resolved upon writing to you this evening, and, alas! my thoughts are drawn towards you very mournfully by a letter which this post has brought, informing me of poor Dusantoy's death. The fever at Cambridge has proved fatal to him, and he, too, like Henry, rests in the cloister of his own college! You may well suppose that this very much affects me. The poor lad originally wrote to me in consequence of reading Henry's "Remains." I advised him to a course which, to all human foresight, might have seemed most conducive to his welfare, and that course has led him to an early grave. It would be worse than weakness to feel anything like self-reproach, but it is impossible not to feel something more than an ordinary regret. James

will be shocked at this event. I thank God that *he* has escaped this danger, and I pray God the pestilence (for so it may be called) may not spread. My letter (which is from Tillbrooke) says that "in three days Cambridge, with respect to its colleges, will become an uninhabited desert!" God be merciful to us! How frail a thing is human life! And if this life were all, how unsupportable it would be!

Hartley is by this time at Oxford, and probably settled at Merton. What will his fate be? I hardly dare ask myself the question. He goes with the invaluable advantage of having a cousin in the University old enough to be his adviser, and not too old to be his friend; he takes with him a larger stock of Greek than is often carried to college, a powerful intellect, good principles, and good feelings. But with these he has some dangerous accompaniments; for he is headstrong, violent, perilously disposed to justify whatever he may wish to do, eccentric in all his ways, and willing to persuade himself that there is a merit in eccentricity. But his greatest danger arises from a mournful cause, against which it is impossible to protect, or even to caution him,—it arises from his father. Hartley is able to comprehend the powers of his father's mind, and has for it all that veneration which it is both natural and proper that he should feel. The conduct of the father is, of course, a subject on which no one would speak to the son; and Hartley, I believe, contrives to keep it out of his own sight; but if Coleridge should take it in his head to send for the boy to pass any of his vacations with him, there is the most imminent danger of his unsettling his mind upon the most important subjects, and the end would be utter and irremediable ruin. For Coleridge, totally regardless of all consequences, will lead him into all the depths and mazes of metaphysics: he would root up

731

from his mind, without intending it, all established principles; and if he should succeed in establishing others in their place, with one of Hartley's ardour and sincerity, they would never serve for the practical purposes of society, and he would be thrown out from the only profession or way of life for which he is qualified. This you see it is absolutely impossible to prevent. I know but too well, and Coleridge also knows, what an evil it is to be thus as it were cut adrift upon the sea of life; but experience is lost upon him.

This has been a sickly season; my young ones have all been affected with an endemic cold and cough, from which they are not yet thoroughly recovered, though, thank God, they are recovering. The "Eclectic" has not reached me yet. If the article be written by Montgomery, he has, probably, stated the scope of his objections in a letter which I received from him about a month ago, and which I thought more creditable to the benevolence of his temper than to his judgment. Wordsworth is in town. Have you seen the new edition of his poems? I do not hesitate to say that in the whole compass of poetry, ancient or modern, there is no collection of miscellaneous poems comparable to them, nor any work whatever which discovers greater strength of mind or higher poetical genius.

I am working on in the old horse-in-a-mill way at reviewing, with intervals of worthier employment upon the "Brazilian History," which is advancing in the press, and of which I have a huge pile of papers beside me. Remember me to Josiah Conder, and tell James that I am ashamed of not having written to him, but will speedily atone for my fault. All here unite in the kindest remembrances to you.

Believe me, my dear Neville,

Yours very affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, June 1. 1815.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

There are few persons who have more reason to be thankful that the privilege of franking exists, than myself; thanks to my friends, and to you in principal. I shall soon be coming to you with some Brazilian copy. I am about as far on my voyage as an Indian ship is when she has doubled the Cape.

La Vendée, I fear, has been stirring too soon. But France is in a hopeful way: the Royalists and the Imperialists cutting throats in one part, and a fair prospect that the Jacobines and the Imperialists may soon begin the same just and necessary work!

There is a book newly published called "The Journal of Penrose," a seaman, which I have heard of for twenty years, and which the editor and West the painter, by a *portentous* want of common sense, believe to be true* in its main parts! I mention it because there is something about the Buccaneers which very likely is true, and perhaps the Capitaneus may not have heard it before; — a practice they had sometimes of burying treasure, when they did not choose to risk it on board, and burying a prisoner with it, that his spirit might keep guard! In the second volume of this book there is the form of a paper said to have been found in such a deposit; and it looks very much as if it were genuine. Eagles (to whom this journal belonged) told me he thought it likely that the man who left it him had at one part of his life been among the Buccaneers. God bless you.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

* Truth is often stranger than falsehood; and so it is proved in this case. *Williams* was the author's real name. See "Blackwood's Magazine" for March, 1855, — "THE BEGGAR'S LEGACY."

733

but is that which I have uniformly entertained upon the subject. Go cheerfully forward, and when you are settled upon a curacy, look out for some pupils, and live in hope.

Mr. Tillbrook is in this country, and has brought with him poor Dusantoy's papers. I need not tell you of what I was reminded while performing the melancholy office of examining these relics. There is nothing among them in any degree approaching to the finish of Henry's pieces, some of which were as perfect as he could have made them at any age, and must hold their place in our popular Florilegia as long as the English language endures. But there are abundant proofs of power, and desire, and genius. Wordsworth was with me, and fully agreed with me that there would be ample materials for one volume; popular it cannot be, like the "Remains," still it will be a monument, and an honourable one, to his memory. The next step must be to obtain the consent of his parents for this, and to enquire concerning his letters. The parents have made no enquiry for his papers; for this there may be two causes, both alike probable: their grief may be as yet too recent, or they may regard them as things of no consequence; for I learn from Tillbrook, that his father used to speak of his fondness for poetry as a trifling or silly pursuit, and express sometimes a hope that he had done with it. It will be better to communicate my wish to the family, and learn what there may be through some person who is well acquainted with them, than to write immediately myself; and as I learn from the fragment of a letter that he had an uncle at Salisbury, I think I have an opportunity of doing this through him by means of one of my own most particular friends.

Tillbrook thinks you may perhaps know something of his correspondents. Had he any confidential friend

to whom he was in the habit of writing? Tell me anything you know which may direct me in these enquiries. Poor fellow, had he never applied to me for advice, he would not thus have been cut off from all hopes!

I expect to see Neville in less than three weeks, for I purpose running over to Flanders for a month's excursion in company with my brother Henry and his bride. Neville has been strenuously aiding him in a canvass for the Middlesex Hospital, and I believe has been the most zealous and most useful of his friends. I received a letter from Neville yesterday, and am sorry to hear so poor an account of your excellent mother. Pray remember me and Mrs. Southey also to her and your sisters.

It is well that you were not in Cambridge during the last calamitous sickness, and perhaps you might have been there had you been successful in your examination. The fever clearly seems to have differed in some respects from any which had formerly appeared there; and whether it were contagious, or, which is more probable, endemic, I think there is some danger of its breaking out again when the season recurs; for the cause is so little known, or rather so entirely unknown, that all precautions for preventing a recurrence must be mere guess-work. If any friend of mine were about to go to the University I should earnestly recommend him to make Oxford his choice, upon this account.

Believe me, my dear James,

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

P.S. All who recollect you here, desire to be kindly remembered. Hartley is of Merton College, Oxford, and is now spending the vacation with his father at Calne, in Wiltshire.

To Humphrey Senhouse, Esq.

“ Keswick, March 22. 1817.

“ My dear Senhouse,

“ You see I am flourishing in the newspapers as much as Joanna Southcote did before her expected accouchement. And I have not flourished in Chancery* because a Presbyterian parson has made oath that I gave the MSS. to him and to another person whom I never saw in my life. There is no standing against perjury, and therefore it is useless to pursue the affair into a court of law. I have addressed two brief letters to William Smith in the Courier; and there the matter will end on my part, unless he replies to them. In the second of those letters you will see the history of Wat Tyler, as far as it was needful to state it. There was no occasion for stating that about a year after it was written I thought of making a serious historical drama upon the same subject, which would have been on the side of the mob in its main feelings, but in a very different way; and, indeed, under the same circumstances, I should have brained a tax-gatherer just as he did. The *refaccimento* proceeded only some fifty or three score lines, of which I only remember this short passage; part of it having been transplanted into Madoc. Some one has been saying, *a plague on time!* in reference to Tyler's gloomy state of mind, to which he replies —

* My father seems to have mistaken the grounds of the Chancellor's decision. Probably he had only been informed of the result, and had not seen the judgment.

‘ Gently on man doth gentle Nature lay
 The weight of years ; and even when over laden
 He little likes to lay the burden down.
 A plague on care, I say, that makes the heart
 Grow old before its time.’

“ Had it been continued, it might have stood beside Joan of Arc, and perhaps I should have become a dramatic writer. But Joan of Arc left me no time for it then, and it was dismissed, as I supposed, for ever from my thoughts. I hear that in consequence of this affair, and of the effect which that paper in the Quarterly produced, Murray has printed two thousand additional copies of the number. And yet the paper has been dismally mutilated of its best passages and of some essential parts. I shall have a second part in the next number to follow up the blow.

“ My fear is that when commerce recovers, as it presently will, Government should suppose that the danger is over ; and think that the disease is removed because the fit is past. There are some excellent remarks in Coleridge’s second lay sermon upon the over-balance of the commercial spirit, that greediness of gain among all ranks to which I have more than once alluded in the Quarterly. If Coleridge could but learn how to deliver his opinions in a way to make them read, and to separate that which would be profitable for all, from that which scarcely half a dozen men in England can understand (I certainly am not one of the number), he would be the most useful man of the age, as I verily believe him in acquirements and in powers of mind to be very far the greatest.

Yours very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

737

SÉLECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co.
New-street-Square.

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

&c. &c. &c.

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B. D.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;

VICAR OF WEST TARRING, SUSSEX.

"Southey's Letters show his true Character."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

MS. Letter to Mrs. Southey, April 28. 1843.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.

1856.

74

LETTERS
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Miss Barker.

London, Nov. 9. 1815.

I AM afraid, Senhora, that the letters, which I wrote from Brussels did not reach their destination, for there is no allusion to them in those which we have received from the Venerable * and the juvenile Moon. One was a second letter of wonders, carrying us, if I recollect rightly, to Ghent. The other was to yourself, and brought our history as far as Brussels. I found it impossible to write anything more than my journal, which occupied every minute I could spare, even on those days when we were stationary. You know how little leisure is to be obtained in a foreign country, when your curiosity is always on the alert, and eyes and ears both upon active service from morning till night.

You shall, however, have our whole history in due form when we return. My journal is very full. That portion which relates to the fields of battle I shall extract, and affix either as preface or postscript to my

* This was Mrs. Coleridge's household name.

projected poem. The rest I may arrange and fill up at leisure to leave among my papers. Here in London I can find time for nothing; and to make things *worse*, the devil, who owes me an old grudge, has made me sit to Philipps for a picture for Murray. I have in my time been tormented in this manner so often, and to such little purpose, that I am half tempted to suppose the devil was the inventor of portrait painting.

To-day (Thursday) we are to see the Lord Mayor's Show. It is raining, and will continue to rain. We go in about an hour to Rickman's, to see the water part of the pageant; then to Josiah Conder's in St. Paul's Church Yard, to see the procession by land. To-morrow for Streatham, between which place and Champion Hill (Mrs. Gonne's) we shall remain till the Saturday of next week: on that day we go to John May's, and return from his house to London on the Monday; then, after four or, at the most, five days, we set off on our return, for which we are all equally impatient. I am weary of this continual movement and bustle, and long most heartily to be once more at home and at work, — the best kind of rest.

I have bought for the Mountain Marshal a cuirassier's pistol from the spoil at Waterloo, and also a piece of kick-man-jiggery from Aix-la-Chapelle, which, being a very out of the way sort of thing, and pretending to be useful, is more fit for the said Marshal than for anybody else. There is as yet no news of any of my books. There are some Dutch volumes among them ("Lives of the Painters"), with heads by Houbracken: some of the very finest of his works.

I am writing upon Herbert's desk, and I mend my pen with Herbert's knife; a knife of queer cut from Namur, containing two blades and corkscrew, and steel for striking fire to light his pipe, and an instrument for picking the pipe: the latter will serve to untie parcels,

1817.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

67

I am unable only an hour now to see my second letter to Mr. Smith [a West's affair] in the papers 743

because it will

acquit me of the miserable folly imputed to me in Shadwell's speech.

I have received a very kind letter from Wilberforce on the occasion. There was an article in Tuesday's "Courier," by Coleridge, upon the subject.

God bless you.

R. S.

March 22/17

To Wynn

To C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M.P.

Keswick, March 26. 1817.

MY DEAR WYNN,

I do not by any means regret the application to Chancery: it was the straightforward course; and the question could not have been referred to a Court of Law (being so plain a case) if a false defence had not been set up, and supported by perjury. There is a strong impression upon my mind that Winterbottom is dead; and it is much less improbable to me that a fellow should have been found to swear falsely in his name, than that he,—a dissenting minister,—a man who was said to have undergone the same change in his opinions as I have done, should in the first place be guilty of so base an act as to publish the book, and then to defend the act by a direct perjury. My magazines, in which it appears to me that I have read of his death, are unluckily forty miles off at the binder's. But I have taken measures for ascertaining this matter; and if it should prove that my suspicions are well founded, the transaction will assume a very different aspect from what it now wears. Luckily, I have the rough draft of my first letter, and shall therefore throw them both into

one: but this I will delay till I have satisfied myself about Winterbottom.

A word or two about my intolerance. I recollect but two persons of whom I have spoken with acrimony in the true sense of the word. Whitbread in the "Register," and Joseph Lancaster. In the first case, I was treating of a leading politician, whose opinions would have laid this country at Bonaparte's mercy. As for my allusions to the "Edinburgh Review," it would surprise me much if I were censured for speaking as I think upon that subject, abstaining, as I have uniformly done, from anything in the way of personal defence during fifteen years of continual attack on their part. In the article which William Smith pulled out of his pocket, I have called Hunt an incendiary for one of the wickedest paragraphs that ever was written; and I have bestowed the same appellation upon Cobbett. Can any man in his senses think these misapplied? And for the passage which William Smith read (p. 227.), it neither names any individual, nor alludes to any, but deals in generals, relating to those metaphysicians who begin by denying the difference between right and wrong. Of such men as myself there is plain mention (p. 237.), and so far have I been from having ever sought to put my former opinions in the shade, that they are placed in broad daylight in the "Pilgrimage to Waterloo;" nor have I ever cancelled a line in my early poems on this account. They who blame me for intolerance should remember the abuse which has been incessantly poured upon me.

Wilberforce wrote me a very handsome letter upon William Smith's conduct, saying that he felt as if he had to clear his own character from a stain, till he assured me that he was not in the house at the time.

It will be unfortunate if I shall miss you on my transit. I shall be in London (God willing) on the

were to sconce me a quarter's salary for it, I can tell them this, that I could get 25*l.* in less time than it would take me to make a better. Nevertheless, if anything comes into a head, which is at present far too much occupied to have room in it for stray fancies, I will give the "Minerva" birth; and, peradventure, it may do as well for next year as for this, if all parties concerned should see another new year, and if Europe continues for so long at peace. Shields is a goodnatured man; and, really, I will in future let him have my exercise in full time. He shall have it by the end of November. At present I think we are completely out of the scrape.

My dear Grosvenor, why do you speak in such terms of Haydon? who is, even by the acknowledgment of those who dislike him most, a man of first-rate power in his art. He may have done some foolish things, and acted indiscreetly in others; but to speak of him with contempt, and call him a coxcomb, is out of all reason. He has long since broken off all connection with Leigh Hunt on account of his mischievous opinions; but I have nothing to do with his friendships or his enmities. I know him only as one of those painters who, if opportunity were given them, would place this country as much above all others in that art, as we are in arms and in poetry, and in the real enjoyments of life.

Nor do you speak in consonance with my feelings concerning your friend Mr. Fielding, and James Fontaine. If the former is thinking more of the world to come than of this, it is not a mental dram-drinking to which he has taken, but the only proper diet. Fontaine is not a dreamer, but a sober and rational inquirer into a subject of no trifling importance, inasmuch as it involves the most reasonable objection to our established creed. He has not written well, and, therefore, will produce little or no effect. The book is far too

Oct 227. Smyth to Mrs Smithy Breatham

August 13. 1877 :-

" Has been that (very)
" was at the Courier Office & called there yesterday.
" The report was unfounded but I saw Stuart
" there who explained to me not to that reason
" of the manner in which I had spoken ~~in~~ in
" his book of the connection with the M. Post.
" I shall get to Highgate tomorrow - So the
" from the note (which I received this morning)
" that he looks toward Reswood as if he meant
" to live there. At present, this can not be
" a point of view - the Hickman being
" our guest - if he means to live with his
" family it must be upon a separate estate
" - must. I shall see the specter hardly nor
" understand but at my time of life with

long, and wants method as well as condensation. But he is right, and when I come to town I should like to see him.

My house is dismally silent. Tantemagne* (a coin-age this moment from the mint) went yesterday with Sara and Shedaw to Rydal, where they will stay about a fortnight. Talking of Tantemagne, I threaten her sometimes that I will import an *aunt-eater* from Brazil.

I wrote lately to Wynn, urging him to stand in Romilly's place, and put himself at the head of that reform on the criminal laws which must be made, and which he will conduct with more judgment and upon better principles than Sir Samuel. I do not want him to be more in opposition than he is; indeed, I would far rather see him with the Government, and this he knows. But I would have him more in the eyes of the country, and here the way for him is open.

I suppose Murray will have to send me Mr. Butler's book. We have an interchange of this kind, and are upon the best terms with each other; — though he is the most zealous defender of the Catholics (his own persuasion), and I the most zealous opposer of that abominable corruption of Christianity, and of the impudent cry of Catholic Emancipation.

God bless you, and give you many a happy new year.
R. S.

To Walter Savage Landor, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 3. 1819.

MY DEAR LANDOR,

I procrastinated my intended letter too long, till, upon the belief you would have left Como, I knew

* Mrs. Coleridge.

“Remember us to Mrs. Scott and your daughter, who is now, I suppose, the flower of the Tweed.

Believe me, my dear Scott,

Ever affectionately yours,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

In a preceding letter my father refers to an article on the Poor Laws which he was then preparing for the Quarterly Review. This was a subject he would hardly have taken up of himself, being well aware of his inability to handle topics requiring a clear head for statistical calculation and political economy. He had, however, been urged to it by Mr. Rickman, who furnished him with information and argument on all those points he felt himself unequal to—“as a history of the poor rates, a *catalogue raisonné* of the abominable effects of the Poor Laws, an *exposé* of the injudicious quackeries which from generation to generation had made bad worse.”

It appears that although “the Poor-Law question and its remedies, if to be remedied,” would have seemed, of all subjects, one of the least objectionable for discussion, Gifford at first had some fears lest it might be rather above the temperature of the Review, and to his hesitation about inserting it (before he had seen it) the following letter refers; while the next shows that a perusal of the paper removed his objections.

To John Rickman, Esq.

“April 5. 1818.

“My dear R.,

“I apprehended, as you know, some such demurrer on the part of the feeble. They are, I believe, the only persons who, when engaged in mortal combat, were ever afraid of provoking their enemies, or striking them too hard. . . .

“Murray wrote me a brief note the other day, wherein, without any mention of this paper, he said he never desired to see another article upon either politics or religion in the Review, because they are ‘certain of offending a great mass of people.’ I replied to this at some length in a way which for a little while would impress the magnus homo; but because Mackintosh and a few other Ops. praise a number which does them no harm, he fancies because they are pleased the rest of his readers must be pleased too. This is the mere impression for the moment; but that the Review will ever proceed in a bold, upright, and straightforward course is not to be expected.

“I have a chance letter from Stuart: he says Cobbett has fallen one third in sale, and all such publications are declining, but the anarchists are as active as ever, and new opportunities will occur for bringing their venom into life. ‘These wretches,’ he continues, ‘are effecting their purposes by libelling; they are driving off the ground every man that can oppose them; they are conquering by scandal, and

Ministers wish as much as others to keep out of the way. Unless this spirit of scandal is put down, unless the licentiousness of the press be restrained, certainly it will effect a revolution, — restrained I mean by new laws, and new regulations. It is altogether, as at present practised, a *new thing*, not older than the French Revolution. I can perceive every one shrinking from it, — you, me, Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c. Every one about the press dreads Cobbett's scandal; and thus when a man throws off all consideration of character, he has all others in his power. Even the Ministry, too, and their friends, I think shrink from those who fight their battles, when covered with filth in the fray.'

Stuart
copy

“ Stuart is wrong in two points. This sort of scandal is certainly as old as Junius and Wilkes, perhaps much older; and he mistakes my feelings upon the subject and Wordsworth's.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To John Rickman, Esq.

“ April 11. 1818.

“ My dear R.,

“ I am not a little pleased that the paper has passed through the hands of Gifford with so little mutilation. . . . My letter to Murraymagne in reply to his intended act of exclusion, has had its proper effect; but behold the said Murraymagne does not regard the Poor Law paper as political:

‘ Such papers as these,’ he says, ‘ are exceedingly desirable for the Review, because they are of essential service to the country, and they must obtain for us the esteem of all well-thinking men.’ He only meant that we should avoid all *party* politics. I wish he did mean this. However, for the present we have got a most important paper — most important in two points — for strengthening authority, as much as for its remedy for the evil of the Poor Laws.

.

“ The second Police Report is not of the character which you supposed. There is much valuable matter in it; and indeed, both Reports furnish stronger positions for me than for the enemy to occupy. The Bow-street men appear to great advantage in both. It really appears as if the coffee shops would almost supersede dram-drinking, so comfortable do the working classes find *warmth* and *distention* (your philosophy). Do you know that of all known substances coffee produces the most of that excitement which is required in fatigue? The hunters in the Isle of France and Bourbon take no other provision into the woods. And Bruce tells us that the viaticum of the Galla in their expeditions consists of balls of ground coffee and butter, one per diem (I believe) the size of a walnut sufficing to prevent the sense of hunger. I have just made a curious note upon the same subject for the History of Brazil: a people in the very heart of S. America, living beside a lake of unwholesome water, instead of making maize beer, like all their neighbours, carbonised their maize, — as good a substitute for coffee as any which was

jured up for the time feelings of security from anxiety which had no solid foundation, but which served for the time to excuse him to himself for declining them.

To John Kenyon, Esq.

“ Keswick, June 13. 1818.

“ My dear Sir,

“ Your letter to Mr. Coleridge, which has this day arrived, enables me to thank you for Dobrizhoffer, and for the good old Huguenot Jean de Leny. The American by whom the letter was sent to my brothers has not yet made his appearance at the Lakes. When he comes I will provide him with an introduction to Wordsworth if he should not bring one from London; and if he is particularly desirous of seeing live poets, he shall have credentials for Walter Scott. I suppose an American inquires for them as you or I should do in America for a skunk or an opossum. They are become marvellously abundant in England; so that publications which twenty years ago would have attracted considerable attention, are now coming from the press in shoals unnoticed. This makes it the more remarkable that America should be so utterly barren: since the Revolution they have not produced a single poet who has been heard of on this side of the Atlantic. Dwight and Barlow both belong to the Revolution; and well was it for the Americans, taking them into the account, that we could not say of them — *tam Marte, quam Mercurio*.

“I am very sorry that your friend Ritchie should have gone upon an expedition which has proved fatal to every one who has yet undertaken it, and which I think the amateur geographising ‘gentlemen of England who sit at home at ease’ are altogether unjustifiable in pursuing at such a cost of valuable lives. The object is not tantamount, as it is in a voyage of discovery. In such voyages men are only exposed to some additional risk in the way of their profession, and the reward, if they return safe, is certain and proportionate; but, here, Mungo Park went upon his second expedition literally because he could not support his family after the first. If, however, Ritchie should live to accomplish his object, I am no ways apprehensive that his reputation will be eclipsed by his intended rival Ali Bey, that solemn professor of humbug having always made less use of his opportunities than any other traveller. . . .

“If you go through Cologne (as I suppose you will), do not fail to visit St. Ursula and the Eleven Thousand Virgins, whose relics form the most extraordinary sight that the Catholic superstition has to display. You will also find the Three Kings in the same city well worthy a visit to their magnificent shrine. From thence to Mentz and Frankfort you will see everywhere the havoc which the Revolution has made; further I cannot accompany your journey. We came to Frankfort from Heidelburgh and the Black Forest.

Yours most truly,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.”

753
To Neville White Jan 9 1819
 which (supposing them to be totally abandoned) the inward and spiritual grace could no more exist, than our life could exist on earth without the body in which it resides. Now I affirm that it is just as much the duty of a Government to establish a National Church, endow it largely, and support it liberally, as it is for the father of a family to train up his children in the way he would have them go.

I am most exceedingly obliged to your friend Mr. John M'Neile, and I beg you will tell him so when you have an opportunity. I should not have known that such a book was in existence, had it not been for the Yankee Report, and nothing could have been more opportune for me than its arrival. You know with what solicitude I seek for documents upon every subject on which I am employed, but you can hardly estimate the great delight there is in obtaining them, when they are not easily obtainable, and especially when they are unexpected.

Mrs. Southey desires to be most kindly remembered. Edith and Sara are with Mrs. Coleridge, at Wordsworth's, as happy as playfellows, jackasses, and fiddles, can make them. These are the joys of their dancing days!

God bless you, my dear Neville.

Yours most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To John Rickman, Esq., &c.

Keswick, Jan. 25. 1819.

MY DEAR R.,

Thank you for a succession of proof sheets, every one of which operates upon me like the crack of a whip in the air upon a willing horse. I have been lucky enough, by means of Neville White, to get a history of Buenos Ayres, Tucuman, and Paraguay, lately printed at Buenos Ayres, which I first saw mentioned in the "Report" of the Yankee Commissioners. Nothing could arrive more opportunely; it gives me information where I most wanted it, and in the most satisfactory manner confirms the view I had taken of those points that are most disputed. In this work of Funes' is the only account which has ever appeared of the tremendous insurrection of the Peruvians under one of the Inca blood in 1782-3. In two instances they demolished the fortifications of a Spanish town by bringing a *river* to bear upon them. It is very evident to me, that if the Indians were as active and as powerful now as they were forty years ago, the end of these civil wars would be, that they would destroy the surviving Spaniards, and lay the country waste; but I suspect that since the expulsion of the Jesuits, spirits have been introduced among them freely, and that this has contributed to destroy them, almost as much as their own cursed practices of abortion and infanticide. The Buenos Ayres historian, however, speaks of them as still formidable.

God bless you.

R. S.

757
 To Westbury May 5. 1819
 This I mention because it has been vacillating a hair-breadth about *change* for the last week, and the weather all the while as fixed as Fate, whence I conclude that Dollond, the maker, has been accustomed to make weather glasses for the Opposition. I have nothing else to tell you, except that lately I had a rat roasted for supper, which was very good, though it would have been better had the rat been not so young. It was more like roasted pig than anything else. Shedaw liked it much; Sara thought it not amiss; but as for Mrs. C——, you should have seen her face when we talked of it at breakfast.

It is a good thing for me that Tom is so near; his house is a gun-shot from that delightful *beck* in Newlands wherein you and I have bathed; and there I shall bathe before this week is over, if the weather continues as warm as it is now.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Messrs. Longman & Co.

Keswick, May 7. 1819.

DEAR SIR,

A lucky misapprehension respecting new and old Methodists has procured me some very interesting information from your correspondent Mr. Keene, upon a subject of which I had no knowledge before, and which is of much importance to my work. I enclose a letter which you will have the goodness to get franked to him. In it I have explained to him what further documents I require from Ireland.

I hoped to have been in London at this time; but there has been a succession of illness in my family, and the "History of Brazil" has grown under my hands far beyond all calculation, owing to the richness of my unprinted documents, and to the materials which have reached me while this volume has been in the press. However, we are printing the last chapter,—a long and very important one,—containing a full view of the present state of Brazil. It would have been worth 100%. if I had transferred it to the "Quarterly Review." But it is in its proper place,—the fit conclusion of a work upon which my reputation hereafter may safely rest.

"Nichols's Anecdotes" are such a huge store of materials, applicable to many works which I have in hand and in mind, that I must keep them. Please to send me the "Illustrations" which he has published as a sequel, and that number of the "Pamphleteer," containing Koster on the Slave Trade, which I must refer to in my "View of Brazil."

I shall be getting once more on the wrong side of your books; for during the last half-year, the "Brazil" has swallowed up almost all my labour, like a sinking fund. But "Wesley" and the sale of "Paraguay" will bring me round; and my long New England poem is now in that state of forwardness that I begin to calculate upon it.

Yours truly,

R. SOUTHEY.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“ Keswick, Dec. 3. 1819.

“ My dear Grosvenor,

“ . . . I must trespass on you farther, and request that you will seal up ten pounds, and leave it with Rickman, directed for Charles Lamb, Esq. from R. S. It is for poor John Morgan, whom you may remember some twenty years ago. This poor fellow, whom I knew at school, and whose mother has sometimes asked me to her table, when I should otherwise have gone without a dinner, was left with a fair fortune, from 10,000*l.* to 15,000*l.*, and without any vice or extravagance of his own he has lost the whole of it. A stroke of the palsy has utterly disabled him from doing anything to maintain himself; his wife, a good-natured, kind-hearted woman, whom I knew in her bloom, beauty, and prosperity, has accepted a situation as mistress of a charity-school, with a miserable salary of 40*l.* a-year; and this is all they have. In this pitiable case, Lamb and I have promised him ten pounds a-year each, as long as he lives. I have got five pounds a-year for him from an excellent fellow, whom you do not know, and who chooses on this occasion to be called A. B., and I have written to his Bristol friends, who are able to do more for him than we are, and on whom he has stronger personal claims; so that I hope we shall secure him the decencies of life. You will understand that this is an *explanation* to you, not an *application*. In a case of this kind, contributions become

Morgan

757

a matter of feeling and duty among those who know the party, but strangers are not to be looked to.

“ God bless you !

R. S.”

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

“ Keswick, Dec. 20. 1819.

“ My dear G.,

“
I have been obliged to complain to Gifford of the mutilations which he has made in this paper. Pray recover the manuscript if you can; or, what would be better, the set of proof sheets. It is very provoking to have an historical paper of that kind, which, perhaps, no person in England but myself could have written, treated like a schoolboy's theme. Vexed however as I am, I have too much liking for Gifford to be angry with him, and have written to him in a manner which will prove this.

“ Your godson, thank God, is going on well, and his father has nothing to complain of except indeed that he gets more praise than pudding. I had a letter last night which would amuse you. A certain H. Fisher, ‘printer in ordinary to his Majesty,’ of Caxton Printing Office, Liverpool, writes to bespeak of me a memoir of his present Majesty in one or two volumes octavo, pica type, longprimer notes, terms five guineas per sheet; and ‘as the work will be sold principally among the middle class of society,

I must observe, also, that some very singular, and to me unaccountable, notions on natural history, are frequently implied in her discourse; which, when she is questioned concerning them, she avows and maintains with great consequence and pertinacity. She insists upon it that stone and wood are the same thing; that all dogs, whether male or female, are of the masculine gender, and all cats female; and, to prove this last extraordinary, and, as I may call it, preposterous assertion, she tells me that I never call my son puss, though I do call one of my daughters so,—choosing to overlook the manner in which the little girl came to be so called, as being christened Katharine, from whence, by easy and natural steps, we got to Puss. But what is yet more singular, all things which she does not exactly like are toads. Toads drop from her lips as they did from the hair of the ill-natured fairy in the story-book, who powdered with them. She applies the name to all persons and all things, animate or inanimate, real or notional, you or me, a cow or a cold, a flea or a fiddlestick, a book, a pen, a dance, a tune, the wind, the weather, the day, whatever happens to displease her. So general, indeed, is the use she makes of it, that one might almost suppose it were derived from the Spanish *todo*, which signifies all and everything, were it not that she spells it as you here see it spelt, and explains it to mean that poor, calumniated, persecuted, squat, squab animal who is the frog's first cousin.

But it is time that this long letter should be concluded. I will conclude it, therefore, with offering to your consideration a thought which has occurred to me while writing it. There is an hypothesis concerning the origin of language, which (to use an Americanism) has been advocated by some Hebricians and some Welsh anti-quaries. It is, that the principal language was not revealed to our first parents, but was “the result of a

70 G. Bedford see 24 1822
 natural aptitude in the organs of speech to utter certain definite articulations, according to the impulse of man's internal emotions." A certain number of imitations and significant radicals were thus produced, and the rest being matters of combination and caprice, were, of course, infinitely variable. Attempts have been made to show that the principle may, at this time, be clearly traced in the Welsh and Hebrew roots. For some singular and whimsical illustrations of this theory, I refer you to Mr. Davies's "Celtic Researches," a book in other respects, well worth reading, being full of Kimbric learning. I have heard that the notion has been pursued much farther by an ingenious, fanciful, and patient German. He supposed that the characters of the Hebrew alphabet are of divine appointment, and carry with them the proof of their superhuman origin, each being so shaped as to represent the exact form which the organs of speech assume in making the sound denoted by it. He is said to have spent a great many years in pronouncing these letters with his back to the light, a looking-glass before him, his mouth wide open, and a pencil in his hand, to catch the likeness, and finally succeeded in producing a series of anatomical drawings to illustrate his hypothesis.

all
 Something correlative, not to the German's notion, but to the theory maintained by my brethren of the Cymmrodorion, I remember to have heard more than twenty years ago when dining, *moi quatrième*, in company with Mr. Pettier. He was expatiating to Mr. Coleridge and myself, for our edification, upon the peculiar excellences of French poetry, and of the French language as adapted for poetry. And he instanced both in these three words from Racine, — "*Roi des rois*;" words, he said, which no person could pronounce properly, or hear properly pronounced, without being sensible in himself of an expansion and

M

Southey to

Madame S. Ann Holmes,

Hotel Gabriel

Place d'Armes

Versailles

Paris Feb 6th 1822

About a Chevalier de La
Sagrie who is translating
something of Southey - he
wrote me some dates &
of how when then for
proofs. Speaks of

a translation of Rodarick
by Bernard Seneceus [?]
who in the 8th book

translates "notes in the
sublime" as papillons
de nuit:

Westall has many
drawings - which are being
engraved.

Much about Byron's
Byron's attack on Southey -
~~where~~ (from Haynes Catalogue)

26

THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. V.

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SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.



E. Naab

H. Rohmsen

Bartha, Katherine and Isabel Southey.

LONDON: LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN & LONGMANS.

T H E

L I F E & C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

o f t h e l a t e

R O B E R T S O U T H E Y ,

I N S I X V O L U M E S .

E D I T E D B Y H I S S O N .

The Rev.^d Charles Cuthbert Southey.

V O L . V .

L o n d o n ,

L O N G M A N , B R O W N , G R E E N & L O N G M A N S .

1850.



782

THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EDITED BY HIS SON, THE
REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A.
CURATE OF PLUMBLAND CUMBERLAND.

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CONTENTS

OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.

CHAPTER XXV.

Opinions on Political and Social Subjects. — Curious Bequest from a Lunatic. — Letter to him. — Dislike of the Quakers to Poetry. — Life of Wesley. — Colloquies with Sir Thomas More. — Sir Howard Douglas. — The King's Death. — Prospects of Society. — Rev. Peter Elmsley. — New Fashion of Poetry of Italian Growth. — Don Juan. — Political Forebodings. — Parallel Roads in Scotland. — Death of the Duke de Berri. — Beguinage Scheme. — English Sisterhoods. — His Brother Edward. — John Morgan. — Laureate Odes. — The Life of Wesley. — Letter in Rhyme from Wales. — Account of his receiving the Honorary Degree of D. C. L. at Oxford. — Return home. — Congratulations to Neville White on his Marriage. — Opinions on the Life of Wesley. — Excuses for Idleness. — Occupations. — Letter from Shelley. — Projected Life of George Fox. — Mr. Westall and Mr. Nash. — The Vision of Judgment. — Classical Studies. — Roderick translated into French. — Biographical Anecdote. — Death of Miss Tyler. — Birthday Ode. — Portuguese Affairs. — 1820—1821 - - - Page 1

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Vision of Judgment. — Lord Byron. — Mr. Jeffrey's Opinion of his Writings. — Wordsworth's Ecclesiastical Sonnets. — State of Spain. — Scarcity of great Statesmen. — The *Εικων Βασιλικη*. — Hobbes's Behemoth. — Failure of an Attempt to recover some Family Estates. — Lonely Feelings at Oxford. — The Vision of Judgment approved by the King. — American Visitors. — Disap-

proval of the Language of the Quarterly Review towards America. — American Divinity. — Account of Netherhall. — Bohemian Lottery. — Hampden. — A new Candidate for the Protection of the Game Laws. — State of Ireland. — Sir Edward Dering. — Decree of the Long Parliament. — Spanish America. — Humboldt's Travels. — State of Italy, of Spain, and of England. — 1821. Page 66

CHAPTER XXVII.

Religious Feelings. — The Book of the Church. — History of the Peninsular War. — Lord Byron. — Spanish Affairs. — Mr. Landor's new Work. — Improvements in London. — Effects of general Education. — Visit from Mr. Lightfoot. — Dr. Channing and the Reverend Christopher Benson. — General Peachey. — Dwight's Travels. — Editorship of the Quarterly Review. — The Laureateship. — Ways and Means. — The Peninsular War. — Course of his Reading. — Catholic Emancipation. — Illustrations of Roderick. — Posthumous Fame. — The Quarterly Review. — American Visitors. — Wordsworth's Poetry. — Mr. Morrison. — Owen of Lanark. — Danger of the Country. — Blanco White. — The French in Spain. — Journey to London. — Rowland Hill. — The Daily Study of the Scriptures recommended. — 1822—1823 - - - 108

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Plan for uniting the Wesleyan Methodists with the Church. — Amusing domestic Scene. — Opinions of the Book of the Church. — Roderick translated into Dutch Verse. — Effects of the Nitrous Oxide. — Enmity more active than Friendship. — Odd Books in reading. — Lord Byron's Death. — Cause of the Delay in the Publication of the Peninsular War. — Estimate of Human Nature. — The Book of the State. — Wishes to procure the Publications of the Record Committee. — Reasons for declining to be named one of the Royal Literary Associates. — Prevalence of Atheism. — History of the Monastic Orders. — The Doctor, &c. — Love of planning new Works. — Habit of reading while walking. — Wesleyan Methodists. — Long Life not desirable. — Mr. Telford. — Lord Byron. — The Quarterly Review. — Plan of Oliver Newman.

State of Ireland. — He is attacked in the Morning Chronicle. — Bible and Missionary Societies. — Evils of severe Reviews. — Smedley's Poems. — Mr. Butler's Reply to the Book of the Church. — Reasons for not visiting Ireland. — Literary Obligations. — Vindiciæ Ecc. Anglicanæ in progress. — Wishes to make a Tour in Holland. — Want of Readiness in Speech. — Hayley. — 1824—1825 - - - - - Page 159

CHAPTER XXIX.

Tour in Holland. — He is laid up at Leyden at Mr. Bilderdijk's. — Rev. R. Phillips. — Mr. Butler. — Mr. Canning. — Motives for choosing Friends. — Visitors to Keswick. — Tendency of his Ecclesiastical Writings. — Sisters of Charity. — The Quarterly Review. — Metaphysics. — Rules for Composition. — Knowledge of History the first Requisite for a Statesman. — The Bullion Question. — Jacob Cats. — Wishes to write a Continuation to Warton's History of Poetry. — Mr. Bilderdijk. — Dangers of the Manufacturing System. — Effects of Time upon the Mind. — His own religious Feelings. — Short Tour in Holland. — Death of his youngest Daughter. — Wishes as to Posthumous Publications. — Letter to his Daughters on the Death of their Sister. — 1825—1826 - - - 213

CHAPTER XXX.

He is returned to Parliament for the Borough of Downton. — Declines to take his Seat. — Growth of his Opinions. — His Autobiography. — Emigration. — The Edinburgh Annual Register a useful Occupation to him. — Sharon Turner's History of England. — Ambition. — Fruitless Efforts to induce him to sit in Parliament. — Reasons for declining to do so. — Fortunate Course of Life. — Different Modes of Preaching necessary to different Congregations. — He is requested to undertake the Editorship of the Garriek Papers. — Illness of Mr. Bilderdijk. — Death of Bard Williams. — A Quaker Album. — Domestic Afflictions. — State of Holland. — Death of Lord Liverpool. — Dislike of Political Economy. — Foreign Quarterly Review. — State of the Scotch Kirk. — Politics, Home and Foreign. — Relative Happiness of Nations. — Decreasing Sale of his Works. — National Education. — 1826—1827 - - - 260

CHAPTER XXXI.

Visit to Harrogate. — Album Verses. — Lord Colchester. — Constitutional Bashfulness. — The Prospect of another Life the only solid Foundation for Happiness. — Proposes to collect his Political Essays. — Mr. Canning. — Home Politics. — Projected Life of Wolfe. — Ground of his Opinions. — Mr. May. — Mr. Cottle. — Mr. King. — Intercourse with Mr. Wordsworth's Family. — The Quarterly Review. — Desirableness of putting an End to Imprisonment for Small Debts. — Disagreeable Duties required from Public Officers. — Ancient Statutes. — Undertakes to edit the Verses of an old Servant. — Bishop Heber. — Difficulties of a Removal. — The Peninsular War. — Engages to contribute to the Keepsake. — Urges Mr. Bedford to visit Keswick. — Goes to London. — Sits to Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir F. Chantrey. — Translation of Davila not likely to succeed. — His Uncle's Death. — Choice of a few Standard English Works. — His Son's Studies. — Jackson's Sermons. — Life of Nelson. — Declining Sale of his Works. — Visit from Lieut. Mawe. — Interest in Mr. May's Affairs. — Remarks on the Annuals. — New Theory of the Weather. — Literary Employments. — Intended Visit to the Isle of Man. — 1827—1828.

Page 299

APPENDIX - - - - - 343



Drawn & Engraved by W. Westall, A.R.S.

JEASSENTHEVAITE LAKE.

books, and to reply to your welcome letter, I had not been wholly unmindful of you. Without attempting to excuse a delay for which I have long reproached myself, I may say that it has been chiefly, if not wholly occasioned by an expectation that I might have communicated to you Gifford's retirement from the management of the Quarterly Review, and the assumption of that management by a friend of mine, who would have given it a consistent tone upon all subjects. Poor Gifford was for several months in such a state that his death was continually looked for. His illness has thrown the journal two numbers in arrear; he feels and acknowledges his inability to conduct it, and yet his unwillingness to part with a power which he cannot exercise, has hitherto stood in the way of any other arrangement.

“I have more than once remonstrated both with him and Murray upon the folly and mischief of their articles respecting America; and should the journal pass into the hands of any person whom I can influence, its temper will most assuredly be changed. Such papers, the silence of the journal upon certain topics on which it ought manfully to have spoken out, and the abominable style of its criticism upon some notorious subjects, have made me more than once think seriously of withdrawing from it; and I have only been withheld by the hope of its amendment, and the certainty that through this channel I could act with more immediate effect than through any other. Inclosed you have a list of all my papers in it. I mean shortly to see whether Murray is willing to reprint such of them as are worth preserving,

To your father July 16. 1823
 restoring where I can the passages which Gifford (to the sore mutilation of the part always, and sometimes to the destruction of the sense and argument) chose to omit, — and beginning with the Moral and Political Essays.

“Your friends and countrymen who come to Keswick make a far shorter tarriance than I could wish. They ‘come like shadows, so depart.’ Dr. Channing could give me only part of a short evening. Randolph of Roanoak no more: he left me with a promise that if he returned from Scotland by the western side of the island, he would become my guest: if he could have been persuaded to this, it would have done him good, for he stood in need of society, and of those comforts which are not to be obtained at an inn. Mr. Eliot passed through about five weeks ago, and on Monday last we had a younger traveller here, — Mr. Gardner. No country can send out better specimens of its sons.

“Coleridge talks of bringing out his work upon Logic, of collecting his poems, and of adapting his translation of Wallenstein for the stage, — Kean having taken a fancy to exhibit himself in it. Wordsworth is just returned from a trip to the Netherlands: he loves rambling, and has no pursuits which require him to be stationary. I shall probably see him in a few days. Every year shows more and more how strongly his poetry has leavened the rising generation. Your mocking bird is said to improve the strain which he imitates; this is not the case with ours.

nurses for a course of years. The mortality was monstrous. I think it appeared that these wretches who dealt in infant suffering used sometimes to murder the children by sitting upon them in the carts wherein they conveyed them from the hospital to the country.

“The change of ministry in the Quarterly Review is the only change of such a kind which could have affected me for evil and for good.

“As for my importance to the Review, it is very little. Just at this juncture I might do harm by withdrawing from it; but at any other time I should be as little missed as I shall be, except in my own family and in some half-a-dozen hearts besides, whenever death shakes hands with me. The world closes over one as easily as the waters. Not, however, that I shall sink to be forgotten.

“But as for present effect, the reputation of the Review is made, and papers of less pith and moment than mine would serve the bookseller’s purpose quite as well, and amuse the great body of readers, who read only for amusement or for fashion, more.

“God bless you!

Yours affectionately,
R. SOUTHEY.”

To Henry Taylor, Esq.

“Keswick, Dec. 31. 1825.

“My dear H. T.,

“I have pursued so little method in my own studies at any time of my life that I am in truth

very little qualified to direct others. Having been from youth, and even childhood, an omnivorous reader, I found myself when I commenced man with a larger stock of general information than young men usually possess, and the desultory reading in which I have always indulged (making it indeed my whole and sole recreation), has proved of the greatest use when I have been pursuing a particular subject through all its ramifications.

“With regard to metaphysics I know nothing, and therefore can say nothing. Coleridge I am sure knows all that can be known concerning them; and if your friend can get at the kernel of his ‘Friend’ and his ‘Aids to Reflection,’ he may crack peach-stones without any fear of breaking his teeth. For logic — that may be considered indispensable, but how far that natural logic which belongs to good sense is assisted or impeded by the technicalities of the schools, others are better able to determine than I am, for I learnt very little, and nothing which I ever learnt stuck by me unless I liked it.

“The rules for composition appear to me very simple; inasmuch as any style is peculiar, the peculiarity is a fault, and the proof of this is the easiness with which it is imitated, or, in other words, caught. You forgive it in the original for its originality, and because originality is usually connected with power. Sallust and Tacitus are examples among the Latins, Sir T. Brown, Gibbon, and Johnson among our own authors; but look at the imitations of Gibbon and Johnson! My advice to a young writer is, that he should weigh well what he says, and not be anxious

777

SELECTIONS
FROM THE
LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY.
VOL. IV.

LONDON:
Printed by SPOTTISWOODE & Co.,
New-street-Square.

225

SELECTIONS

FROM THE

LETTERS OF ROBERT SOUTHEY,

&c. &c. &c.

EDITED BY HIS SON-IN-LAW

JOHN WOOD WARTER, B.D.

CHRIST CHURCH, OXFORD;

VICAR OF WEST TARRING, SUSSEX.

"Southey's Letters show his true Character."

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR,

MS. Letter to Mrs. Southey, April 28. 1843.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, LONGMANS, & ROBERTS.

1856.

but extreme folly and incapacity in some, and in others a desire to revolutionise these kingdoms. We have often been in danger heretofore, but hitherto we have always had a Conservative Government, and a Conservative party, which comprised by far the greater body of the nation. But now all the knaves and fools who belonged to that party have forsaken it, and you may suppose how greatly it is diminished by their desertion.

I am accustomed to look at things hopefully, but this is the first time that (with regard to public affairs) I ever found my hopes rested solely upon God's mercy, and had no human foundation to rest on.

When my "Essays" reach you you will find in them some sad forebodings upon this subject, and others connected with it. God bless you.

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, June 6. 1831.

MY DEAR WYNN,

My temper is constitutionally so cheerful that if not less alarmed than my friends at this time, I am less cast down than any of them seem to be. My best human hope rests upon a clear perception that the ultimate struggle must be between property and the levelling system; that this becomes more evident every day to those who look at the levelling journals and the signs of the times, and that, if this can be made generally known, those who have property will come to their senses, and then the country will be saved.

I have heard of one person whom my account of Babœuf's conspiracy has frightened into *conviction* on this point, "but such is Whig folly and ill principle, *not into moderation.*" The reign of Terror has so far begun among us that very many persons are acting at

this time with the Reformers against their own better mind,—confessing their fears in private, and at the same time increasing the danger by their public conduct. I *know* instances of this kind here in Cumberland.

Henry Coleridge's is, indeed, a very good pamphlet, and in this way he has done good service. The "Life of Swing" was his. You know there is a society for printing such things, but it is ill supported, and at this time greatly in arrears. Peel has subscribed to it so sparingly that I almost wonder any other person has subscribed to it at all, seeing how little he is disposed to do for a cause in which he is so mightily concerned. All that I hear of him lessens the little hope I entertained of his becoming the leader of a Conservative party. He makes himself disliked as well as distrusted. There would be a formidable minority if it had but a leader; weight of talent too, as well as of character, is on the right side. The *Condottieri*, as Vyvyan well called them, have forfeited character, and the others, in proportion as they are tried, are found wanting. Looking, however, at all things, I see that nothing but God's mercy can save us, and on that mercy I have so full and calm a reliance that I continue to sleep in peace.

I have not seen Walsh's book, nor heard of its contents till by your letter.

I am going about the end of this week to Cheltenham upon an unpleasant business, to see my poor old friend Dr. Bell for the last time, and determine whether in common prudence I can take upon my myself the charge of being one of his executors; my present persuasion is that it will be impossible. He leaves his works to be published by Wordsworth and myself, and 1000*l.* to each of us. But I have reason to apprehend that upon the upshot there is likely to be more law than legacy. He has irrevocably given 120,000*l.* to the University of

will be something more "to point a moral and adorn a tale." All guesses must be at random in these times, when we have to speculate, not upon the conduct of statesmen, and upon known systems of policy, but upon the actions of fools and madmen. Guessing, therefore, upon no better ground than such agents afford, I think the Republicans are likely to succeed in France, because, aided by the Bonapartists, they are far the strongest party. I mean the strongest *active* party (the great majority being always passive), and Louis Philippe is probably weaker than either of these, even separately. If that party succeeds they can have no breathing time at home without engaging in foreign war, and a general war will presently ensue.

I do not enclose this, lest your business should be by this settled, and your Empire of the Franks at an end. I wish it may be so, and that you may have the rare fortune of not being ill used at your emancipation, — of all bad masters the public being, in these days, the worst. When you are free pray turn your thoughts and steps hitherward. Anne and Franco would enjoy the mountains, and you and I could colloquise to great advantage.

The hospital estates here have been sold for about two thirds of their estimated worth. So much for the interests of the charity! You have an able man in the House of Commons, * * * * *, who does not look to his own interest here, just like an Irish absentee, and never returns an answer to any application for a subscription towards any charitable or local purpose. At present we hear of none but Radicals as likely to be returned from these parts; but no county has been more poisoned by provincial newspapers; and half the yeomanry have been bred up under a radical school-master, — a liberalised Quaker, who has kept a large

seminary of disaffection for more than thirty years. You may suppose what mischief such a man must have done. God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Bray, Tavistock.

Keswick, June 12. 1832.

MY DEAR MRS. BRAY,

Your packet followed me to the coast, where I had taken two of my daughters to a friend's house, for the sake of sea air. There I left them, and they have now again rejoined me — the one better than when she went, the other better than when she returned. I hope your nephew may belong to a covey of Cantabs whom I hear of as having taken lodgings at Keswick. I shall not only be glad to see him, but to give him the very few introductions that this place affords; so let him make himself known to me as soon as he comes. My cousin, Herbert Hill, who is just now taking his degree at New College, will be with me during the long vacation. Your nephew will find him a pleasant acquaintance, for he is a good scion of a good stock.

Your Pixies are pleasant creatures; I knew them of old by Coleridge's poem about them, which was written before he and I met in 1794;*; but your stories were new to me, and have amused my fireside greatly. We have no playful superstitions here, or if there are any they have not come to my knowledge; but I suspect that the popular superstitions of the mountainous coun-

* Writing to Belford under this date, Southey tells how he and Coleridge were obliged to sleep together in a garret at Cheddar. "Coleridge is a vile bed-fellow, and I slept but ill. In the morning I rose, and, lo! we were fastened in. They certainly took us for footpads, and had bolted the door on the outside for fear we should rob the house." — *August 1st, 1794.*

285

THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

VOL. VI.

LONDON :
SPOTTISWOODES and SHAW,
New-street-Square.



T. Flemming

H. Meanders

Monument of Robert Southey.
IN CROSSINWAITE CHURCH.

LONDON: T. AGNEW & SONS, 15, WATERLOO PLACE.

789

THE
LIFE & CORRESPONDENCE

of the late

ROBERT SOUTHEY,

IN SIX VOLUMES.

EDITED BY HIS SON.

The Rev.^d Charles Cuthbert Southey.

VOL. VI.

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1850.

751

THE
LIFE AND CORRESPONDENCE
OF
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

EDITED BY HIS SON, THE
REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT SOUTHEY, M.A.
CURATE OF PLUMLAND, CUMBERLAND.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. VI.

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1850.

Death. — The Evangelical Clergy. — Literature of Denmark. —
 Renews the Lease of his House. — Art of Composition. — Hone's
 Every-day Book, &c. — Politics. — John Jones. — Mr. Sadler. —
 Literary Employments. — Pauper Colonies. — The March of In-
 tellect. — Denmark. — Life of Bishop Heber. — State of France.
 — Mr. Fletcher. — Ellis the Missionary. — Dr. Bell. — Politics. —
 1830 - - - - - Page 80

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Journey to London. — Engagements there. — National Education. —
 Goes into Hampshire and to the West of England. — Correspondence
 with Lord Brougham respecting the Encouragement of Li-
 terature and Science. — Advice as to the Choice of a Profession. —
 Miss Bowles. — Joanna Baillie. — Politics. — Necessity of National
 Education. — The Observance of the Sabbath. — The Reform Bill.
 — Prospects of the Country. — Ivan Vejeeghan. — Journey to Chel-
 tenham on Dr. Bell's Affairs. — Sir Walter Scott. — Mr. Words-
 worth. — Strange notion of Anastasius Hope's. — Death of Mr. Duppa.
 — Mr. Kenyon. — Mr. Poole. — General Peachey. — His Prospects
 not so good as formerly. — The Cholera. — Literary Employments.
 — State of Feeling in the Country. — Journey to Liverpool, Man-
 chester, &c. — Is invited to stand for a Professorship at Glasgow. —
 Regrets Mr. May's removal from Bristol. — Riots in that City. —
 The Cholera. — The Exchequer likely to be Abolished. — Publica-
 tion of his Political Essays. — 1830—1831 - - - 120

CHAPTER XXXV.

Fears of a Revolution. — The Cholera Morbus. — Mary Colling. —
 Charles Swain. — Dr. Bell's Death. — Political Apprehensions. —
 Offer of Professorship at Durham. — Few Men known thoroughly.
 — Comparison between Public and Private Education. — Opinion
 of Mr. Swain's Poetry. — Knowledge not the first thing Needful. —
 History of Portugal. — Review of Bowles's St. John in Patmos. —
 Mary Colling. — Visit to Lowther. — Lord Mahon. — Prince Polignac.
 — Political Prospects. — Lord Nugent. — Lord Brougham. — The

CONTENTS.

Corn-Law Rhymer. — Dangers of the Country. — The Factory System. — Lord Ashley. — American Divinity. — The Church of England. — Alison's History of Europe. — Death of a favourite Cat. — History of Brazil. — Dr. Bell. — Allan Cunningham's Lives of the Painters. — French Politics. — Ebenezer Elliott. — Prospects of the Country. — The Doctor. — Marriage of his Eldest Daughter. — The Corn Laws. — Habits of Daily Life. — Henry Taylor's Plays. — Zophiel. — Remonstrance in a Case of Cruelty. — 1832—1834.

Page 172

CHAPTER XXXVI.

Personal Recollections. — Mode of Tuition. — His Wife's Illness and Removal to York. — Feelings under Affliction. — Evil Effects of Anxiety upon his Health. — Correspondence with Sir Robert Peel concerning the Offer of a Baronetcy. — Journey to Sussex. — Return to Keswick. — Grant of an Additional Pension. — Literary Employments. — The Doctor. — Death of Miss Hutchinson. — Mr. Wyon's Medallions. — Present Feelings and Employments. — Spanish Literature. — Westminster School. — Causes of its Decline. — State of his Spirits. — Jackson's Works. — Feelings of Thankfulness for his New Pension — Novel Mode of Book-binding — Literary Employments. — Recollections of C. Lamb. — Singular Effects of Sound and Light. — State of the Church. — Life of Cowper. — Difficulty of leaving Home. — Is subpoenaed to a Trial at Lancaster. — 1834—1836 - - - - - 239

Handwritten mark resembling a cross or the number 280.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Journey in the West of England. — The Life of Cowper. — Literary Advice to a Lady. — His Son's Prospects. — New Edition of His Poems. — Prospects of the Country. — Lamb's Letters. — The Doctor. — Failure of the Publishers of the Life of Cowper. — Thanks to Dr. S. Mackenzie for Reviewing the New Edition of His Poems. — Certainty of a Future State. — Death of his Wife. — 1836 — 1837 - - - - - 306

Handwritten number 335.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Melancholy Thoughts—Intended Movements.—Reflections on His Wife's Death.—Letter from Mr. Bedford.—The Copyright Bill.—Review in the Examiner.—His Wife continually brought to Mind.—Weak State of His Health and Spirits.—Miss Edgeworth.—Invitation to C. Swain.—Letter to His Son on commencing a College Life.—State of His Health and Spirits.—Literary Occupations.—Froude's Remains.—The Doctor.—Tour in France.—Return Home.—Great Storm.—Savonarola.—Chatterton.—Marriage with Miss Bowles.—Failure of Mind.—His Death.—1837—1843	Page 348
---	----------

APPENDIX A. List of Publications	397
APPENDIX B. Letter from Prince Polignac to R. Southey	402

- 483 **MANUSCRIPT POEMS.** Verses from ROBERT SOUTHEY to Mr. Ablett, 17 *June*, 1832, and an interesting 4to Letter (signed), dated *Keswick*, 29 *June*, 1832, mentions *W. S. Landor*, both in Southey's autograph—An original Poem, "Composed in the Church-yard of Llanbedr, on a vacant tomb," by *W. S. LANDOR*—Autograph Letter of Sir Robert Peel, dated *Whitehall*, 13 *April*, 1824—Autograph Letter of Mrs. H. L. Piozzi, dated *Brynbella*, Nov. 25, 1805—Letter of Lady Blessington—Letter of Sergeant Talfourd to Mr. Ablett, dated 16 *April*, 1839, speaking of *Leigh Hunt*—Original Verses, entitled "Llanbedr 1835," 2 pp. 4to, in the handwriting, and with the signature, of LEIGH HUNT—Letter from CHARLES DICKENS to Mr. Ablett, from *Devonshire Terrace, Regent's Park*, 19 *Jan.* 1843—Charades in the handwriting of Mrs. Piozzi—Poem in the handwriting of Mrs. Hemans—Extracts from Coleridge, Byron, Scott, Southey, Landor, Wordsworth, etc.—Facsimiles of Autographs of Celebrated Persons; three drawings, numerous engravings, etc. in a vol. *half russia*

Sotheby's March 12. 1890

75



Scots walk
Selection of Colgan IV
 a copy of "Colgan" in time, which I left a commission for with Verbeyst.

A *casket* of laver is the only other arrival I have had. Cuthbert is the only one who will partake it with me, and we delight in it.

I take Wadding every night with my whiskey, or my black-currant punch. This mild Irishman in one place calls the heretics *porcos in inferno torrendos*. I dare say he liked roast pork well, but roast Protestant better. In his picture he looks as if he did.

I have been reading a "History of Dutch Poetry," by Jeronimo de Vries, somewhat in the manner of our Warner, but upon a more contracted scale, but for its scale a useful and good book. If I should continue "Warton's History" (which the shock in trade ~~has~~ has prevented me from doing) my Dutch reading will be of more use in this respect than I had anticipated. The poets of that country resemble the English very much more than those of any other nation, in the character, and feeling, and form of their poetry. That country has not been more fertile in painters than in poets; but the former are known throughout Europe, because theirs is an owned language, the latter have written to the smallest public in Europe. There is, however, as much in their poets to satisfy and delight one, as there is to disappoint us in the Spanish and Portuguese; and there is much more of household feeling, of natural affections, quiet enjoyment, love of the country, and sober, sincere religion, than I have found in any other writers. You would infer from this — what the appearance of the country seems to warrant — that there is more domesticity, a more general diffusion of good moral feeling and real substantial happiness, in Holland, than in any other country; very much more in proportion to its extent and population. As for the language, they who can admire German ought not to

vituperate Dutch. Its coarseness is an accident which exists only for the English, who happen to have thrust out of the vocabulary of good manners words which are perfectly presentable in Holland, and to have given a low and ludicrous meaning to others, which retain there their original force and character. It is ugly to the eye, and harsh to the ear, beyond all doubt or denial; but it has great force and energy, and their poets have done a great deal with it.

I must now take in hand a paper upon the "Emigration Report"—in other words, upon colonization. The matter is of great consequence to society, and the paper to my Midsummer accounts. Love to my aunt.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Feb. 24. 1827.

MY DEAR G.,

I suppose his Right Honour. is not at this time sleeping upon a bed of leeks, which is a more appropriate metaphor to be used in his case, than the flower garden could supply. This stroke, which has put an end to Lord Liverpool's public life, will bring to a crisis certain intrigues of which I have long heard. For me to speculate upon them with you, who are near enough head quarters to have the first intelligence of whatever arrives, would be very idle. I will only say this, that we have lost a right-minded statesman, who always discovered more knowledge and more judgment in his speeches than any other person in either House, and in whom the country had, very justly, great confidence. Nothing was wanting in him but the warmth and steadiness of Mr. Perceval: these, indeed, were great

wants; but he was an able statesman, and had that weight of private character which is felt, as it ought to be, by the public.

And how, Mr. Bedford, do you feel yourself under the honours of uncleship? upon which I offer you all due congratulations, hoping that the young Master of the Rolls is doing well. Your godson has this day completed his eighth year. He is getting on well in all things, thank God, and making good use of the Greek grammar in which you had written his dear brother's name.

I have just declined visiting the Bishop of Limerick this year, but with a promise, if we live and do well, of going to him next year. This year I shall not go from home farther than I can take my family with me, except for a day or two. I am busy upon my third volume, which will presently be in the press, and for which I am rich in materials of the best kind.

Did I tell you that the gods have sent us three dozen of Shiraz wine, the pure juice of the Shiraz grape, made in that city, in the wine-press of Captain William Bruce, whom the gods appointed their agent in transmitting it to me. I had rather they had given me a hogshead of Claret or of Rhenish, to both which the wine of Hafiz, though much rarer, is very inferior. Nevertheless it is an honest wine; and if it were always to be had, I could very soon acquire a taste for it.

I send you the "Devil's Walk," but am almost doubtful whether you can decipher the detestable character in which it is scrawled and scratched rather than written. It has been lying on my table some three weeks before I could make up my stomach to send it.*

God bless you.

R. S.

* "This alludes to the enlarged copy, which I was led to do by the confident assertions still put forth that Porson was the author

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, M.P.

Keswick, Feb. 25. 1827.

MY DEAR WYNN,

In some of the correspondence from Spain and Portugal, which has passed through my hands, I have met with an anecdote of Maine, agreeing well enough with what we remember of him at Westminster. He stole that good sword Tizona from the Castle of Bejar, leaving another in its place, and afterwards presented a *third* to Beresford as the real Tizona, which he kept to himself, but which I find afterwards in Sir John Downie's comical hands. It will be as difficult now to ascertain which is the genuine sword, as to settle the question of authenticity among the heads of St. John the Baptist.

Nothing can be more interesting than the letters of an intelligent officer written during such a war. And this reminds me that I have Wolfe's letters to his father and mother in the house, for the second time. Murray has sent them to me; but not a word can I get from him concerning them, and I suspect he is playing a Murrayish game, both with the owner of the letters and with me. Time, however, will show this. The letters will disappoint most readers if they are published; and yet I think you would think they were worth reading.

Sir G. Beaumont's death deprives me of one who had been for many years more than a mere acquaintance. Indeed, ever since I came into this country, I have kept up an intercourse with him from time to time; and if my habits had led me much from home, or my occupa-

of that delectable poem." — Letter to G. C. B., 14th. Jan. 1827. It may be added here that Southey gave the *original scrawl* written at Nether Stowey, to Miss Caroline Bowles (afterwards Mrs. Southey), and she left it to Mrs. Warter, in whose possession it now is.

the society act. I wish it was indispensable for every member to be a religious as well as a moral character.

“ *En attendant*, let me know more of thy views in relation to Elizabeth Fry and myself. Thy letter was truly gratifying to me, but humbling also, as it led me to look into myself and feel how little worthy I am of such an appeal, and how little able to answer it as it ought to be answered.

“ I left Paris (where I staid four months and a fortnight at the house of a near and dear relation) with a heart full of love and gratitude towards every person there, but also filled with pity, strong disapprobation, and alarm. Still, when I consider the efforts making by many pious and good persons to spread the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ Jesus amongst them, I can answer the question, ‘ *Can these bones live!*’ not only ‘ *Thou knowest,*’ but that I think *they will*. Farewell!

“ I, am thy grateful and affectionate friend,

A. OPIE.”

I do not find traces of any further correspondence with Mrs. Opie upon this subject; several other letters, however, passed between my father and Mr. Hornby, chiefly upon the plan of educating a better order of persons as nurses for the poor; and through the exertions of the latter, a beginning was made, which unfortunately was prevented by untoward circumstances from producing any permanent results.

It appears that Mr. Hornby, in concert with Adam Hodgson, Esq. of Liverpool, undertook to

set on foot an institution for this purpose as an experiment, and to maintain it for two years. They hired a house, engaged a matron, received a number of inmates, and had educated and sent out some few as nurses. Other individuals now became anxious to join them in the responsibility and superintendence; and there not being a sufficient unity of purpose among all the managers, the scheme, which was prospering admirably, fell to the ground. As soon as it appeared that they were educating a valuable class of persons, it was sought to make them available to the upper classes as monthly nurses; and this being an entire perversion of the original plan, Mr. Hornby and Mr. Hodgson withdrew at the end of the two years, and the whole scheme quickly fell to the ground.

The autumn of the ¹⁸²⁹ year was marked by a great change in the household at Greta Hall. From the time of my father's first settling at Keswick, where it will be remembered he found Mr. and Mrs. Coleridge residing, she and her only daughter had formed part of the family circle, and now the latter was to change, not her name (for she was about to marry her cousin, the late Henry Nelson Coleridge), but her state and residence; and Mrs. Coleridge was about to take up her permanent residence with them. This, of course, was like the parting with a sister.

*Mrs. in
Caldwell's
remembrance
not a
letter*

799

To John May, Esq.

“Keswick, Sept. 19. 1829.

“ My dear Friend,

“
I will tell you Murray’s opinion of the Colloquies. The sale, he says, would have been tenfold greater if religion and politics had been excluded from them ! The profits, I dare say, will be very little.

“
“ My third volume of the War is in the press, and my hand has been only taken from it for a short interval, that I might do the needful work of reviewing, by which alone does it seem practicable for me to keep clear with the world. I have written for the London Review a short, but very interesting account of Lucretia Davidson, an American poetess, killed, like Kirke White, by over-excitement, in her seventeenth year. It is a most affecting story. There have been three papers of mine in that work ; in the first, second, and fifth numbers ; and, as they promise that there shall be no farther delay in payment, I should not like to withdraw from it. . . .

“ I might be paid at the same rate for Sharpe’s London Magazine ; but, when that was converted into a magazine, it passed from the hands of Allan Cunningham into those of Theodore Hook and Dr. M’Ginn, with neither of whom did I wish to associate myself.

“
“ But I am looking forward with much satisfaction

to next year, as setting me free from the Peninsular War, and thereby leaving me at liberty to commence printing the History of Portugal. I shall be able to live by reviewing, and yet win time enough from that employment to compose this history from the materials which have been so long in preparation, and to carry it through the press. And I shall get by it something better than money: the profits, indeed, cannot be so small as to disappoint me, or to make me in the slightest degree indisposed to the task.

“ The best news I can send you of myself must be something like an echo of your own letter, — that I go on working steadily, with little to hope, but cheerfully, and in full belief that the situation in which I am placed is that which is best for me. Had I kept the path wherein I was placed, I might have been a bishop at this day, — probably should have been; and therefore I bless God even for having gone astray, since my aberrations have ended in leading me to a happier, a safer, and (all things considered) a more useful station.

“ If there be a later history of Bristol than Barrett's, it must be a better one; there is no earlier. I do not know the spot which you call the Fairies' Parlour by that name; but I could show you some haunts of mine upon those Downs, and in that neighbourhood, which I know not whether I should have most pain or pleasure in revisiting. Henry Coleridge and his bride are now lodging in Keswick: her mother departs next week, and then we part, after six-and-twenty years' residence under the same roof.

887

All change is mournful, and, if I thought of myself only, I should wish to be in a world where there will be none.

“ I want to finish the biographical letter in my desk ; but you would pity me if you knew what I have in head, and in hand, and at heart, and saw the continual interruptions which cut up my time in large slices, or fritter it away. Withal I have the blessing of being sound in body once more, and can ascend the mountains with something like the strength, and all the spirits of youth. I had more to say of projects, and of approaching evils and dangers ; of which we are likely to see the beginning, but not the end. I was born during the American Revolution, the French Revolution broke out just as I grew up, and my latter days will, in all likelihood, be disturbed by a third revolution, more terrible than either. God bless you, my dear friend !

Yours most affectionately,
R. S.”

To ——— ———.

“ Oct. 1829.

“ My dear Sir,

“ I have not seen Landor’s second edition, though Colburn was desired to send it me. Your judgment of the book is quite in conformity with mine, if (as I suppose) you except a few dialogues from the general censure, one or two being (to my feeling)

nearly perfect. What you have heard me say of his temper is the best and only explanation of his faults. Never did man represent himself in his writings so much less generous, less just, less compassionate, less noble in all respects than he really is. I certainly never knew any one of brighter genius, or of kinder heart.

“ I am pleased, also, to find you expressing an opinion respecting Milton and Wordsworth which I have never hesitated to deliver as my own when I was not likely to do harm. A greater poet than Wordsworth there never has been, nor ever will be. I could point out some of his pieces which seem to me good for nothing, and not a few faulty passages, but I know of no poet in any language who has written so much that is good.

“ Now, —, I want you, and *pray you* to read Berkeley’s Minute Philosopher*; I want you to

* To the same friend he writes at another time : — “ It is because your range of reading has lain little in that course that you suppose religious subjects have rarely been treated in a philosophical spirit. I believe you have cast an eye of wonder upon the three folios of Thomas Jackson’s works, and that it would be hopeless to ask you to look into them for the philosophy and the strength of faith, and the warmth of sincere religious belief with which they abound. I do not recommend you to Dr. Clark as a philosophical writer, because I have never yet had an opportunity of reading him myself; but I believe you would find head-work to your heart’s content there. But I again recommend you to Berkeley’s Minute Philosopher and to Philip Skelton’s works.

“ But he did not arrive at his belief by philosophical reasoning; this was not the foundation, but the buttress. Belief should be first inculcated as an early prejudice, — that is, as a duty; then confirmed by historical evidence and philosophical views. Whether the seed thus sown and thus cultivated shall bring forth in due season its proper fruit, depends upon God’s mercy. Butler, I believe, was a very pious man, though the bent of his mind was towards philosophical inquiry; but you may find among our divines, men of every imagin-

To Allan Cunningham Keswick 3 June 1833
 a lively interest be excited by their lives, when written as you have written them.

“ Give your history of the rustic poetry of Scotland the form of biography, and no bookseller will shake his head at it, unless he is a booby. People who care nothing about such a *history* would yet be willing to read the lives of such poets, and you may very well introduce all that you wish to bring forward under cover of the more attractive title. The biography of men who deserve to be remembered always retains its interest.

“ Are you right as to Lawrence’s birthplace? The White Hart, which his father kept at Bristol, is in the parish of Christ Church, not St. Philip’s, which is a distant part of the city.

“ Sir George Beaumont’s marriage was in 1774, the year of my birth; he spent that summer here, and Faringdon was with him part of the time, taking up their quarters in the little inn by Lowdore. Hearne, also, was with him here, either that year or soon afterwards, and made for him a sketch of the whole circle of this vale, from a field called Crow Park. Sir George intended to build a circular banqueting room, and have this painted round the walls. If the execution had not always been procrastinated, here would have been the first panorama. I have seen the sketch, now preserved on a roll more than twenty feet in length.

“ Sir George’s death was not from any decay. His mother lived some years beyond ninety, and his health had greatly improved during the latter years of his life. He was never better than when last in

this country, a very few months before his death. The seizure was sudden: after breakfast, as he was at work upon a picture, he fainted; erysipelas presently showed itself upon the head, and soon proved fatal.

“ I know that he painted with much more ardour in his old age than at other times of his life, and I believe that his last pictures were his best. In one point I thought him too much of an artist: none of his pictures represented the scene from which he took them; he took the features, and disposed them in the way which pleased him best. Whenever you enter these doors of mine, you shall see a little piece of his (the only one I have), which perfectly illustrates this: the subject is this very house, and scarcely any one object in the picture resembles the reality. His wish was, to give the character,— the spirit of the scene. But whoever may look upon this picture hereafter, with any thought of me, will wish it had been a faithful portrait of the place.

“ He was one of the happiest men I ever knew, for he enjoyed all the advantages of his station, and entered into none of the follies to which men are so easily tempted by wealth and the want of occupation. His disposition kept him equally from all unworthy and all vexatious pursuits; he had as little liking for country sports as for public business of any kind, but had a thorough love for art and nature. And if one real affliction or one anxiety ever crossed his path in any part of his life, I never heard of it. I verily believe that no man ever enjoyed the world more; and few were more humbly, more wisely, more

religiously prepared for entering upon another state of existence.

“ He became acquainted with Coleridge here, before I came into this country; this led to his friendship with Wordsworth, and to his acquaintance with me (for more than acquaintance it can hardly be called). He has lodged more than once in this house, when it was in an unfinished state: this very room he occupied before the walls were plastered.

“ Next to painting and natural scenery, he delighted in theatricals more than in anything else. Few men read so well, and I have heard those who knew him intimately say, that he would have made an excellent actor.

“ Thank you for your good word in the Athenæum. I had not heard of it before: little of the good or evil which is said of me reaches this place; and as I believe the balance is generally largely on the wrong side (enmity being always more on the alert than friendship), my state is the more gracious. The new edition of Byron's works is, I think, one of the very worst symptoms of these bad times.

“ I am glad to hear of your sons' welfare; they will all find your good name useful to them through life.

“ Since this letter was begun, the influenza laid hold on me and all my children; all except Cuthbert had it very severely. I was completely prostrated by it for a full week, and it has left me emaciated and weak, nor, indeed, is my chest yet completely rid of it. However, I begin to walk about, and have resumed my usual habits.

“ God bless you, my dear Allan! My daughter joins in kind remembrances to Mrs. Cunningham. Believe me always,

Yours affectionately,
ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Lord Mahon.

“ Keswick, Oct. 22. 1833.

“ My dear Lord Mahon,

“ Long ago I ought to have thanked you for your paper, which had been so unbecomingly interpolated in the Quarterly Review. And now, having just completed that portion of our naval history which has never been brought together, I was about to have done this with my first leisure, when you give me a second occasion for thanks, both on my own part and on Cuthbert’s, whose eyes were lit up upon finding himself thus unexpectedly remembered.

“ The French play is French indeed; and in its own way far exceeds Calderon’s *Cisma de Inglaterra*. I shall place it among my curiosities. The *Loi sur l’Instruction Primaire* I am glad to possess, because the subject must, ere long, take up much of my thoughts, when preparing for the press the *Life and Correspondence of Dr. Bell*. This task will lead me to inquire into the history of scholastic education, its present state, primary schools, Sunday schools, — the good and the evil, — the too much and the too little. There are no other means by which the cha-

duced by forgetfulness of what I had read, but that I come with more information to the subject, and am therefore, the better prepared to digest and assimilate what is to be found there. Something like this is felt upon visiting a foreign country the second time.

There has been a considerable change of opinion in this part of the country, but not enough to have affected the elections if a dissolution had taken place. The ground that was recovered at the last would have been kept, and perhaps might not have been disputed. But there would have been no chance in other places. Sir James Graham would probably have been ousted by any Radical who should have come forward to oppose him. Yet there is a very perceptible change. Twice the number of signatures to an address thanking the King, for his most gracious Speech, have been procured to what could be mustered a few weeks ago to a petition against the Dissenters, though both are precisely to the same purport. It is right to stir in these things, and keep up a spirit of resistance to the destructive system which is at work. But it is God's special mercy alone that can preserve us.

Next month I shall probably set out on a long circuit, which will take me into Norfolk on the way to London, from thence to Somerset, Devon, Hampshire, Sussex, and to London again on the way back. Should you be at Llangedwin about the latter end of November, or the beginning of the following month, I will so lay my plans as to see you there. At our age, and in these times, we cannot well afford to put off any practicable meeting till a more convenient season. On Tuesday next my sixtieth year will be completed. Poor Coleridge has just died at sixty-two, of old age. Time has dealt gently with me; indeed the whole course of my life has been singularly favoured by Providence, and in such a way too as to keep me constantly

807
 To Wynne " July 7 1834 - an
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sensible of my constant dependence upon it. What may befall during the last stage of my journey God only knows; but I enter upon it with good heart.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Aug. 14. 1834.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

Like all my other friends, you have reason to complain of my silence; and yet never-ending occupations and ever-occurring interruptions afford, I am sorry to say, always an all-sufficient excuse. When your letter arrived (on Monday last) I was doggedly employed upon a memoir of Dr. Watts, prefatory to one of the volumes of the "Sacred Classics." With the selection of his "Horæ Lyricæ" for that work I had nothing to do, but I was very willing to draw up an account of him, chiefly for this reason, that the spot where he resided during the last six and thirty years of his life is associated with some of the deepest recollections of my school-boy days. My Easter holidays from Westminster were always past at Theobald's with some excellent old ladies, whom it will be a joy for me to meet in another world. Their garden adjoined that which had been Lady Abney's half a century before; and the summer-house in which Watts was said to have composed many of his works, looked over a large fish-pond in their grounds to Theobald's park. My hostesses were good churchwomen, but they were of Huguenot extraction; Watts's works were among their books, and though I did not read them (for I preferred Sydney's "Arcadia," which was there also), yet I partook, in some degree, of the feelings which made them look upon that summer-house as a place which, having been hallowed by his presence, was consecrated in their eyes.

To Mrs. Hughes, Aug 74. 1834 809

Periodical publication is very convenient for the bookseller, but not so for an author who lives 300 miles from the press, and is not, and cannot, be always absolute master of his own time. I was thrown somewhat behind-hand with this book by unavoidable circumstances; and your letter, therefore, was left unanswered till I could sit down with a safe conscience to reply to it. This morning the conclusion of the "Memoirs" was despatched, and you have here the first-fruits of the evening leisure.

My house is full at present. We have the two Miss Rickmans here, my cousin Georgiana Hill, who is several years younger than my youngest daughter, and her brother Herbert, a fellow of New College who is tutor to Arnold's sons at Rugby, and who saw you there. To-morrow I accompany this crew on a Borrowdale expedition; next day I go to Lowther, there to meet Rogers. This will be no cheerful visit. In all human likelihood, it is the last visit that Rogers will ever make to this country; and there is almost as much likelihood that it may be the last visit I shall ever make to Lowther, for Lord Lonsdale is now very far advanced in years: his successor has no attachment to the place, and is not likely to reside there more than he can possibly help. Nor shall I have the same motive for visiting there, that of showing myself not insensible of many and constant civilities, which can have arisen from no other motive than kindness. I return on Tuesday, on which day Manning (you may perhaps have heard of him in the Chinese Treaties), a very old acquaintance of mine, will arrive in Keswick.

Those whom I knew in early life, are now falling fast around me. I commenced old man myself on Tuesday last, that day being the completion of my sixtieth year. It is just forty years since I became acquainted with Coleridge; he had long been dead to me, but his decease has naturally wakened up old recollections. The

*One was
Miss Rogers
- then
aged 28*

572

papers are left to the care of a Mr. Green, one of his metaphysical disciples. If everything worth preservation be collected his remains will be found not inconsiderable in quantity. There are seven volumes in prose, besides scattered pieces. I know not what manuscripts he may have left, and do not suppose there will be anything complete, or approaching to completion; but *perhaps* many fragments, *probably* much that has been taken down from his conversation, and *certainly* a great number of letters. Whoever edits these will have a difficult and delicate task. All who are of his blood were in the highest degree proud of his reputation, but this was their only feeling concerning him.

His son Hartley, who was here last week, is confidently believed in his own circle to be the author of the "Doctor," &c. I do not believe it, because, though he is one of the very few persons who could have written that extraordinary book, I think he neither could nor would have expressed with so much apparent earnestness, opinions which are directly the reverse of his own, for his are in many respects most pestilent ones. He, however, has far greater powers than any one who now bears the same name, and more genius than all of them collectively.

I have been doing my *devoir* here in drawing up petitions to both Houses against the Dissenters, and an address to the King upon his Speech. In both these, instead of mincing the matter, I minced the Dissenters and their allies, and have the satisfaction to find that strong language upon these points was relished here much better than I had expected it to be. Nothing of this kind ought to be left undone. If we had but an able leader in the House of Commons who knew the strength of his own cause, all would yet be well. As it is we must abide the issue, and make up our minds to revolution as we do to the cholera.

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes. If my hopes

To Rickman March 6th 1836
 per to themselves; and, suppressing, in their accounts of him, everything that threw light upon his character and explained his conduct, they supplied the 'place of it with empty sectarianism.

I do not know whether you have seen two volumes about Coleridge, which a Mr. **** has published. The only mark of discretion in this gentleman is that he has not affixed his name to one of the most indiscreet works by which any man ever expected to do honour to the memory of a friend. Moxon, the publisher, caused him to expunge much that would have been offensive, he says, to Wordsworth's relations, and has done Coleridge more injury than ever could have been done to him by an enemy. This **** was a great friend of Lamb's and of *Cobbett's*, whom he also venerated.

God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, March 15. 1836.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Have you heard of a last year's Oxford pamphlet, entitled "Subscription no Bondage." It is such a one as Hooker or Bacon might have written had they been living now.

Dr. ****'*s appointment to succeed Burton is quite as bad as the affair of Magdalen College in James the Second's time, and very much in the same spirit. It is at once an outrage and an insult to the University, and done under a feeling of enmity to the principles of the Established Church. Nevertheless, both Church and State will stand against all attempts to destroy them, either by sap or assault. We shall work our way through all difficulties and dangers, and, as a Scotch Bishop said (Sandford, I believe), "the world

will continue to be governed as it always has been, by the foolishness of man and the wisdom of God."

"Cowper's Life" will be finished before the end of the week, and in the course of the summer I shall have both leisure and desire to colloquise. My old friend William Taylor of Norwich is dead, with whom I have passed many pleasant hours in former years. He is one of those persons whom I shall rejoice to meet in a better state of existence; and meet I trust we shall, though we travelled by different roads.

God bless you.

R. S.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, March 20. 1836.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

One of the first things I proposed to myself to do as soon as the "Life of Cowper" should be finished was to inquire what was become of you. Yesterday I sent off the last portion to the press, and this morning your letter relieved me from some uneasiness on the score of your long silence. You would have heard from me several weeks ago if I had not known that Baldwin and Cradock were worried with inquiries which might have made less considerate publishers worry me.

The pressure, however, of this work is over; for though I have yet a great deal to do in the way of biographical notices, &c., yet, as the greater part will be thrown into a supplementary volume of "Cowperiana," I shall have time to make them ready leisurely, while the body of his works is passing through the press. I begin to suspect, from the puffs which accompany B. and C.'s advertisements, that the gentlemen of the periodical press begin to think it just as much a matter

273

bedrooms, the attempt, which was made in all of them, succeeded but in one, and in that very imperfectly.

In December, 1795, on my way for the first time to Portugal, my uncle and I passed some days near St. Columbs, at Nanswhyden, the house of his friend and fellow collegian Hoblyn, who to my surprise I now learnt is still living. Nanswhyden was burnt to the ground some thirty years ago; it was one of the finest houses in this part of Cornwall, and there it was that I first met with that good "creature," black currant rum. Your poor dear mother received a long letter from me with the St. Columbs post-mark. There, too, it was that I met with the curate who sent me afterwards a specimen of his poem intitled "Paradise Found," and communicated his intention of writing another epic, which he had not determined whether to call the "Cookead," or the "Otaheitead." This very man is the Mr. Tremayne who suggested to Pinkerton some further improvements on *his* improvements of the English Language, as noticed in the notes of the last volume of "Cowper's Letters."

The Champion of Cornwall despatched us on Tuesday morning in a fly with two horses to Trevice, an old mansion once belonging to the Arundel family, but now the property of Sir T. Acland, and let with 500 acres of good land to a most respectable yeoman, Tremayne by name. He also had been written to, and was prepared to welcome us with such a breakfast, and such genuine old English hospitality, that it would have done your heart good to have witnessed one and the other. The house is as venerable as its old tenant, one of the finest halls and finest rooms I ever saw, in a state of keeping which just preserves them from decay. Here we might have been provided with board, lodging, and welcome as long as we pleased. After breakfast, however, we bade farewell to our hospitable entertainer, and proceeded to Perranzabuloe.

Helston Dec. 17. 1836

To Miss Kate Southey

But of that place, I must not attempt to write at the fag-end of a letter. Suffice it for the present to say that we parted with Henry Acland at Bedouth, and reached Helston at six o'clock. The pleasure it has given me to see Derwent what he is, is enough to repay me for coming to the Land's End. You would like his wife, his little boy, and his wife's sister Kate, who is the more to be liked for her likeness to our dear Miss Hutchinson.

I must now tell you of our further arrangements. Monday we go to the Land's End, Derwent with us, and dine and sleep at W. Le Grice's*, a school and college friend of S. T. C's.; Tuesday we return here; and Wednesday Karl and I depart for Truro, where we sleep at an inn, and where, on Thursday, the Falmouth coach is to take us up, and carry us to Liskeard: the Fawells will meet us there, and, as they live only eight miles from Liskeard, we shall be in time for dinner. Friday we stay with them; and Saturday they are to convey us within one step of Tavistock.

The Derwents are going to Plymouth for the holidays. We remain at Tavistock till Friday, the 30th, and then go to them. There we stay Saturday and Sunday. Monday I hope to meet Lightfoot at Kingsbridge, and get with him to poor Mr. Luscombe's; stay Tuesday there, go to Archdeacon Froude on Wednesday, stay Thursday, and get to Exeter on Friday, with the expectation of getting to Miss Bowles' on Saturday night.

Farther than this I cannot lay down my course, except that I have resolved not to go into Norfolk, but to make that a separate journey at a more convenient season, when, for the sake of seeing all Cowper's ground, I may at the same time pay a visit to John Lightfoot;—this before I write the supplementary volume, about

* The mention of Mr. Le Grice's name gives me an opportunity of correcting a mistake in Vol. I. p. 381.: "His intimacy with Coleridge was uninterrupted," are his own words, so that Southey was mistaken.

pains has been taken long ago; the rest was only an affair of time. The first volume of my poems is printed, all except the prefatory part, of which I expect the proof every day. This volume has cost me much pains, as you will see by comparing it with the last edition of "Joan of Arc." The second volume also required a great deal of correction, most of which I have given it; and five sheets are printed. "Wat Tyler" takes his place here, that no one may complain of its omission. A short advertisement introduces it. I know not yet whether the "Devil's Walk" will come more conveniently into this volume, or into the third. "Dr. Bell's Life" is in good progress; and I shall soon be engaged again with the "Admirals."

The fourth volume of the "Doctor, &c." has been sent me like the former, and with "from the Author" in the same disguised hand. I like it quite as well as its predecessors, which is saying much. But when is there to be an end of the book? for, as for the author running himself dry, you see what he says upon that subject; indeed one may perceive that he lays in as fast as he lays out. The termination should seem to depend upon his humour in some degree, but more certainly upon that of the public, who are likely to be tired long before he is. I think it likely that the book will die of a slow decline, though with a galloping *consumption* it might last as long as the author himself. For, in the common course of things, when a work is published volume by volume, the sale continually diminishes; more sell of the first than of the second, and the longer the series the greater the falling off upon every succeeding volume. Some persons die, others fail to complete their sets; and of a work like this it is not to be expected, when it gets beyond a fourth volume, hardly, indeed, beyond a third, that people will be found to purchase a long set at its present price. They who buy fashionable novels in three volumes, price 1*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.*,

To my August 27 1837
 which is the ordinary extent and price, must have more money than wit; and I suspect that those who would be willing to purchase at the same rate a book which is not fashionable, but only talked about, are likely to have more wit than money, and therefore cannot be purchasers. My notion is that the author will go on as long as no loss is sustained upon the volume, supposing it may be for his interest to do so, with a view to a wider sale when it is printed in a cheap form (two volumes, perhaps, comprised in one), and to a permanent demand when it has established its place in English literature as a work *sui generis*. I am amused at hearing that it is ascribed to me, but certainly shall not take credit for it, like Porson.

Henry tells me that if I live till the year 1840, there will be a considerable addition to the sum for which my life is insured; and the question suggests itself whether it would be advisable to insure my life (in some other office, of course) till that time to the amount of the contingent bonus, so as to convert that contingency to a certainty. Can you tell me what the bonus is likely to be, and what such an insurance would cost, I having entered upon my 64th year on the 12th of this month. Give me your opinion, too, upon this question. My own is that if the bonus be considerable, it would be prudent in my circumstances to secure it.

Among my employments I omitted to mention a review of "Mrs. Bray's Letters" for the "Quarterly Review:" those letters have brought me again into communication with it; I am also about to review the new edition of Sir Thomas Browne's works, one of my favourite authors.*

I see Mr. Gillman announces "Memoirs of S. T. C.," which I dare say will be quite as objectionable as Cottle's, but in a very different way. In days of old, when

* About two pages only were written. The MS. is before me.

an author was dead and buried *Requiescat in pace* might have been written on his tombstone; but those days are past, and he must expect now to be dissected and embalmed, to have his rags presented as relics, and to be canonised by his devotees. The confusion of time and circumstances in Cottle's book shows me how little that appears to be the most authentic materials for biography can be relied on. Greater mistakes of this kind no writer ever committed; any one who should draw from it, as far as it gives an account either of Coleridge's life, or of mine, would be egregiously misled. This book, and the "Memoirs of Sir Walter Scott," and "Charles Lamb's Letters," bring to me many painful recollections. I could explain some things in all of them, and add more. As for my own biography, it has been suspended, almost as much for want of heart as for want of time. There is a joy in looking forward; but it is purely painful to look back. God bless you, my dear old friend. My kindest remembrances to your daughter.

Yours, most affectionately,

R. S.

To the Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynn, Esq., M. P.

Keswick, Oct. 3. 1837.

MY DEAR WYNN,

A long time has elapsed since you have heard of me, or I of you. Yet you have never been a day out of sight, for your portrait (one of the best that ever was engraved) hangs in full view of my evening seat.*

* It now hangs in my dining-room; and to me it has a double value, so much does it resemble my lamented friend, the late Sir Henry W. W. Wynn. I have as much pleasure in paying such tributes as these, as I have in recording obligations for all literary courtesies in foreign lands. Americans have never forgotten that *tone* in the "Q. R." which Southey laboured to obviate. My departed friend, Henry Wheaton,—one of America's most distinguished sons,—told me this.

What have I been doing the while? The question is more easily asked than answered; for what with frequent distractions, large demands upon little leisure (many of them from persons who have no right to draw upon it), an inclination for doing too many things at once, and when anything ought to be done a propensity, as was said of you know who, *to be doing something else**,—owing to these and other causes I seem to have done little, though in truth I am never unemployed.

The irksome part of my task with the poems is over,—that of tinkering the early pieces. The mere sight of some, God knows, is painful enough, when my present circumstances contrast so miserably with the recollections which they call up. I have completed the revisal of “Thalaba,” and begun that of “Madoc.” The versification in the former has been improved in many places; in the latter there is little that I can mend; and in the remaining long poems I have chiefly to beware of altering for alteration’s sake. This, however, is not a besetting sin with me.

The editor has sent me the first volume of a collection “Des Documents Inédités sur l’Histoire de France,” published by the King’s order, and under the care of the Minister of Public Instruction. The volume is very curious, containing a contemporary history of the Crusade against the Albigenses in Provençal verse. I have never seen a book better edited in all respects. The metre is remarkable,—stanzas of unequal length

* The following playful description of his friend can give no one pain, so graphic is it:—

“Wynn is in Wales; and wherever he is, he is always, as Elmsley most happily said of him at Oxford, — *doing something else*. He is always in that state of bother and confusion which you would expect in a man who, before he was married, used to begin doing half a hundred things before he put his breeches on, and who used to have books, pen, ink and paper, breeches, gallowses, neck cloth, and rolls and butter, all upon the breakfast table at the same time.” — *MS. Letter to Dr. H. H. Southey, Feb. 3. 1813.*

819

To Grosvenor C. Bedford, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 10. 1837.

MY DEAR G.,

Will you take in the North Pole once more for two nights' lodging, on Saturday and Sunday next. He is bound for Oxford, in no comfortable state of uncertainty as to what may be his lot there. The fashion for Ch. Ch., it seems, has occasioned competition even at entering. More names are on the Dean's list than rooms can be found for. The equitable mode of proceeding should be that they should be admitted in the order of their application, provided always that they were not deficient in the ordinary qualifications; but they make it an affair of competition in this stage, there being already far too much in the present course of education at Oxford.

This is not all the mischief. The man who is admitted now may have to wait twelve months before he can begin to reside, for want of rooms, and this is just so much time lost for his degree. My own opinion is that if there is, in the first place, a chance of being sent back at Ch. Ch., and, secondly, a certain loss of time, he had better be entered at some other college, where there will be neither difficulty nor delay.

Queen's has been thought of, as having fellowships for natives of this county. He and Edward Hill will discuss the *pros* and *cons*, and determine as they may think good. My sole motive for fixing on Ch. Ch. at first, was because of Edward's being there; otherwise so far am I from having any predilection for it, that I should prefer any respectable college; any except those halls, which are either a refuge for the destitute, or a nursery for Evangelicals.

If you can take him in, let him know it by a line to Tarring, which will reach him on Friday, and comfort

the cockles, that just now are not in a comfortable state. My love to Miss Page. God bless you.

R. S.

To John Rickman, Esq.

Keswick, Oct. 23. 1837.

MY DEAR RICKMAN,

Your notes upon Lord Bacon are deposited with other precious materials in a cabinet drawer appropriated for them. I am very glad to have my own suspicions converted into certainty by them. Coleridge used to talk of writing a treatise to be called, with better reason than Milton's, "Iconoclastes." Bacon's would not have been one of those reputations which he would have assailed; and indeed he was more addicted to set up idols than to demolish them.

I often urged Davy in his best days to write the life of Roger Bacon. It would have been a more lasting memorial of himself than anything he has written.

You will indeed be worthily employed in saving the Church property from the danger to which the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have exposed it. The folly of these times is to tamper with what is well, and to leave ill alone.

One would suppose the Church to be very popular by the appearance of a "Church of England Review" and a "Church of England Magazine;" and to-day the first number of a "Church of England Gazette" has been sent me. The Reviews and Magazines are now, like opposition stage-coaches, ruining each other. In consequence of over-competition, first they lower the payment to their writers ("Frazer's Magazine" does this); and now, I am informed, in the "Church of England Quarterly" they request them to write gratuitously for some numbers to come, that is, till the concern breaks down.

said that he had a large collection of Cowper's papers, and that he was one of his nearest relations. The name I have forgotten, but it was not one which I had ever heard of in connection with Cowper. Of course I have requested that inquiry may be made.

It would have given me much pleasure to have met you when I was last in town. I am sorry that the circumstance which prevented that pleasure should have been a mournful one.

Farewell, my dear sir,

And believe me,

With many thanks for all your communications,

Yours, very truly,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

To Mrs. Hughes.

Keswick, Dec. 7. 1837.

MY DEAR MRS. HUGHES,

I should sooner have replied to you, if letters had not poured in upon me, — not a few being from persons of whom I had long lost sight; but in whom the tidings of my poor Edith's death, when they read of it in the newspapers, revived a painful recollection of the days that are gone. Too many of these I have had to answer.

My affairs with Baldwin and Cradock are *in statu quo*. The money is in jeopardy; but I believe they mean well towards me, and it seems likely that eventually I shall be paid. Be that as it may, the matter will never cost me any vexation, inasmuch as I have nothing for which to blame myself in the business. Not that I take any credit for this sort of philosophy, which belongs as much to my disposition as to my way of thinking and of life. "Patience perforce" was what I heard of every day in Portugal, — the most useful of all exhortations, and, moreover, the most easy to put in practice, for it *must* be practised at last, whether you like it or not.

How the edition of my poems may answer, remains to be seen. The Longmen wrote me word, about ten days after the first volume had been published, "that they had printed 1500 copies, and had only 350 remaining;" but they added, "that no doubt many were in the hands of the trade; still," they said, "this was very satisfactory," and they thought it not unlikely that a second edition might be wanted. They have stereotyped the book, which implies more expectation of a good sale than I have ever entertained: 1500 copies would afford very little profit therefore, what with the additional expense thus incurred in the first instance, the engravings, the enormous cost of advertisements, and the low price of the volume; but the great outlay is at first, and upon a second impression the profit would be considerable in proportion. It is a great satisfaction to me, whatever the success may be, that I undertook thus to revise this portion of my works; it was what I owed to myself and to my children, and if it had not been done now I should never have had heart to undertake it.

You mention Cottle's "Recollections." Nothing ever made me so fully aware how incorrect the most careful biography must inevitably be, than what I saw in this book, and in the "Life of Sir Walter," and in poor Charles Lamb's "Letters." Some years hence any one who should undertake to write my life, as I have written Cowper's, would think there could be no better authority than what was to be found in these works,—directly, indeed, in the one, and incidentally in the other two. The confusion in Cottle's "Recollections" is greater than any one would think possible. He has only his memory to trust to, never having made any notes with a view to be-Boswelling his friends. Coleridge's letters to him were not fully dated; and in consequence he has confounded times, places, and circumstances in a way which must utterly mislead the unlucky biographer who

See Cottle 4/14
Cottle says something
afterwards in M.

goes to his book for materials. Foster the essayist was the person who chiefly incited him to this publication, and who has now reviewed it in the "Eclectic." Foster is a fierce Puritan in politics, who would kiss the axe that beheaded him; and in religion he is a Calvinist of the deepest die—engrained.

Cottle himself is one of the kindest hearted of human beings, and, at the same time, unites in his character the extremes of simplicity and vanity. The book shows something of this. I was in time to make him strike out a good deal; but as to rectifying his mistakes, that was impossible. In the old Queen of Portugal's time, an engineer was sent to inspect the Bugio, a castle at the mouth of the Tagus, and report what was necessary for putting it in an effective state. His report was comprised in three words,—*A new fort.*

God bless you, my dear Mrs. Hughes.

Yours, very truly,

R. S.

To John May, Esq.

Keswick, Jan. 22. 1838.

MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,

Cuthbert and Kate have just taken their departure. I thank God the weather has changed in good time for their journey, the thermometer, which two days ago stood at 16°, being now at 40°. They hope to reach town on Wednesday; and Kate will remain at her uncle's till the Saturday or Monday following, according as she may feel herself sufficiently rested for one day's journey more. Cuthbert must be at Oxford by the Saturday's coach.

Bertha and I are thus left with Mrs. Lovell, who is never visible at breakfast, and not more than half the week at dinner. As to all purposes of companionable society, we may be considered as left to ourselves.

Cuthbert will return in about ten weeks for the Easter vacation.

Poor Gilbert*, when he drew out the scheme of my nativity, pronounced of me that I possessed "a gloomy capability of walking through desolation." That capability is now put to the proof; for this house is desolate indeed compared to what it was when you were here some sixteen years ago.

Kate will be a great comfort to your god-daughter, who has seen neither of her sisters since her marriage, and has often grievously wanted the assistance of one. I hope and pray, also, that the journey may prove beneficial to my poor Kate, who is very much shaken by what she has gone through. Better and more dutifully devoted children no father was ever blest with, nor ever man

* The following came to me amongst Mrs. Southey's papers, in Southey's handwriting:—

"By Lord Seymour:

"Were not the obliquity of the forehead much less arched than intense, the judgment expressed in this countenance might be equal to its imagination; nor could its invention be so out of proportion to the memory which it is known to possess. Far removed from a phlegmatic, he approaches to a choleric disposition; and though he cannot be accused of revenge, he may be at least suspected of temerity. His mind is capable of being filled in an instant with the most extensive subject, which he is more adapted to embrace or improve than to analyse or divide his ideas. The man who can give a definition of a genius can write a character of Southey; but he who can write the character of Southey may not be able to define a genius. Sunday, March 17. 1793."

On referring to G. C. Bedford's letters, I find one dated Ball. Coll. March 16. 1793, in which are the following lines:—

"The gifts which she gave me I with gratitude take,
Nor what Nature has made me shall Oxford unmake!

.
Like the hour-glass before me, the sands of life run,
Beginning to end where their course is begun."

They are inserted merely to show where the above extract was written.

The first of these, are the "Colloquies;" the "History of Portugal" comes next, and then the "History of the Monastic Orders:" for each and all of these I am well stored with materials, and was never in better mood for setting about what has been for so many years among the main objects which I have had in view.

You will infer from this that I am in good heart and with a reasonable prospect of getting through all that I have projected in prose or verse. You, who saw most, if not all, my earliest verses, may, I hope, see my latest. There are some in progress, with which I think you will be pleased.

We have had no disturbances in Hampshire; and in Cumberland it was only the worst part of the population who showed any disposition to riot. How heartily did I wish that you had been in condition to have given them full chase.

God bless you, my dear Wynn.

Yours, most affectionately,

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

NOTE.

In volumes which comprehend so wide a field of literature as these do, there will probably be many mistakes which I have overlooked. Where any such are found, I shall feel very much obliged to any courteous and competent scholar who will communicate with me. On the publication of SOUTHEY'S COMMON PLACE BOOKS I made a similar request, — and I do not forget, but wish to record, the courteousness of the Bishop of London, who, amidst the multiplicity of his engagements, found time to notice it. So different is the genius of a great SCHOLAR from that of MEN-MILLINERS in literature,

Quibus ingenium est immansuetumque ferumque.

INDEX.*

- Abbot, Mr. i. 180.
 Abbotsford, iv. 324.
 Abbotsford Subscription, the, iv. 318. 323.
 Abella, Don Manuel, ii. 206. 209. 259, 260.
 His part in the "Partidas," 206. 260.
 Abel's "Travels," iii. 278.
 Aberdeen, Earl of, iv. 394.
 Abergavenny East Indiaman, wreck of the, i. 318. 321.
 Abney Park, iv. 380.
 Abyssinia, i. 196. The Jesuits in, 233.
 "Abyssinian Annals," the, ii. 96.
 Academy, the Portuguese, i. 126.
 Academy, the Royal Irish, iii. 383.
 Acland, Sir T., iii. 266; iv. 348. 474.
 "Acta Sanctorum," the, ii. 429; iii. 50. 97. 356.
 Adair, Sir Robert, ii. 347; iv. 192.
 Adam, Catholic mythological anecdote of, i. 306.
 Adamson, Mr., ii. 98. His "Life of Camoens," iii. 117. 289. 295.
 Adderley, Dick, ii. 95.
 Addison, Joseph, his "Cato," ii. 217.
 "Address," Cumberland, history of the, iii. 147. 148. 154.
 Adelaide, Queen, iv. 267.
 "Adelphe," Cowper's, iv. 400.
 "Advocates' Library," the, of Edinburgh, i. 342. Office of librarian offered to Southey, iii. 92. 93.
 Afonso Henrique, i. 134. Sword of, 137.
 "Afonso V., Ordinaçoës de," i. 115.
 Afonso VI., deposition of, i. 135.
 Affghans, the, iii. 19.
 "Africa, Discoveries in Central," iii. 538. 541.
 Africa, the Portuguese wars in, i. 135. The courts and cities of, 238.
 "African Memoranda," the, of Captain Philip Beaver, ii. 117. 123.
 "Aguirre, History of Lope de," the, iii. 198. 236. 246. 254.
 Aikin, Arthur, i. 249. 250. 302. 345. 349; ii. 17. 40.
 Aikin, Dr., i. 27. 375. 385; ii. 193. His "Biographical Dictionary," 343. 347. 405; ii. 152; iv. 57. His "George III.," iii. 14.
 Airey, George, iii. 501.
 Aitzema's "History of Europe," iii. 292. 334.
 Albans, Duchess of St., iv. 67.
 Albertus Magnus, ii. 57.
 Alubarrrote, battle of, ii. 79.
 Albums, Southey's proposed society for the suppression of, iii. 284.
 Albuquerque, his Indian conquests, i. 280. 300. His life, by his son, 280.
 Albuquerque, Bras d', (or, Blaise) his life of his father, i. 280.
 Albuquerque, Duke de, ii. 206. His death, 216.
 Alchemists and alchêmy, i. 94.
 Alcobaça, i. 129. 137. 141. 142.
 "Alderman's Funeral," the, ii. 154.
 Allemanni, Luigi, his poems, ii. 27.
 Alentejo, i. 110. 145. 154.
 Alexander, the ventriloquist, iii. 265.
 Alexander the Great, romance of his visit down into the sea, i. 274.
 Alexander I. of Russia, ii. 204. 289. 351. 428.
 Alexander, Sir W., the oculist, iv. 468.
 "Alfieri," Lloyd's edition of, ii. 394. Review of his works, iii. 14.
 "Alfred," Cottle's, i. 101. 182.
 Algarve, i. 145. 154.
 Alison, Sir Archibald, his "History," iv. 337. 444.
 Allen, Mr., of Edinburgh, his Spanish history, i. 327.
 Allen, John, his exposure of Lingard's "History," iv. 3.
 Allen, Robert, ii. 194.
 Alliance, La Belle, ii. 417.
 Alloway, Mr., of Minehead, i. 78.
 Almanzor, tale of, i. 199.
 "Almeida, Life of," ii. 88. 178. 205.
 Almeida, Tower of, i. 110.
 Alps, tour in the, iii. 72.
 Alston Moor, road across, iii. 401.
 Althorpe, Lord, iv. 338.
 "Amadas, Sir," poem of, i. 340.
 "Amadis," Montalvo's, i. 379.
 "Amadis of Gaul," i. 213. 217. 223. 224. 226. 250. 268. 287. 350. 378; ii. 34.
 "Amadis of Greece," ii. 4. 15.
 Ambleside, i. 329.
 Ambleside, scenery of, i. 288.
 "America, Davis's Travels in," i. 246.
 America, the French in, i. 7. War with, in 1812, ii. 316. Levelling tendency in, iii. 134. Southey's article on, 417. Religious experiments in, iv. 160.
 "America Portugeza," the, of Rocha Pitta, ii. 10.
 America, South, our policy towards, i. 406. 407. Non-affinity of the languages of, to those of North America, ii. 21. Condition of medical science in, 46. Language of, 176. Depravity of, 241.
 American Indians, how treated by the Spaniards, ii. 165.

* I am obliged to some unknown hand for this Index.

- "American Philosophical Society, Transactions of the," iii. 266.
 American Spaniards, character of the, ii. 263.
 "Americana, Archæologia," iii. 266.
 Amerigo Vespucci, "Elogio" on, ii. 56.
 Bandini's "Memoirs" of, 56, 57. 65.
 Authenticity of his "Letters" denied, 119.
 Amhurst's poem in the "Specimens," i. 422.
 Amiens, Peace of, effect of the, iii. 320.
 Amphilocheus, Bishop of Iconium, his "Life of St. Basil," iv. 110.
 Amsterdam, description of, iii. 496.
 Amyott, Mr., iii. 442.
 "Analytical Review," i. 27.
 "Αναξ ἀνδρῶν." See *Coombe*.
 "Anchieta, Life of Father," i. 115. His poems and miracles, 115. His "Grammar," ii. 88, 271. His observations on the natural history of Brazil, 343.
 Andalusia, the plague in, i. 123.
 Anderson's poems, i. 420.
Anecdotes of —
 A monk with visual sight strengthened by spiritual grace, iii. 542.
 Antonio, St., iii. 356.
 Brazil, Prince of, i. 25.
 Catholic mythology, i. 306.
 Coleridge at Eton, i. 246.
 Davy, Sir Humphrey, i. 85.
 Deleau, Madame, iv. 286.
 Derwent Coleridge and the seventeen shillings and sixpence, iii. 457.
 Hayley's "Autobiography," iv. 450.
 Irish boy and a cow, i. 60.
 Irish friars of Lisbon, i. 106.
 Louis X V., i. 212.
 Lawless, Jack, iv. 157.
 Lowther family, iv. 77.
 Lysons, iv. 75.
 Nichols's "Anecdotes," iii. 134.
 Plymouth people, i. 111.
Poleas of the Malabar Coast, i. 300.
 Schoolboy in Portugal, i. 139.
 Senhouse family, iv. 76.
 Seward's "Anecdotes," iii. 289.
 Southey's aunt, i. 100.
 Wynn, Charles, his Theme, ii. 322.
 Andrews, Gerard, iv. 517.
 Aneurin, i. 167.
 Anglesea, isle of, i. 171.
 "Anglo-Saxons, History of the," Sharon Turner's, i. 326, 338.
 "Annual Register," the, iii. 246.
 "Annual Review," the, i. 233. 245. 248. 250. 252. 287. 295. 298. 302. 316. 331. 336. 343. 345. 363. 383; ii. 17. 26. 43. 51. 81. 96. 113. Its death, 155. 186.
 Annuals, the, Southey's dealings with, iv. 123.
 Anquetil du Perron's Zendavesta, i. 78. 82.
 "Anthology, Annual," i. 83. 97. 104. 183. 201. 316.
 Anthony, St., procession of, in Lisbon, i. 106. 114.
 "Antidius, the True Ballad of St.," quoted, i. 207.
 Anti-Jacobin letters, the, of Lloyd, i. 72.
 "Anti-Jacobins," the, i. 418; ii. 121.
 Antonio Francisco Caetano Christofero, Prince of Beira, i. 25, 26.
 "Antonio," Godwin's, ii. 226.
 Antonio de Santarem, Frey, Roman Catholic legend of, i. 307.
 Antonio, St., anecdote of, iii. 356.
 Apollo and Marsyas, i. 22.
 Apparitions, i. 64.
 Applethwaite, iii. 15.
 Appleton, Mr., iv. 522.
 Arabian school of medicine, i. 298.
 Arabic language, the, in Spain and Portugal, i. 225.
 Araboutan, or Brazil-tree, ii. 308.
 "Arcadia," the, of Sir Philip Sidney, i. 224. 287. 315.
 Arcadia, character of, i. 224.
 "Archæologia Americana," iii. 266.
 Ardoney, Diego de Toledo Zara, ii. 344.
 Ariosto, Southey's opinion of, i. 268.
 "Arminian Magazine," the, iii. 64.
 Armour, reason of its disuse, ii. 39—41.
 The armour in the Tower of London, 40. 42. Chain-mail, 41.
 Army Bill, Mr. Windham's, i. 383.
 Arrabida, i. 115.
 Arrabida mountains, i. 110.
 Arragon, kingdom of, i. 233.
 Arrowsmith, the map engraver, ii. 55. 120. 133.
 "Arthur, Prince," ii. 34. 39.
 Asgill's examination of the Scriptures, iv. 370.
 Ashley, Lord (now Earl of Shaftesbury), iv. 328. 353. 375.
 Ash's "Dictionary," iii. 53.
 "Asiatic Researches," the, i. 301.
 Asplu, George, the musical prodigy, iii. 501.
 Association, the Constitutional, iii. 227.
 Associations, political, dangers of, iii. 227.
 Astorga, the Marquess de, iii. 375.
 "Athenæum," the, i. 385. 393. 416. 423; ii. 9. 43. 67. 81. 193. Its death, 186; iv. 363. 449.
 Atlantis, tales of, ii. 21.
 "Atlas" newspaper, iv. 449.
 Attila, the Latin poem relating to, ii. 41.
 Attwood, Matthias, iv. 308.
 "Aubrey," i. 286.
 Aubrey's "Miscellanies," i. 64.
 Audrey, Mr. iii. 347.
 Augustines, the, in Portugal, i. 25.
 Auracan language, the, ii. 22.
 Austria, policy of, in 1809; ii. 149. 154.
 Autographs, Southey's lines on, iii. 527.
 Autos-da-fé, in Lisbon, i. 107.
 Ava, leprosy, the, iii. 89.
 Avalanche at Skiddaw, iii. 15.
 Aveiro conspiracy, the, i. 112.
 Avery, Mr., iv. 481, 482.
 Awdry, Mr., i. 338.
 Aymures, the, of Paraguay, ii. 88.
 Azote, oxyde of, i. 95.
 Azteicans, their origin, i. 95.
 B —, i. 27. 59. 60. 203.
 B —'s Lucubrations, i. 29.
 B's, the, i. 185.
 Baber, Mr., iii. 341.
 Bacon, Lord, i. 338. Basil Montague's edition of the "Works," iv. 34.
 Bacon, Roger, i. 274.
 Badajoz, i. 177. Siege of, ii. 273.
 Bagdad, i. 78.
 Baillie, Mrs., her "View of Lisbon," iii. 462. 470.
 Baillie, Joanna, i. 295; ii. 115; iii. 353.
 Bailly, the Newbury Renegado, ii. 40.
 Baldwin, Robert, Esq., iv. 461. Letters to (see *Letters*.)
 Baldæus, i. 301.

- Baldwin and Cradock, Messrs., iv. 516. 535, 536.
- Balfour, Mr., h's version of Yriante's "Dancing Bear," ii. 26.
- "Ballads, Lyrical," of Wordsworth, i. 216.
- Ballantine, the bookseller, ii. 139, 140. His "Edinburgh Annual Register," 158. 162. 165. 169. 211. 237; iii. 104; iv. 270.
- Bampton Lectures, iv. 114.
- Bandini's "Memoirs of Amerigo Vespucci," ii. 56, 57. 65.
- Bangor, i. 170.
- "Bank of Faith," the, of William Huntingdon, S. S., i. 355.
- Baptist Missions in Hindostan, i. 234.
- Barbauld, Mrs., i. 304. Her "Essay," 314.
- Barbosa, the Rainhas of, i. 160.
- Barcelona, seige of, iii. 326.
- Barco, D. Martin, his "Life of Vieyra," ii. 209, 210.
- Bards, execution of the, i. 253.
- Bardsey, island of, i. 167. 243. 247.
- Barge-travelling in Belgium, ii. 427.
- Barker, Miss (afterwards Mrs. Slade), i. 107, 108. 113. 118. 120. 172. 184. Letters to, (see *Letters*), 194. 195. 232. 251. 256. 272. 332—335. 353. 356. 386; ii. 1. 175. 219. 265.
- Barlow, Captain Sir R., i. 36; ii. 68.
- Barlowe, Joel, his poem of "Columbus," ii. 153.
- Barnardez, Diego, the poet, i. 115. His brother, i. 115.
- Barnes, Mr., i. 132.
- Barns, Mr., Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 269.
- Barros, Joam de, i. 233. 264. 406. His historical dishonesties, 280, 299.
- Bartholomew, massacre of, i. 7.
- Barré's "Papers," review of, ii. 420.
- Barrow, Sir John, i. 336; iii. 105. 282; iv. 398.
- Barton, Bernard, the poet, iii. 210, 211. 297, 309.
- Basnage, the work of, ii. 53.
- "Basque Dictionary," the, of Larramendi, ii. 196.
- Bassenthwaite, Lake, i. 240; ii. 17.
- Batalha, i. 129. 137. Visit to, 142, 143.
- "Batavian Anthology," Bowring's, iv. 257.
- Bath, corporation of, i. 14. Scenery at, 353, 354.
- Bathurst, Lord, ii. 412.
- Bayard, "Memoirs of the Chevalier," Miss Sara Coleridge's translation of, iii. 402. Southey's review of, 509.
- Bayeux tapestry, iii. 513. 519.
- Bayley, Peter, jun., Esq., his literary piracies, i. 245. 254.
- Bean, his death, iii. 91.
- Beatson's "Military Memoirs," ii. 404.
- Beauharnais, Eugene, ii. 400.
- Beaumont, Sir George, i. 271. 321; ii. 50. 160. 161. 170. 181. 276; iii. 98. 130. 406. His death, iv. 52.
- Beausobre's "Histoire de Manicheisme," i. 339. 359. 368. His "History of the Reformation," iii. 479.
- "Beauties of England and Wales," i. 326; ii. 186.
- Beavers in Wales, i. 243. Miss Barker's drawing of the Beaver, 272.
- Beaver, Captain Philip, ii. 117. His "African Memoranda," 117. His colony at Balama Island, 117, 123.
- Beckford's "Vathek," i. 303; iv. 378.
- Becdoes, Mr., i. 92, 197. 245. 397. 403. 431. 334. His death, ii. 192. The proposed biography of, 192, 193.
- Beddoes, Mrs., i. 191.
- Bede, the venerable, ii. 271; iii. 533.
- Bedford, Grosvenor C. Esq., i. l. z. 49. 85. 90. 118. 218. 279. 288. 363. 403. 414. 428. 479. 430; ii. 9. 18, 19. 355. 405; iii. 30. 146. 214. 225. 301. 347. 371. 424. 533; iv. 55. 443. Letters to, (see *Letters*).
- Bedford, Henry, Esq., i. 381; ii. 19. 212; iii. 157. 383.
- Bedford, Duke of, i. 221. 363; ii. 87. 203; iii. 308; iv. 259.
- Beguinaige, the, i. 96.
- Beira, province of, i. 155.
- "Bel and the Dragon," article in the "Quarterly," ii. 236.
- Belgians, the, iv. 193.
- "Belgica Collectanea," Southey's, iii. 11.
- Bell, Captain, his vision, i. 64.
- Bell, Dr., i. 418; ii. 237. 250. 255. 289. 298. 377; iii. 130. 226. 326; iv. 222. 327. 339. 344. 355.
- Bell, John, i. 132. 135; iii. 125.
- Bellingham, the assassin of Mr. Perceval ii. 272, 273.
- Beloe, Mr., i. 91.
- Bennet, Grey, iii. 385.
- Bentinck, Lord Frederick, iii. 279, 280. 409.
- Bentinck, Lord William, iii. 280.
- Benserade's verses, iv. 71.
- Benson, Rev. Mr., as a preacher, iii. 449.
- Bento, St., Convent of, i. 133.
- Berenguer, Count Raymon, ii. 70.
- Beresford, Bull, ii. 94; iii. 27.
- Bergen op Zoom, taking of, iii. 292.
- Berkeley Castle, i. 98.
- Berkeley's "Minute Philosophy," iii. 512. 543.
- Berlings, the, i. 109.
- Bernadotte, ascends the throne of Sweden, ii. 204.
- Bernard, St., i. 209; ii. 163. His grand Benedictine scheme, 163.
- Bernardines, the, of Alcobaca, i. 142.
- Bernier's "Travels," i. 301.
- Bernino's "History of Heresies," i. 359.
- Berri, Duc de, death of, iii. 184.
- Berrington, the historian, iii. 429.
- Best, Rev. Mr., iv. 69. His book, 73.
- Betham, Miss, ii. 67. 147, 152, 153. 159. 175.
- Bettesworth, his death, ii. 68.
- Bewdley, i. 19.
- Beza's "History of the Reformation in France," iii. 479.
- Bible Society, the, ii. 256. 292.
- "Bibliographers, the British," iii. 49.
- "Bibliotheca Britannica," Southey's projected, i. 219. 229.
- "Bibliotheca Danica," iii. 334.
- Biddlecombe, Mr., i. 39. 49. 75. 94. 220.
- Bierzo, the, ii. 86.
- Biggs, the printer, i. 39.
- Bigland's "Essays," ii. 132.
- Bilderdijk, Mr., iii. 490. 517; iv. 9. 46. 92.
- Bilderdijk, Mrs., iii. 491. 517; iv. 9. 46.
- "Biographical Dictionary," the, of Dr. Aikin, i. 343. 347; ii. 33.
- "Biography, French," review of the, ii. 251.
- Biscay, Bay of, i. 178.
- Bishops, bench of, insulted by Earl Stanhope, ii. 291.
- Black, Dr., editor of the "Morning Chronicle," iv. 103.
- Blackct, the poet, ii. 172. 174.
- Blackstone, Frederick, iii. 533.

- "Blackwood's Magazine," iii. 467. 514; iv. 302.
- Blake, Admiral, ii. 254.
- Blake, Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 275; iv. 27.
- Blenheim House, i. 16.
- Bligh, the midshipman, story of, i. 55. 56.
- "Bloody Gardener," song of the, ii. 332.
- Blomfield, Dr. (now Bishop of London), iii. 478. 498. 501.
- Bloomfield, Robert, his poetry, ii. 174.
- "Blue and Yellow," story of the, iv. 151.
- Blue Devils, the, i. 230.
- Boaden's tragedies, i. 67.
- Boccaccio, i. 325.
- "Body of God," description of the procession of the, i. 104. 114.
- Boddingtons, the, ii. 196.
- Boethius, his "Philosophia," iii. 80.
- "Boica, Monumenta," the, iii. 419.
- Boiling Well, simile of the, i. 270.
- Boilingbroke's "Voyage to the Demarara," ii. 130.
- Bolton, Mr., of Windermere, iii. 323. 325. 329.
- Bonaparte, Napoleon, i. 180. 205. 227. 244. 279. 318. 357; ii. 48. 78. 83. 113. 123. 129. 149. 165. 169. 179. 184. 203. 216. 221. 230. 251. 254. 270. 289. 305. 311. 314. 326. 352. 400. 403. 405. 412. 415. 416. 418; iii. 310. His death, iii. 263. Preparations made in England to repel his projected invasion, i. 221. 253. His abdication, 350. Scott's "Life" of, iv. 40. Hazlitt's "Life" of, 40.
- Bonaparte, Jacopo, his account of the sack of Rome in 1527, iii. 287.
- Bonaparte, Louis (King of Holland), his "Documents" respecting Holland, iii. 524.
- Bonaparte, Lucien, his poem, ii. 224. 231. 384. 385. 418. His conduct, 418.
- Bony Well, the, ii. 229. 231.
- Booksellers and literature, iii. 247. Revolution in bookselling, 523. 526.
- "Borja," the, i. 212.
- Borrodale, i. 171.
- Boscastle, iv. 480.
- Boswell, James, ii. 425. His death, iii. 303. Notice of him and his family, 303, 304.
- Boswell, Sir Alexander, iii. 303, 304.
- Botelho, the poet, iii. 15.
- Botocudos, the South American tribe, ii. 201.
- Boucher, Jonathan, his "View of the Causes and consequences of the American Revolution," iv. 91. His "Archæological and Provincial Dictionary" left unfinished, 91.
- Bourbons, the, ii. 340.
- Bourgoing's statistical account of Spain, ii. 105.
- Bourrit, Mr., i. 192.
- Boutet, or Soutet, the French captain, i. 35. 37.
- "Bow-Begum," history of, i. 49.
- Bowdler's "Shakspeare," iii. 13.
- Bowles, Rev. Mr., iii. 216. 222.
- Bowles, Miss Caroline (the second Mrs. Southey), iii. 139; iv. 13. 77. 81. 304. 556. Her "Widow's Tale," iii. 385. 404. Her "Ellen Fitzarthur," 404.
- Bowness, William, the Keswick man, iii. 459.
- Bowring, Sir John, iv. 257.
- Boys compared with girls, ii. 65.
- Boys, the Abbé du, i. 401.
- Boysie, the poet, ii. 51.
- Bradford, scenery near, i. 354.
- Braganza Revolution, the, i. 135; ii. 76.
- Brahminical system, the, i. 301.
- Branksome, i. 345.
- Bravery, natural to man, ii. 221.
- Bray, Mrs., iv. 202. 207. 211. 247. 343. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Bray, Mr., iv. 367.
- Braybrook House, iii. 146.
- Brazil, i. 93. 401. 406; ii. 46. 76. 77. 128. 200. 201; iii. 315. Failure of the Mines of, i. 124. Spices of, 125. Removal of the Portuguese Court to, 48. Natives of, 49. 71. Language of, 176. Natural history of, 343.
- "Brazil, Arte da Grammatica da Lingua da," of Figuera, ii. 205.
- Brazil-tree, the, ii. 308.
- "Brazil, Travels in," Koster's, iii. 16. 48.
- "Brazilia Cographia," the, iii. 115.
- "Brazil, History of," i. 401. 406. 414; ii. 10. 11. 34. 49. 57. 67. 78. 81. 98. 123. 130. 133. 142. 146. 166. 191. 193. 207. 215. 246. 268. 307. 320. 326. 347. 381. 386. 399. 409; iii. 47. 61. 81. 92. 110. 120. 125. 130. 132. 135. 136. 137. 140. 152. 173. 178. 181. 256. 267. 278. 288. 293.
- Brewer, Mr., his death, iii. 180.
- Brewers, the great, iii. 144.
- Bridgewater, high tides at, i. 92.
- Brigida, S., her revelations, i. 265.
- Brissotines, execution of the, ii. 100.
- Bristol, i. 92. 154. 221. iv. 252. 473.
- Bristol Church of England Tract Society, established, ii. 249.
- "British Critic," the, i. 91. 287; ii. 67. 414. Its new form, iii. 512.
- Brito Freyre, his work, ii. 72.
- Brittany, iii. 513.
- "Britton's Cathedrals," review of, iii. 539; iv. 129.
- Brixton, i. 70. 71. Southey's recollections of, ii. 355.
- Broadway, i. 17, 18.
- Brooke, Mrs. (Maria Del Occidente), her poem, "Zophiel," iv. 214, 215. 361.
- Brooksbank, his religious opinions, iii. 122.
- Brothers, Richard, i. 370.
- "Brothers, The," of Wordsworth, i. 216.
- Brotherswater, ii. 153.
- Brougham, James, iii. 148. 151. 299.
- Brougham, Lord, i. 342; ii. 110. 151. 224; iii. 63. 88. 166. 188; iv. 206. 209. 223. 225.
- Browne, Sir Thomas, his "Religio Medici," ii. 32. New edition of his works, iii. 426. 443. 446; iv. 517.
- Browne, Wade, Esq., his death, iii. 287. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Browne, the traveller, iv. 368.
- Brownes, the, ii. 17.
- Bruce, Robert, Gordon's "Famous History" of, i. 290. Harvey's "Life" of, 290.
- Bruce's "Travels," i. 279. His historical inaccuracy, 280; ii. 149. Review of, ii. 96.
- Bruce, Captain William, iv. 37. 51.
- Buges, description of, ii. 427. 429.
- Brunswick, Duke of, i. 12.
- Brussels, visit to, ii. 428. Visit of the Emperor Alexander to, 428, 429.
- Brutus, dramatised by Lee, ii. 66. Painted by David, 67.
- Brydges, Mr., ii. 51.
- Brydges, Sir Egerton, ii. 136. 394; iv. 383. 416. 448.

- Buccaneer, origin of the name, iii. 12.
 Buchanan's "Travels," review of, ii. 48.
 Buckingham, Duke of; his poem on Felton, his father's assassin, i. 423; iii. 308; iv. 45.
 Buckingham, Duchess of, iv. 45.
 Buckingham, Marquis of, his patronage of O'Connor's work, iii. 61. 64.
 Buckminster's "Sermons," iii. 441.
 Buddha, mythology of, borrowed from Christianity, i. 339.
 Buenos Ayres, Mr. Kinder's journal kept in, ii. 239. Misgovernment in, 240. Character of the inhabitants of, 264. Their wild legislation, 360, 361. "History of," iii. 114.
 Balama Island, Captain Beaver's colony at, ii. 117. 123.
 Bulkeley, Mrs., i. 114.
 Bull-fights, i. 116.
 Bullion question, the, in 1811, ii. 224. 300.
 Bunbury, Sir H., iii. 64. 165. 182. 191; iv. 365.
 Bunbury, Mr., his death, ii. 223.
 Bunbury, Mr. (son of the last), ii. 223.)
 Bunjy, or Bungy, or Benjy, or Bengy, Miss, i. 194. 255.
 Buonarrotti, M., his "History of the Babœuf Conspiracy," iv. 180. 210.
 Burdett, Sir Francis, ii. 214. 272. 273; iv. 505.
 Burdettites, the, ii. 212. 214. 272.
 Bureta, Countess of, the Zaragoza, ii. 272.
 Burke, Colonel, in South America, ii. 201, 202.
 Burke, Edmund, i. 203. His logic, ii. 189. His works published in 8vo., iii. 269.
 Burn, Mr., i. 401. 402; ii. 11; iii. 279.
 Burnet, Bishop, his "History of his Own Times," iii. 393, 394.
 Burnetski, Count, i. 305. 321; ii. 26. His "Polish Letters," i. 416.
 Burnett, George, i. 52. 156. 181. 251. 365; ii. 13. 138.
 Burney, Captain James, i. 219. 228. 401; ii. 53. 65.
 Burney, Dr., iv. 310.
 Burney, Martin, i. 321.
 Burns, Robert, i. 420. His "Works," edited by Allan Cunningham, iv. 373.
 Burrard, Sir Harry, iii. 416; iv. 82.
 Burton, in Hampshire, i. 39. 44.
 Burton, Robert, his Grub Street works, ii. 311, 312.
 Bury, town of, iii. 410.
 Butchell, Martin Van, iv. 378.
 Butcher, Mr., ii. 383.
 Butler, Dr. (afterwards Bishop of Lichfield), iv. 241.
 Bute, Lord, i. 140. 244.
 Butler, Mr., iii. 379. His answer to Southey's "Book of the Church," 462. 467. 482. His "Life of Erasmus," 514. 531. 534. 535.
 Butler, Alban, his "Lives of the Saints," iii. 108.
 Butler, Lady Eleanor, of Llangollen, ii. 230. 234.
 Buttermere, i. 329; ii. 154; iii. 262.
 Buxtorf's "Synagoge," iv. 176.
 Byron, Lord, ii. 387; iii. 34. 137. 142. 225. 232. 238. 293. 312. 340. 344. 346. 450; iv. 112. 288. 324.
 Byzantine historians, the, ii. 39. 41. 158. 162.
 C——, the Spanish luminary, i. 27.
 Cadaval, Duke of, i. 105.
 Cabildos, the, ii. 200.
 "Cabinet Cyclopædia," the, iv. 122, 154. 164. 170. 183.
 Cadell and Davies, the publishers, ii. 26.
 Cadiz, the plague at, i. 123. Its unhealthiness, 124.
 Cadwallon, i. 171.
 "Cain, a Mystery," Lord Byron's, iii. 293. 295.
 Calais, siege of, in 1436, ii. 215.
 Calas, death of, i. 7.
 Calcutta, bishopric of, iii. 369. 371. 376. 377. Accepted by Reginald Heber, 393.
 Caldas, i. 141.
 Caldcleugh's "Travels," iii. 479.
 Caldron Snout, ii. 286.
 Caledonian Ball, iii. 432.
 Caledonian Canal, the, iii. 378. 384.
 Calicut, conquest of, i. 300.
 "California Historia de," ii. 216.
 Cailimachus, epigram of, i. 49. *n.* Translation of, 50.
 Calvert, John, ii. 117. 350; iii. 148. 154. 299; iv. 42.
 Calvert, Mrs., iii. 240.
 Calvin, John, i. 360. Spread of Calvinism in England, 371.
 Calvin's "Letters" in the "Courier," ii. 350.
 "Cambrian Register," the, i. 286. 291. 294.
 Cambridge, epidemic fever at, ii. 407. 424. Visit to the town of, iii. 410.
 "Cambro-Briton," the, iii. 351. 369.
 Camden Downs, i. 17.
 Camoens, poetry of, i. 26, 27, 243. Hayley's translations of, 26. His fate, 131. Adamson's "Life" of, iii. 117. 289. 295. D. Jose's Maria's edition of the "Lusiad," 321.
 Campbell, Horse, ii. 92, 93.
 Cannibalism, iii. 11.
 Canning, Right Hon. George, i. 116; ii. 86. 149. 160. 170. 275. 382. 391. 396. 405; iii. 31. 120. 324. 329. 501; iv. 85.
 Canova, iii. 130.
 Capel Cerrig, i. 170.
 Caraccan deputies, the, 240, 241. 247.
 "Caramuru," the Brazilian poem of, iii. 316.
 Carillons, the, of Ghent, iv. 200.
 Carlisle, Nic., i. 49. 71. 219. 270. 275. 322. His Icarization, 90. His tortoise, 351.
 Carlisle, projected insurrection in, iii. 166.
 Carlyle's translations from the Arabic, ii. 89, 90. His "French Revolution," iv. 509.
 "Carmen Annum," Southey's first, ii. 339.
 "Carmen Nuptiale," the, iii. 26. 47.
 Carol, Colonel, ii. 206. 212.
 Caroline, Queen, iii. 183. Case of, 206. 218. 220.
 Carpio, Bernardo del, tale of, i. 199. 208; ii. 72.
 Carte's "Life of Ormond," iv. 119.
 Carter, Mrs., her translation of Epictetus, i. 259. 400; ii. 1.
 Cartwright, Major, his saying, iv. 363.
 Carvajal, D. Louisa de, sketch of her life, i. 368. 392.
 Carysfort, Lord, i. 289. 364.
 "Carysfort," mortality on board the, i. 295. 305.
 Casas, Las, i. 95.
 Casaubon's "Letters," iii. 438.
 Castaneda, the historian, i. 233. 264.

- Caste, the Hindoo system of, i. 285. 299, 300.
- Castelcicali, ii. 223, 224.
- Castlereagh, Lord, ii. 170. 402; iii. 142.
- Castro, Jaõ de, i. 128.
- Catalan writers, ii. 70, 71.
- "Catalonia, History of the War in," Spanish, iii. 357.
- Catarina, St., in Brazil, ii. 202.
- Caterpillars, hairy, said to sting the hand, ii. 346.
- Cathcart, Lord, ii. 305.
- Cathedrals*, or Cambridge men, iii. 266.
- Cathedral history, remarks on, iv. 28.
- Catholic Association, the, iii. 468.
- Catholic Committee, the, ii. 305.
- Catholic Declaration, the, iii. 32.
- Catholic emancipation, i. 145. 356. 416. 426; ii. 276; iii. 31. 160. 312. 398. 480; iv. 130. 158.
- Catholic legends, iv. 40.
- Catholicism in Portugal, i. 106. Its demoralising influence, ii. 241.
- "Cato," Addison's, ii. 217.
- Cato's "Letters," i. 367.
- Cats, Jacob, i. 71. 430.
- Cats, Southey's, iii. 216, 217, 240—243. 470; iv. 88. 496.
- "Caulbul," Elphinstone's, iii. 19.
- Causey Pike, the mountain so called, i. 302; iii. 403.
- Cav's, the Yorkshire, ii. 288.
- "Cecilia," the romance of, i. 66.
- Cedam, footstep of the, i. 360.
- "Celestina," Charlotte Smith's novel of, i. 179.
- "Celtic Researches," Davis's, review of, i. 336.
- Cenis, Mount, iii. 72, 73.
- "Censura Literaria," the, ii. 186.
- Cervantes, his petition, iii. 126.
- Cezimbre, height and castle of, i. 110.
- Chagas, Padre Antoniodas, iii. 399.
- Chalcondylas, history of, ii. 39.
- Challenge, answer to an expected, iv. 497.
- Chalmers' "Collection," iii. 528.
- Chamberlaine, ii. 201.
- Champion's Fragment of "Ferdusi," ii. 41. 96.
- Chandler's "Greece," i. 339.
- Channing, the Rev. Dr., iii. 321; iv. 160.
- Chantrey, Sir Francis, iii. 130. 303. 312; iv. 133, 478, 519.
- Chapelain's "Joan of Arc," i. 34.
- Charitable trusts, abuses in, i. 53.
- Charlemagne, poems on, i. 206.
- Charles Martel, St. Eucherius's vision of the punishment of, i. 307.
- Charles II. of England, article on, iii. 398. 402.
- Charles VI., of Spain, i. 21, 22. His Queen insulted in Madrid, 22.
- Charlevoix, ii. 57. His "History of St. Domingo," 310.
- "Charlotte, Princess, Funeral Song on," Southey's, iv. 283.
- Charterhouse school, ii. 289.
- Chastillas, ii. 149.
- Chateaubriand, i. 207; iv. 551.
- Chatham, Earl of, ii. 118.
- Chatsworth, i. 17.
- Chatterton, Southey's opinion of, i. 420.
- Chatterton subscription, the, i. 97. 145. 187. 205.
- "Chaucer, Life of," Godwin's, i. 245. 254.
- Chesterfield, Lord, his song in the "Spectimens," i. 419. 425.
- "Chili, History of," by one of the ex-Jesuits, ii. 134.
- Cholera Morbus, the, iv. 225. 227. 230. 242. 245. 249. 262. 269. 285. 290, 291. 293. 300. 308.
- Christ Church, Southey rejected at, i. 6. 203.
- Christchurch, Hampshire, i. 30. 33. 179. 379.
- "Christiad," the projected poem of Henry Kirke White, ii. 184.
- Christianity, end of the reign of fabulous, i. 3.
- Christianity, difficulties or facilities of introducing, iv. 161.
- "Christian Observer," the, ii. 7. 62.
- Christophe, Madame (formerly Queen of Hayti) iv. 144.
- "Church, Book of the," Southey's, iii. 230. 294. 317. 342. 348. 353. 371. 387. 390, 391. 414. 438. 462. 464. 469. 474; iv. 26.
- Church Establishment, Southey's apprehensions for the, ii. 291.
- Church, national, duty of a government respecting, iii. 429.
- Church, books relating to the history of the, iii. 426.
- Churchev, William, iv. 475.
- Cibdareal, Bachelles F. G. de, his "Centon Epistolario," ii. 87.
- Cid, the, i. 199. 208. 347. 349. 357. 364. 373. 377. 382. 386. 404; ii. 10. 11. 13. 15. 22. 34. 43. 44. 67. 71. 78. 81. 85. 99. 193.
- Cieça, Pedro de, his work, ii. 72.
- Cintra, its beauty, i. 118. 120. 128. Convention of, ii. 100. 108. 116. 120. 164; iii. 6. 13.
- Cistercians, the, i. 209.
- Ciudad Rodrigo, battle of, ii. 273.
- Clarendon, Earl of, iv. 264.
- Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion," iii. 95.
- "Claridge, Richard, Life of," iii. 214.
- "Clarissa," Miss Barker's hypothesis concerning, ii. 297.
- Clarke, Stanier, his "History of Maritime Discovery," i. 238. His "Life of Nelson," ii. 180. 184, 185. Appointed historiographer, 281.
- Clarke, Adam, his reply to Herbert Marsh, ii. 256. His biblical erudition, 363. "Life" of, iv. 356.
- Clarke, Mrs. ii. 129.
- Clarke, Dr. his "Travels," ii. 302.
- Clarke's "Christiad," iv. 413. Notice of the author, 413.
- Clarkson, Thomas, i. 245; ii. 43. 147. 153. 255; iii. 304. 373. 376; iv. 145.
- Clarkson, Mrs., i. 245.
- Claverton, scenery at, i. 354.
- Clavigero's "Mexico," review of, ii. 14.
- Clede, La, i. 135, 233.
- "Clelia," the French Romance, ii. 66.
- Clercq, Mr. Willem de, iii. 415.
- "Clermont, Acts of the Council of," ii. 157.
- Climate, influence of, i. 91.
- Clinton, Fynes, iv. 191.
- Clive, Mr., iii. 145. 266.
- Cobbett, William, ii. 165. 214. 272; iii. 51. 68. 69. His "State Trials," 186.
- Cochin saved by woodcutters, i. 300.
- Loureiro's account of, ii. 395.
- Cochrane, Admiral (afterwards Earl of Dundonald), i. 327; ii. 11. 118.
- "Cock and a Hen," Southey's, iv. 116.
- Cod liver oil, iii. 151.
- Codex Argenteus, the, i. 226.

833

- Coimbra, mail-coach to, i. 112. Beauty of the situation of the city of, 136. The interior of, 136.
- "Coimbra Journal," the, ii. 382.
- Colburn, Henry, the bookseller," iv. 450.
- Colchester, Lord, iii. 376, 377.
- Coleridge, Edward, i. 83.
- Coleridge, George, notice of, i. 81, 82.
- Coleridge, Mrs., *senr.*, i. 83.
- Coleridge, S. T., i. 67. 78. 81. 103. 108. 118. 122. 153. 165. 174. 183. 185. 216. 217. 228. 231. 232. 235. 237. 239. 246. 250. 253. 254. 257. 270. 271. 279. 297. 299. 310. 321. 338. 357. 365. 377. 381. 391. 400. 408. 410. 416; ii. 16. 35. 48. 114. 119. 128. 182. 183. 184. 188. 189. 192. 193. 195. 212. 242. 247. 257. 270. 299. 317. 332. 386. 408; iii. 67; iv. 381.
- Coleridge, Derwent, iii. 286. 457.
- Coleridge, Henry, iv. 222. 307. His "Life of Swing," 222.
- Coleridge, John, ii. 415; iii. 49. 336. 342. 344. 345. 348. 350. 353. 383. 455. 509. 511; iv. 67. 106.
- Coleridge, Mrs., i. 335. 400. 410. 415; ii. 159. 190. 378; iii. 1. 106.
- Coleridge, Hartley (Moses), i. 241. 311. 355; ii. 30. 38. 279. 386. 407. 424; iii. 140; iv. 382.
- Coleridge, Sara, i. 400; iii. 5. 286. 301. 432. 452.
- Coleman, Mr., i. 75.
- Collier, Jeremy, his Church history, iii. 429.
- Collier, Jeremy, his "Annals of the Stage," iv. 238.
- Colling, Mary, her poems, iv. 211, 212. 216. 228. 247. 266.
- Collingwood, Admiral, ii. 313.
- "Colloquies upon the Prospects of Society," Southey's, iii. 177. 207. 230. 337. 251. 311. 437. 485; iv. 56. 63. 84. 87. 136. 153. 207. 224. 288.
- Collyer, Dr., his "Lectures," ii. 131. 133. 182.
- Colnaghi, iii. 82.
- Colonial policy, Southey's opinions respecting, ii. 263. 304.
- Colonization, necessity of, iii. 174.
- "Columbanus's Letters," iv. 48.
- "Columbus," Joel Barlowe's poem of, ii. 153.
- Combermere, Viscount, iv. 111.
- Commodore, origin of the word, ii. 70.
- Common Council, its reply to the King's answer to a petition, ii. 117.
- Comnena, Anna, history of, ii. 40, 41. 157, 158.
- Compass, Mariner's, invention of the, ii. 57. 66.
- Condor, Josiah, ii. 198. 234. 242. 258. 261. 293. 338. 409; iii. 2. 112. 217. 275.
- Conestaggio, his "History," i. 390.
- "Confessions," the, of Rousseau, i. 54.
- Confirmations, neglect of, iii. 499. Wagon confirmations, 499. *n.*
- Congreve, i. 230. 260. 276.
- "Consolations and Comforts," the, of Coleridge, i. 246.
- Constancio, Dr., his "Ghost," i. 290.
- Constable, Mr., the publisher, ii. 29. 297.
- Constantine Palæologus, subject of, proposed to Southey for an epic poem, i. 295. Miss Baillie's tragedy of, 295.
- "Constantinople, History of," ii. 311.
- Constitutional Association, the, iii. 227.
- Consumption, its prevalence in Iceland, ii. 242. The Spanish belief that it is contagious, 243. Its frequency in North America, 244.
- "Convocation, History of the," iii. 261.
- Conway castle, i. 170.
- Conundrums, i. 29. 287. 290; ii. 420; iii. 295. 507.
- Coombe ("His Majesty," or "Αναξάνδρῶν"), i. 6. 7. 16. 19; ii. 93. 150; iii. 249. 268. 274. 275.
- Copenhagen, bombardment of, i. 149; ii. 25. 27. 204. 312. 315.
- Coppendale, Mr., i. 116. 158.
- Copyright, observations on, ii. 323; iii. 90; iv. 511.
- Corbyn, Mr., i. 75.
- Cordesius's "Joannes Aletophili Opera M. Gulielmi de S. Amore," iii. 522.
- Cordova, i. 78.
- Cork Convent, i. 115.
- Cork, Cove of, i. 228.
- Cornwall, sands of, iv. 487, 488. Mines of, 489.
- Cornwall, Barry, iii. 222.
- Corpo de Dios, procession of the, i. 104. 114.
- "Correio Brasileiro," the, ii. 246; iii. 227. 253.
- Corry, Mr., i. 175. 179. 182. 199. 201. 212; iv. 143.
- Corunna, i. 20.
- Corwen, village of, i. 169. 248.
- Cossacks, the, ii. 305. 311.
- Costin, Hippolyte da, ii. 295.
- Costume, old English, i. 289.
- Cottle, Joseph, i. 33. 41. 48. 122. 156; iii. 141. 529. 535.
- Cottle, Amos, his translation of the "Edda," i. 46. His "Alfred," 101. 397. His "Ode of Thrym" quoted, 211. *n.* His "Recollections," iv. 538.
- Cottle, Patty, death of, i. 118.
- Cotton, Charles, the angler, his translation of Montluc's "Commentaries," iii. 441. 485. 486.
- Cotton, Mr., ii. 83. 91.
- "Courier," the, i. 184. 380. 416; ii. 12. 16. 48. 81. 149. 184. 305. 341. 351. 386; iii. 67. 220.
- Courtin's poem on Charlemagne, i. 206; ii. 385.
- Couto, Dijojo de, i. 264.
- Covent Garden Theatre, i. 51.
- Cowper, William, ii. 112. 324; iv. 399, 400. His works edited by Southey, 384. *et seq.*
- Coxe, Archdeacon, review of his "Life of Marlborough," iii. 164.
- Crabbe, George, his poems, ii. 90. His poetry compared with that of Goldsmith, 91.
- Cradock, Charles, Esq., iv. 387. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Craig, Mr., the Scottish Presbyterian clergyman, iv. 191.
- Craufurd's "Sketches of the Hindoos," i. 301.
- Craufurd, General, iii. 92. 129.
- Credulity and Medicine, i. 84. 85.
- Criminal law, the, iii. 119.
- "Critical Review, the," i. 27. 102. 249. 310. 381; ii. 23.
- Critics, dramatic, of London, ii. 218.
- Croft Castle, ii. 229.
- Croft, Sir Herbert, his tomb at Douay, iii. 516.
- Croft, Sir Herbert, his "Letter," i. 118; ii. 112. Proposal to dedicate Chatterton's works to him, i. 145.
- Croker, J. W., ii. 228. 236. 275. 282. 335.

- 391; iii. 4, 5. 462; iv. 304. 372. His "Boswell's Life of Johnson," iv. 237.
- Cromwell, Oliver, iii. 291. "Memoirs of," by his descendant, Oliver Cromwell, 177. 252. Southey's "Life of," 254. 256. 284.
- Crosse, Mr., iv. 494. 576
- Crossfell, ii. 284. Remarkable accident on, 385.
- Crossthaite Church, i. 250.
- Crummock Lake, ii. 338.
- Crusades, advice to Dr. Southey for collecting materials for a history of the, ii. 156. 161. 162. 178. 244.
- Cruz, Santa, monastery of, at Coimbra, i. 136.
- Cubitt, Rev. B. i. 252; iv. 278.
- "Culdees, History of the," iv. 270.
- "Cumberland Packet," the, iii. 150.
- Cumberland, Duke of, i. 221; iv. 193.
- Cunha, D. Luizda, ii. 49.
- Cunha, Munho da, i. 390.
- Cunliffe, Lady, i. 248. 282.
- Cunningham, Allan, i. 420; iii. 302. 484; iv. 103. 113. 116. 362. 373. 386.
- Curtis, Sir Roger, ii. 68.
- Curtis, Sir William, his conundrum, ii. 420.
- Curwen, Mr., ii. 108. 117. His bill, 147. 265.
- Cyr, St., i. 158.
- Cyr, St., Marshal Gouvion, iii. 289. 370.
- "Cymmrodorion Transactions," the, iii. 349. 351. 368.
- "Cyclopædia," Rees's, i. 423; ii. 186.
- D—, her perversion to Roman Catholicism, ii. 313. 317.
- Daira, Bauba, iv. 303.
- Dalecarlians, the, ii. 204.
- Dalhas, Mr., i. 302.
- Dallas, Sir George, iii. 202. 203.
- Dalrymple's "Oriental Repertory," i. 300. His library, ii. 53.
- Dalrymple, Sir Hew, his conversation, ii. 100. 108. 116. 120. 164; iii. 13.
- Dalrymple, Colonel, iv. 33.
- Damien, the maniac, i. 7.
- Danby, Mr., of Swinton Park, iv. 152. 155. His "Ideas and Realities," 155.
- Danes, the, conversion of, to Christianity, i. 226. Healthiness of the, ii. 242. 243.
- D'Anois, Countess, her account of Spain, ii. 105.
- Danvers, Charles, Esq., i. 103. 118. 153. 219. 235. 236. 309. 316. 332. 337. 353. 355. Letters to, ii., 36, 37. 84. 147. 152. 153. 271. 279. 282. His death, 383. 421. (see *Letters*).
- Danvers, John, i. 186.
- Danvers, Mrs., i. 193. 201.
- Dapper, the dog, i. 284.
- D'Arblay, Madame, iv. 315. Her "Diary," 315. 323.
- D'Arblay, Mr. (son of Madame D'Arblay), iv. 315.
- Dartmouth, scenery of, i. 84.
- Darwin, Dr. Erasmus, ii. 192.
- "Darwin, Life of," Seward's, i. 336.
- Dashwood, Mr., ii. 113.
- Dauncey, the Counsel, iii. 101. 177.
- David, the painter, i. 67.
- Davidson, Lucretia, the American poetess, iv. 223.
- Davies' "Celtic Researches," review of, i. 336. His other work, iii. 50. His "Mythology of the Druids," 200.
- Davies, Adam, his poem, i. 274.
- "Davis, Richard, Life of," iii. 214.
- Davis, Mr., of Croft Castle, ii. 229.
- Davidson, "Rev. J., his articles in the "Quarterly," ii. 419.
- Davison, Admiral, ii. 417; iii. 27.
- Davis's "Travels in America," i. 246; ii. 349.
- Davy, Mr. (afterwards Sir Humphrey), i. 85. 95. 100. 108. 122. 153. 161. 185. 192. 197; ii. 35. 192. 245.
- Davy, Captain, ii. 199. 201.
- Dawe, Mr., the painter, ii. 293.
- "Days of Queen Mary," the, i. 62. 65. 66. 145. Proposed plot of, 62. 63.
- "Decameron," the, iii. 533.
- "Decline and Fall," profits realised by the author of the, i. 96.
- Dee, the river, i. 168. 169. 248. The aqueduct over the, ii. 232.*
- Deering, Sir Edward, his speeches, iii. 291.
- Deleau, Madame, anecdote of, iv. 286.
- Delphi, Knowledge of the Priests of, i. 93.
- "Deluge, The," considered as a subject for an Epic poem, ii. 184.
- Dempster, George, iv. 340.
- Denon, Baron, his "Voyage dans la Basse et Haute Egypt, pendant les campagnes du Général Bonaparte," i. 208.
- Derby, Countess of, her letter to Henry Kirke White, ii. 7.
- Dermody, the poet, ii. 49. Review of the "Life of," 51.
- Derrick's "Image of Ireland," quoted, iii. 159.
- Derwentwater, the bottom winds and lakes of the, 16. By moonlight, 96.
- Derwentwater Estates, stewardship of the, ii. 160. Sale of the, iv. 269. 314.
- "desouter, a," letter from, to Southey, iv. 186.
- Despaigne's "Shibboleth," &c., iv. 453.
- Despard, and his conspiracy, i. 213.
- "Devil's Walk," the, iv. 51.
- Devizes, incident in the market-place of, i. 367.
- Devon, South, scenery of, i. 84.
- "Dialogues," Landor's, iii. 388.
- Dibdin, Dr., his "Bibliographical Tour," iii. 261.
- Dickenson, Mr., member for Somersetshire, ii. 148. 150.
- Dickson, Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 269.
- Dickson, Mrs., i. 393.
- Dictionary, the, of the Portuguese Academy, i. 126.
- Digby's "Broad Stone of Honour," iv. 70. 74.
- Digby, Sir Kenelm, iii. 428.
- Dimond, John, his "Moral and Political Philosophy," iv. 156. 210.
- Dinevawr, i. 243.
- Dinez, King of Portugal, his collection of poems at Thomar, i. 129. History of his reign, 159.
- Dio, great siege of, i. 322.
- Dirom, General, iv. 339. 340.
- Diseases, contagious, theory of, i. 317.

* In Vol. III. p. 205., *Dee* is left by mistake for *D.*, that is, *Duddon*.

835

- D'Israeli, the elder, ii. 53; iv. 264, 369, 393. His "New Curiosities of Literature," iii. 352. His "Literary Characters," iv. 112. His children, 177. His "Commentaries on the Life of Charles I.," 264.
- Diu, exploits of Joaõ de Castro at, i. 128.
- Dobrizhoffer, Martin, ii. 133; iii. 75. 171.
- Miss Sara Coleridge's translation of, 286. 289. 301.
- "Doctor," the West Indian wind, so called, i. 113.
- "Doctor," Southey's, iii. 58; iv. 368. 373. 441. 527.
- Dollond, the mathematical instrument maker, iii. 131.
- Domestic happiness, i. 45, 86.
- "Domingo, History of," Charlevoix's, ii. 310.
- Domingos, D., ii. 295.
- Doncaster, iv. 199. 201.
- "Donica," i. 54.
- "Don Juan," Lord Byron's, iii. 142. 225. 238. 275. 336.
- Dorey, Mr., Mrs. Bray's account of, iv. 343.
- Douce, Mr. iii. 50.
- Dousa, Janus, the Dutchman, iv. 4.
- "Dove, Dr. Daniel," Southey's chapters in, ii. 352. His proposed work, iii. 3. 56; iv. 442, 443.
- Downton, ii. 230. Southey elected member for, iv. 6.
- Doyle, Dr., the Roman Catholic, iii. 483. 538.
- D'Oyley, Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 269.
- Drake, Sir Francis, traditions of, iv. 259. 260. 342.
- Dramatic writing, i. 87.
- Draper, Sir W., iii. 333.
- Dreadnought ship, the, ii. 17. 74. 79.
- Drogo de Couto, ii. 412.
- Druidism, existence of, in Scotland and Wales as late as the 12th century, iii. 200. Davis's "Mythology of the Druids," 200.
- Duarte, the historian, i. 160.
- Duckworth, Admiral Sir John, his victory off St. Domingo, i. 380.
- Duelling, ii. 212.
- Duncan, Mr., originator of Savings banks, iii. 323.
- Dundonald, Earl of. See *Cochrane, Admiral*.
- Dunmal Raise, snow on, ii. 29. *n.*
- Duponceau, M., of New York, iii. 271.
- Duppa, Richard, i. 89. 219. 270. 296. 378; ii. 20, 21. 333. His "Heads," i. 336; ii. 20. 66, 67. His Memoirs of his own life, 333. His death, iv. 231.
- Duppa, Bishop, ii. 20.
- Dupuis, i. 369.
- Durham, Bishop of, ii. 136. University of, iv. 237.
- Dusautoy, Mr., his death, ii. 407. His poems, 423; iii. 16.
- Dutch Grammar, i. 71.
- Dutch, how treated by the Spaniards, ii. 165.
- Dutens, M., historiographer to George III. ii. 167. His death, 275.
- Dwight, Dr., his "Travels in New England and New York," iii. 341. 405. 427.
- Dyce's "Shakspeare," iv. 547.
- Dyer, George, i. 33. 72. 335. 386. 428; ii. 67. 175. His "Life of Robert Robinson," 33. His "Poems," i. 201. His "Privileges of Cambridge," iii. 441.
- Dyson, Mrs., i. 114.
- E—, his suicide, iii. 171. 177. His papers, 171. 177.
- Earthquakes, Dr. Holland's theory of, ii. 405.
- East Indian affairs, Portuguese, i. 115, 116.
- East Indies, missions to the, i. 207.
- "Ecclesiastical Researches," Robinson's, i. 33.
- "Ecclesiastical Sketches," the, of Wordsworth, iii. 311.
- "Eclectic Review," the, ii. 409. 414; iii. 217. 275.
- "Eclogues," the, i. 70.
- "Eclogues, Portuguese," i. 364.
- "Edda," the, translated by Amos Cottle, i. 46. 50. Sæmund's "Edda," iii. 334. 349. 401.
- Eden Hall, the seat of the Musgraves, ii. 284.
- Edgeworth, Mr., i. 491.
- Edinburgh, description of, i. 341, 342. Society of, 342.
- "Edinburgh Annual Register," ii. 158. 162. 165. 169. 186, 187. 203. 206. 211. 214. 222. 249, 250. 280, 281. 287. 300, 301. 319. 321; iii. 104. 121. Its death, 324.
- "Edinburgh Review," i. 214. 251. 297. 346. 381. 404. 418; ii. 14. 29. 32. 33. 35. 38. 107. 114. 124. 132. 144. 165. 207. 221. 226. 228. 233. 236. 241. 258. 268. 293; iii. 116. 275.
- Edinburgh reviewers, i. 298.
- Edmund Ironsides, subject of, proposed for a poem, i. 295.
- "Education, New System of," the article in the "Quarterly," ii. 248. 254. 255. Importance of national education, 304.
- "Egypt, History of the Expedition to," Miot's, ii. 394. 396. 402.
- Egyptology, i. 208.
- "Eikon Basiliæ," authorship of the, ii. 20.
- "Εἰκὼν Βασιλέως? Who wrote," Dr. Wordsworth's, iii. 450, 451.
- "Eleemon," written, iv. 103. 105. 111.
- Elgin, Lord, iii. 21.
- "Elia," Charles Lamb's, iii. 374.
- Elliot, Ebenezer, iii. 412; iv. 364.
- Ellis, Agar, his book, iv. 71. 91.
- Ellis, George, his "Specimens of Early English Poets," remarks on, i. 166. 262. 269. Review of, 281. His contributions to the "Quarterly Review," 145. 149. Review of, 164.
- Ellis's "Tour in Owhyhee," iv. 142, 160.
- Elmsley, the Rev. Peter, i. 248. 340. 343. 371; iii. 222. 320. 351. 371. 430. 433. 499.
- Elphinstone, Mountstuart; his "Caubul," iii. 19.
- Elton, Mr., iv. 58.
- Elwas, i. 158; ii. 129.
- "Elwood, Thomas, Life of," iii. 214.
- "Emanuel, Chronicle of King," i. 233.
- Emigration, plans for, iii. 373, 374. 376. Southey's paper on, iv. 105.
- Emmet, Robert, i. 236, 237.
- Emulation, the principle of, in modern education, iii. 387.
- "England, Moral and Literary History of," Southey's proposed work, iii. 200.
- England, preparations in, for repelling the French, i. 221.

I 342

- English, the, in Spain, i. 22. In Portugal, 107. 119. The various races in England, 278. Expulsion of, from Lisbon, ii. 35. - 37.
- "English, in Italy," the, iii. 512.
- Ennerdale, i. 329.
- Enoch, Book of, ii. 96.
- Enstone, i. 16.
- Entre Douro e Minho, province of, i. 155.
- Epictetus, Mrs. Carter's translation, i. 259. 400; ii. 1.
- Epitaphs, i. 49; ii. 218.
- Equestrian, story of a little, i. 29.
- Erasmus's "Epistles," iii. 509. 514. Butler's "Life of Erasmus," 514.
- "Espriella, Letters of Don Manuel Alvarez," i. 282. 314. 316. 318. 322. 325. 326. 328. 331. 340. 343. 347—349. 352. 376. 377. 378. 382. 386. 388. 389. 402. 404. 409. 410. 415; ii. 9. 13. 28. 30. 32. 34. 38. 39. 42. 44. 66. 81. 332; iv. 231.
- "Espriella, Second Letters of," iii. 84.
- "Essays," Gardiner's review of, i. 336.
- "Essays," Southey's, iv. 62. 253. 255. 268. 275. 288.
- Estlin, John, and his sister, i. 376; ii. 270.
- Estrella, snowy summit of the, i. 136.
- Ethiopia, the Jesuits in, ii. 412.
- Etna, Mount, i. 166.
- Eucherius, St., Bishop of Orleans, his vision, i. 307.
- Eugenius Philalethes, alias Thomas Vaughan, i. 94.
- "Europe, Memoirs of, from the Peace of Utrecht," Lord John Russell's, iii. 462.
- "European Magazine," the, ii. 353.
- "Evangelical Magazine," the, ii. 112. 186. 234; iv. 187. 428.
- "Evangelium *Sempiternum*," the, i. 265.
- Evans, Greeton, the Welsh herdsman, ii. 373. 387.
- Evelyn, John, review of his "Memoirs," iii. 93. His "Journal," 99.
- Everett, A. H., his Review, iii. 209.
- Evesham, abbey of, i. 18.
- Evesham, vale of, i. 17.
- Evesham, town of, i. 18.
- Ewlia Effendi, his account of the Ottoman Empire, ii. 382. 383.
- "Examiner," the, ii. 342; iii. 34.
- Exeter, iv. 281.
- Exmoor, villages round, i. 80.
- "Extracts, the Book of," iii. 214.
- F., funeral of, at Bath, i. 14.
- Factory system, the, iv. 328. 504.
- "Faerie Queen," the, of Spenser, i. 216; iii. 169.
- Falkland, Lord, iii. 283.
- "Family Library," Murray's, iv. 164. 170.
- Fanshaw, Lady, her "Memoirs," iii. 285. 290.
- Faria, Manoel, the historian, i. 133. 160. 233.
- Faro, city of, its poverty in 1801, i. 148.
- Fat Man, the, i. 387.
- Fauntleroy, execution of, iii. 472.
- Fayette, La, i. 47.
- Fell, Mr., author of the "Tour through the Batavian Republic," i. 184.
- Felton, the assassin, the Duke of Buckingham's poem on, i. 425.
- Fenwick, Miss, iv. 98.
- Ferdinand VII., of Spain, ii. 360. 374; iii. 14. 339.
- "Ferdusi," Champion's Fragment of, ii. 41. 96.
- Fern, Miss, ii. 138.
- Fernando, King of Portugal, history of his reign, i. 159.
- Ferrerar, the Spanish historian, ii. 72.
- Ferrol, the expedition to, i. 123.
- Ferrol harbour, i. 86.
- Feyjoo's "Theatro-Critico," i. 326; ii. 31.
- Fielding, Copley, iii. 144. *n.*
- Fielding, Mr., iii. 107.
- Fiennes, Celia, her MS. "Account of her several journeys into several parts of England during the Reign of Queen Anne," ii. 84.
- Figueira, P. Luig, his "Arte da Grammatica da Lingua da Brazil," ii. 205.
- Fischer's supplemental account of Spain, ii. 105.
- Fisher, Aggy, ii. 24.
- Fisher, John, ii. 24.
- "Fizeramo's Account," i. 83.
- "Flagellant," the, i. 281; ii. 342; iii. 177. 233.
- Flavel, i. 106.
- Flaxman, the sculptor, ii. 229.
- Fletcher's "Demetrius and Euanthe," iv. 547.
- Fleury, Cardinal, i. 212.
- Floating Island, the, of Derwentwater, iii. 431.
- "Florisel," Shakspeare's, origin of, ii. 4.
- Floyd, Colonel, iv. 340.
- Fogs in Portugal, i. 119.
- "Folksagn," the, iv. 189.
- Fontaine, James, iii. 107.
- Foreign Office, its method of shifting off responsibility, iii. 300.
- "Foreign Quarterly Review," iv. 57. 72. 84. 105. 119. 120.
- "Foreign Review," the, iv. 84.
- "Forger's Fortress," the, of Miss Barker, ii. 265.
- Forster, the Revd. Charles, his "Mahometanism Unveiled" referred to, i. 274. *n.*
- Foster, the Essayist, iii. 275.
- Fountain of Tears, the, at Coimbra, i. 137.
- Fox, The Right Hon. Charles James, i. 122. 156. 185. 356. His house at St. Ann's Hill, 381. His death, 393. His "History," ii. 104; iii. 481. 483. His law of libel, 101. 147.
- Fox, George, the founder of Quakerism, ii. 31. Southey's proposed "Life" of, iii. 199. 263. His "Journal," 199. 213.
- Fox, Mr. William, junior, his poem "La Bagatelle," ii. 47.
- Fox, Margaret, her "Journal," iii. 214.
- Foy, General, iii. 276.
- France, its slavery in 1801, i. 180. End of the reign of fabulous Christianity in, 370. War with, in 1815, ii. 403. Revolution of 1830, iv. 278.
- "France Antarctique," of Thevet, ii. 13. 71; iii. 524.
- Francis II., Emperor of Austria, gives up Hofer, ii. 347.
- Franciscans, in Portugal, i. 25. Their attempts to substitute St. Francisco for Christ, 265.
- Francisco, St., i. 208. 265.
- Franklands, descent of the, ii. 406.
- Fraser, Mr., of London, iv. 53. 73.
- Fraser, Sir Alexander, iii. 354.
- Free-thinking Christians, iii. 403.
- Freeling, Sir F., iv. 103.
- Freemasonry in America, iv. 357.
- Fremantle, Sir W., iii. 280.
- French, Benjamin Franklin, iv. 343.

- French character, i. 7. Prisons, 35, 36. Romances, 66. Letters, 95. Projected invasion of England, 291. The, at Lisbon, ii. 78. Behaviour of the army in Spain, 352. Conduct of the, at St. Domingo, iii. 313
- Frere, J. Hookham, i. 141. 373; ii. 15. 70. 81. 86. 137. 149. 150. 151. 164. 210. 395; iii. 6. 286. 294; iv. 467.
- Frere, Bartholomew, iii. 294. 298. 326. 333. 337.
- Frescobald Society, the, of Florence, i. 325.
- Freshford, scenery at, i. 354.
- "Friend, the," of Coleridge, ii. 119, 120. 182, 183. 187, 188, 189. 195.
- Froissart, i. 64.
- Froude, Revd. Mr. i. 340.
- Fry, Mrs., visits Southey, iii. 213.
- "Fuero Juzgo," masterly edition of the, iii. 126.
- Fuller's "Sermons," quoted, ii. 39, 40. His "Church History," iii. 429. His "Abel Redivivus," iv. 190.
- Fumbler's Feast, the, iii. 90.
- Funes, Dean, his "History of Buenos Ayres, Tucuman, and Paraguay," iii. 112. 114, 115. 254.
- "Fortar, Arte de," authorship of the, ii. 209. 211.
- Galignani's edition of Southey's poems, iv. 170.
- "Gall, History of the Monastery of St.," iii. 503.
- Galvam, Antonio, the historian, ii. 72.
- "Garcí Fernandez," i. 382.
- Gardner's "Essays," review of, i. 336.
- Garman, "De Miraculis Mortuorum," iv. 313.
- Garnett, Rev. Mr., iii. 541.
- Garrick, portrait of, in the barber's at Doncaster, iv. 199.
- Gauden, Dr., iii. 487.
- Gauntlett's "Life of Cowper," iv. 401.
- "Gebir," Walter Savage Landor's, ii. 217. 225, 226.
- Geddes, Dr., his translation of the Bible, i. 291.
- Genappes, ii. 430.
- "Genealogical History," the Portuguese, i. 134.
- Genet, the Abbé, iii. 503.
- "Gentleman's Magazine," i. 208; ii. 112; iv. 427.
- "Geoffrey of Monmouth," ii. 27.
- George III. of England, i. 26. 237; ii. 117. His death, iii. 178—180.
- George IV. of England, when Prince Regent, ii. 275. 335. His accession, iii. 178. 183. Reads the "Vision of Judgment" twice, 240. 245. Dedication of the "History of the Peninsular War" to, 318. 328. 370. 372.
- Germany, end of the reign of fabulous Christianity in, i. 370.
- Gerona, ii. 165.
- Gerundio, Fr., ii. 73.
- Gervase of Tilbury, his "Otia Imperialia," i. 291. 308.
- "Gesta Dei per Francos," the, ii. 157.
- Ghent, visit to, ii. 428, 429.
- "Ghost," the, of Dr. Constancio, i. 290.
- Gibbon, Edward, his "Decline and Fall," i. 96; ii. 158. 162. His account of Jerusalem, 157.
- Gifford, William Esq., proposes that Southey should write the present history of Spanish events, ii. 86. Appointed editor of the "Quarterly," 107. 144, 145. 194. 275. 393. 395; iii. 4, 5. 25. 31. 33. 51. 56. 62. 87; 116. 119. 137. 162. 167. 216. 283. 335, 336. 342. 345. 348. 350. 353. 383, 384. 406; iv. 259.
- Gildon's poems, i. 420. 425.
- Gill, Frey, story of, i. 308.
- Gillies of Edinburgh, iv. 58.
- Gilpin's stone, near Keswick, i. 324, 325.
- Giraldus Cambrensis, i. 167. 243.
- Girls compared with boys, ii. 65.
- Gladstone, the Right Hon. W., iv. 323.
- Glastonbury, i. 75.
- Gloucester, Duke of, iii. 202.
- Glover, the carpenter, iv. 292.
- Glover's poems in the "Specimens," i. 422.
- Goderich, Lord, iv. 65. 85.
- Godwin, William, i. 108. 184. His "Life of Chaucer," 245. 254. His "Antonio," ii. 226.
- Goes, Damian de, i. 233. 264.
- Goethe's poetry, iii. 135.
- Gold as a standard of value, remarks on, iii. 136.
- Goldastus' "Alemannicarum Rerum Scriptores, aliquot vetustis," iii. 503.
- Goldsmid, Mr., his collection of books, ii. 27.
- Goldsmith, Oliver, his poetry compared with that of Crabbe, ii. 90, 91.
- Gomer, Madame, her volume on Cone-staggio's history, i. 390.
- Gonda, visit to, iv. 4.
- Gonne, Mrs., i. 375. 383. 387; iii. 2. 156.
- Gooch, Dr. Robert, ii. 236, 239, 244; iv. 142. 167. His articles in the "Medical," ii. 115. 215. His "Plague Papers," 167.
- Good, John Mason, iii. 217.
- Goodenough, Dr., iii. 327.
- Goodwin Sands, the, ii. 393.
- Gordall Scar, ii. 288.
- Gordon, Patrick, his "Famous History of the valiant Bruce," i. 290.
- Gordon, Lord William, iii. 150. 222.
- Gorham, Rev. G. C., iv. 420. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Goths, the, in Spain and Portugal, i. 224—226.
- Gough's "History of the Quakers," iii. 214.
- Graham, Sir James, iv. 218.
- Graham, James, his death, iv. 235. His poems, 236.
- "Grandmother's Tale," the, i. 69.
- Grandpré, his book on India, i. 301.
- Grant, Robert, iv. 153.
- Grantham, Lady, iv. 153.
- Grantham, Lord, iv. 218.
- Granville, Lord, iii. 280.
- Grasmere, scenery of, i. 171. 276. 329.
- Graves, Dr., Dean of Ardagh, iv. 79.
- Gray, the Old, ode to the, 1. 10, 11.
- Gray, Thomas, the poet, Mason's "Letters" of, ii. 244.
- "Greal, S.," iii. 49.
- "Greenland, Records of," iv. 271.
- Greenly, Lady, iv. 407.
- Gregoire's "History of the Sects of the Eighteenth Century," ii. 412; iii. 340.
- "Grenville Homer," the, i. 90.
- Grenville, Lord, i. 91. 100. 401. 408. 409; ii. 179. 401. 403; iii. 298.
- Grenvilles, their dislike of Parliamentary Reform, i. 356. 393.
- Greta Hall, i. 231, 232.

- Greta River, i. 232. 240. 273. Etymology of the word, 248.
- Grey, Earl, ii. 170. 351; iii. 220; iv. 193. 277. 338.
- Grice, Le, i. 381.
- Griffith, King of Wales, i. 243.
- Griffiths, Vaughan, i. 183.
- Grimshawe's "Life of Cowper," iv. 414. *et seq.*
- Grotius, Hugo, his "Epistles," iii. 509. 524.
- Grynæus, his "Novus Orbis," ii. 119.
- "Gualberto," iii. 13.
- Guarani grammar, ii. 205, 206.
- Guaranis's, the, iii. 116.
- "Guesses at Truth," the, of Augustus and Julius Hare, iv. 72.
- Guiana, language of, ii. 206.
- Guignes, M. de, his memoir "Sur le Commerce des Francois dans le Levant," &c., ii. 157.
- Gulfians, the, i. 224.
- Gurney, Hudson, iii. 426. His book, 527.
- Gurwood, Colonel, his "Despatches of the Duke of Wellington," iv. 503.
- Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, iii. 291.
- Guthrie's "Grammar," ii. 229. 231.
- Guyon, M., iv. 454.
- Guyon, Madame, her "Bible," iv. 376.
- "Gwother, Sir," i. 340, 341.
- Habeas Corpus Act, suspension of the, iii. 156. 163.
- Hacket, Bishop, his "Life of the Lord Keeper Archbishop Williams," iii. 261. 430.
- Hakluyt's "Voyages," ii. 311.
- Halbertsma, Mr. the Dutch author, iv. 194.
- Hall, Capt. Basil, his "Travels," iv. 156. 271.
- Hall, Rev. Peter, his letter to Southey, iv. 469.
- Hallet, i. 369.
- Hallam, Henry, his "Essence of Whig Vinegar," iv. 60. His "History of England," 71. 82. 101.
- Hamilton, Mr. (author of "Cyril Thornton"), iv. 271. 356.
- Hammond, Mr., ii. 86.
- "Hampden, John, Life of," Lord Nugent's, iv. 277.
- Handel, iv. 372.
- Hanfield, his death, ii. 68.
- Harcourt, Simon, Esq., i. 196; ii. 49.
- Hare, Augustus, iii. 312. 356; iv. 72.
- Hare, Julius (afterwards Archdeacon), iii. 388. 437. 539; iv. 72.
- Harris's "Lives," iii. 260.
- Harrison, A., ii. 284.
- Harrogate, iv. 61.
- Harvey, John, his "Life of Robert Bruce," i. 290.
- Harvey, Mrs., iv. 378.
- Hastings, Mrs. (wife of Warren Hastings), iii. 202, 203.
- Hastings, Warren, iii. 203. Southey's proposed "Life" of, 203, 204. 341.
- Hawe's Water, ii. 153.
- Hawker, Colonel, iv. 57.
- Hawkins, Sir John, iv. 372. His "History of Music," 372.
- Haydon, R. R., the artist, iii. 107.
- Hayley, William, his translations of the sonnets of Camoens, i. 26. His "Life," iii. 417. 425. 427. 483; iv. 450.
- Hayti, state of, ii. 309.
- Hazlitt, William, iv. 40.
- Hearne, Thomas, his "Journey to the Northern Ocean," i. 92. His publications, ii. 187.
- Heath, Charles, the engraver, his "Keepsake," iv. 99. 103.
- Heathcote, Sir William, iv. 107.
- Heaven, Bishop Taylor's description of, i. 206.
- Heber, Reginald (afterwards Bishop), i. 249. 279; ii. 27. 325, 326; iii. 266. 325. His part in Ellis's "Specimens," i. 269. His romances, 378. His eulogium on "Madoc," 382. His review of Southey's "Brazil," 307. His edition of Jeremy Taylor's works, iii. 260. 269. Accepts the bishopric of Calcutta, 393. His illness, iv. 71. Southey's recollections of him, 154.
- Heber, Richard, iv. 310.
- Heinker, Mr., ii. 64.
- "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," the, of Ross, i. 290.
- Helen's, Lord St., ii. 332.
- "Heloise," the, of Rousseau, i. 54.
- Helston, the lake near, iv. 490.
- Helvetius, M., ii. 161.
- Henderson, Mr. James, his "History of Brazil," iii. 201. 288.
- Henley, Mr., his translation of "Vathek," i. 303.
- Henrietta's waterworks, i. 16.
- Henrique, Count, i. 133. 199. 223.
- Henriquez, Affonso, ii. 163.
- "Henry the Hermit," i. 353.
- Herbert, William, of Harrogate, iii. 305.
- Heresiarchs, decline in the breed of, i. 369.
- "Heresies, History of," Bernino's, i. 359.
- Heriot's "Canada," review of, i. 336.
- "Hermingius, Life of," iv. 190.
- "Hermit of the Pacific," the, ii. 293.
- Heron, Robert, his "Letters of Literature," iii. 360.
- Herrera, ii. 343.
- Herries, Right Hon. John Charles, ii. 228. 234. 273. 405; iii. 355; iv. 101.
- Hertford, Lord, ii. 275, 331.
- Hertford, Lady, and the Prince Regent, ii. 275.
- Hervas, his catalogue of all existing languages, ii. 21.
- Hewlett's "Bible," ii. 186.
- Hexameters, Southey's, ii. 214; iii. 189. 222, 229, 231.
- Heythorp, Lord Shrewsbury's seat of, i. 17.
- "Hibernicarum Rerum Scriptores," O'Connor's, iii. 61. 64. 246. 350; iv. 45.
- High Tor, the, ii. 286.
- Highlands of Scotland, the, iii. 142.
- Hildyard, Robert, the barrister, iv. 319.
- Hill, Edward, iii. 248. 257. 288. 387. 399. 509; iv. 109.
- Hill, General (afterwards Lord), ii. 251; iii. 196. 279, 280, 281. 409.
- Hill, Herbert, iv. 280. 542. 545.
- Hill, Rev. Herbert, i. 24. 41. 121. 123. 155. 262. 373; ii. 11. 23. 28. 35. 37. 70. 81. 97. 103. 106. 109. 128. 181. 185. 191. 203. 226. 328; iii. 168. His death, iv. 115. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Hinchcliffe's poems, i. 420. 425.
- "Hindoo Pantheon," the, of Major Moorc, iii. 355.
- Hindoos, the, civilisation of, i. 284, 285.

299. 302. Their system of caste, 285. 299.
- Hindustan, i. 284. 299.
- "Hirlas Horn," poem of the, i. 292.
- Hispaniola, negroes of, ii. 295.
- Historical book keeping, advice on the best method of, ii. 157. 161. 162. 178. 310.
- History, Royal Academy of, at Madrid, ii. 411.
- Hodson, Mrs., iv. 137. 145. 513.
- Hodges, his book on India, i. 301.
- Hodnet, ii. 325, 326; iv. 71.
- Hofer, given up by Austria, ii. 347.
- Hoffner's article in the "Quarterly Review," ii. 145.
- Hogg (the Ettrick shepherd), ii. 23. 235. 308.
- Hohenlohe, Prince, his prayers, iii. 499.
- Holbroke, Mrs., ii. 230.
- Holford, Margaret, iv. 137. 154. 513.
- Hollinshed's "Chronicles," iii. 251.
- Holland, Dr. (afterwards Sir Henry, Bart.), his theory of earthquakes and hot winds, ii. 405.
- Holland House, i. 354. 381; ii. 13. 326; iii. 321.
- Holland, Lady, i. 381; ii. 34. 38. 65.
- Holland, Lord, i. 322. 327. 354. 381; ii. 326; iii. 348; iv. 33. 187.
- Holland, rivers of, iv. 108.
- Hollingsworth, the printer, i. 397. 425.
- Holmes's "American Annals," review of, ii. 148. 151. 184.
- "Holy Living and Dying," the, of Jeremy Taylor, i. 206.
- Homer, the Grenville, i. 90.
- Hone, William, his "House that Jack built," iii. 176. His "Every Day" and "Table Books," iv. 142. 183.
- Hood, Admiral Sir Samuel, i. 320. 327.
- Hood, Captain, iv. 104. 106.
- Hood, Lady, iv. 106.
- Hood, Sir Alexander, iv. 98. 104. 106.
- Hook, Theodore, iv. 371.
- Hooping-cough, garlic a remedy in, iv. 171.
- "Horace in London," ii. 325.
- Hornby, Mr., rector of Winwick, iv. 164.
- Hornor, Francis, ii. 110.
- Horse Wynd, the, of Edinburgh, i. 290.
- Horton, Wilnot, iii. 25. 32. 129.
- Houbracken's illustrations to the "Lives of the Painters," ii. 2.
- Houses of Parliament, burnt, iv. 387.
- Howard, Colonel, iv. 303.
- Howick, Lord, i. 394; iv. 264.
- Howley, William, bishop of London, iii. 142. 476. 478.
- Hudson's Bay, condition of the women of, i. 92.
- Hughes, Dr., iv. 22. His death, 325. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Hughes, John, of Oriel, his "Itinerary of Provence and the Rhone," iii. 197. Notice of, 197. z. His squibs, 220. 223; iv. 229.
- Hughes, Mrs., iii. 197. 223. 431; iv. 267.
- Human body, fossil, discovered, iv. 348.
- Humboldt, M., his "Mexico," ii. 263. Review of, 269. His accomplishments, iii. 271. His praise of Southey's "History of Brazil," 278. His "Travels," 311. 389. 461.
- Hume, Joseph, iii. 299.
- Hunt, Leigh, and the "Examiner," ii. 342; iii. 68, 69; iv. 253. His "Tasso," 283. His "Liberal," iii. 340. 344.
- Hunting near Merida, i. 22.
- "Huntingdon, Lady," iii. 165.
- Huntingdon, William, S. S., his "Bank of Faith," i. 3:5. Description of him, 355. Southey's article on, iii. 216. 225.
- "Huron's Address to the Dead," the, i. 317.
- Huskinson, Mr., iv. 65. 89. 193.
- "Hutchinson, Memoirs of Colonel," i. 403; ii. 113.
- Hutchinson, Mr. T., iv. 81.
- Hutchinson, Miss, iii. 179; iv. 56. Her death, 408.
- Hutchinson, Mrs., and her thirty monsters, iii. 500.
- Hyde, the tailor, iii. 221.
- Icarization, Carlisle's, i. 90.
- Iceland, diseases of, ii. 242, 243. Review of "Travels in," 269.
- "Idiot Boy," Wordsworth's, iii. 133.
- Idleness, i. 395.
- "Idle Man," the, iii. 341.
- Ilfracombe, beauty of, i. 78, 79.
- "Illustrations" to Henry Kirke White's "Remains," ii. 260.
- "Inchcape Rock," the, ii. 293.
- Income Tax, the, i. 356. Its death, ii. 398, 399.
- "Indian Recreations," Tennant's, review of, i. 301. 336.
- Inez de Castro, i. 24. Scene of her tragedy, 137. Her tomb, 141.
- "Infidelity, Rise and Progress of," Southey's paper on the, iii. 386. 402.
- Ingemarm, the Danish poet, iii. 316.
- Ingenhousz, his saying, i. 162.
- "Ingleses, Privilegios," the, ii. 246.
- Inglis, Sir Robert, iii. 53. 333. 488; iv. 39. 131. 154. 453. 511.
- Inquisition, the, in Portugal, i. 107. Causes of the abolition of the, 107. Annals of the, 134. Article on the, in the "Quarterly," ii. 236. 251. 269.
- "Inscriptions," Southey's, ii. 401. 403. 406; iii. 85. 92. 395, 396. 416.
- "Inscriptions, Mémoires de l'Académie des," ii. 157. Restored, 379.
- "Investigador Portuguez," the, ii. 295.
- Institute, the French, i. 321.
- Ipecacuanha, the word, iii. 274. Medical properties of, 274.
- "Ireland, Antiquities of," Ledwiche's, i. 336.
- Ireland, intercourse of, with the East in the 14th century, i. 325. State of, in 1822, iii. 299; and in 1825, 462; and in 1826, 538; iv. 30. Reports on education in, 121. Church of, 166. Condition of, in 1832, 257.
- "Iris," the, i. 285. 318.
- Irish antiquities, i. 167; iv. 19.
- Irish Catholics, their bigotry, i. 146.
- Irish friars of Lisbon, anecdote of the, i. 106.
- Irishmen, wild, in Portugal, i. 109.
- Irish nature and human nature, i. 367, 368.
- Irton, ii. 154.
- Irvine's "Lives of the Scotch Poets," i. 336.
- Irving, David, his book, i. 290.
- Irving, Washington, iii. 218. His "Sketch Book," 218.
- "Isaac Commenus," the play of, iv. 65. 68.
- "Ivan Vceeghan," the Russian novel, iv. 188.

- Jackson, Mr., the Waggoner, ii. 4. 150. 152. 174.
- Jackson, Cyril, iii. 21.
- Jackson, Dr. Thomas, President of Corpus Christi, iii. 486; iv. 24. 28.
- Jacobins, the, i. 3; ii. 125. Amongst the lower orders, 269.
- Jaffa, massacre at, ii. 394. 402.
- James, Mrs., i. 158.
- Jardine, Mr., consul at Corunna, i. 20. His "Travels," 20.
- Jarric, the Jesuit, Pierre du, his "Histoire des Choses plus mémorable," &c., iii. 182.
- Jarrold, Dr., his "Dissertations on Man," i. 408; ii. 142.
- Jarrow, ii. 271.
- "Jasper," i. 54.
- Jayne, K., history of his own times, ii. 71.
- J—, of the "Edinburgh Review," i. 251.
- Jebb, John, Bishop of Limerick, iii. 351. 409. 489; iv. 51. 166. 453.
- Jeddral, the "flatulent person," iv. 430. 433.
- Jeffrey, Mr. (afterwards Lord), i. 297. 342. 345. 381. 404. 418; ii. 32. 35. 114. 125. 151. 221. 226. 250. 297. 352.
- Jeffreys, Lord, his house, iv. 410.
- "Jehephary, Book of the Prophet," iii. 35.
- Jenner, Dr., i. 208.
- Jerusalem, Gibbon's account of, ii. 157.
- Jesuits, the, i. 115. Chronicle of the, in Portugal, i. 233. The, in Abyssinia, 233. Their works on South America, ii. 21. 49. The, in Paraguay, 193. Restored in Spain, ii. 376. The, in Ethiopia, 412.
- Jesuit liberties, the, i. 133.
- Jews, treatment of the, by the Spaniards, ii. 165.
- Joam I., his deliverance of Portugal, ii. 381.
- Joam IV., King of Portugal, ii. 76. 411.
- Joam, the Principe D., ii. 27, 45, 48. 76. 176. 199—202.
- "Joan of Arc," i. 25. 27. 30. 34. 48. 57. 72. 89. 178. 320. 325; ii. 291. 321; iv. 506.
- "Joan of Arc, or the Maid of Orleans," drama of, at Covent Garden, i. 51.
- Joan, Pope, game of, i. 194.
- João I.; King D., Fernão Lopez, "Chronicle of," i. 198. 204.
- Joaquim, Abbot, prophecies of the, i. 265.
- John I. of Portugal, i. 135.
- John V. of Portugal, his saying, i. 124.
- John VI. of Portugal, iii. 251. 339. His death, 536.
- John of Gaunt, death of, i. 291.
- John, St., the almsgiver, Roman Catholic legend of, i. 307.
- "John Bull," the, iii. 170. 267; iv. 302.
- Johnes', "Froissart," review of, i. 336.
- Johnson, Dr., i. 36.
- Jones, John, the poet of Catterick, iv. 66. 70. 80. 99. 104. 164. 212.
- Jones, Inigo, his bridge over the Conway, i. 170.
- Jones, Sir William, his "Institutes of Menu," i. 301. His "Works," ii. 75. 96.
- Jonson, Ben, ii. 337.
- Jortin, compared with Robinson, i. 33.
- Joseph Bonaparte, King of Spain, ii. 113. 129.
- Judaism, works relating to, iv. 176. 178.
- "Julian, Count," Walter Savage Landor's, ii. 204. 216. 217. 220. 225. 252. 270. 335.
- "Junius, Letters of," ii. 333.
- Junot, ii. 100, 101. 158. Captain Southey's story of, referred to, 118.
- Kant, review of, in the "Edinburgh Review," i. 279.
- Kava, the liquor so called, iii. 89.
- Kay, Dr., iv. 273.
- Keenan, Mrs., iii. 262.
- Keene, Mr. iii. 131.
- "Keepsake, Heath's," large sale of, iv. 99. 103.
- "Kehama, Curse of," i. 201. 287. 364. 382. 383; ii. 17. 60. 64. 68. 69. 127. 133. 141. 146. 154. 166. 169. 174. 180. 185. 191. 196. 202. 207. 210. 212. 213. 221. 222. 228. 237. 294. 306; iii. 98. 104.
- Kelham, Alexander, founder of the New Methodists, i. 410.
- Kemble, John, the actor, ii. 217. 220.
- Kendal, i. 276.
- Kent, Duke of, ii. 133.
- Kenyon, John, Esq., i. 286; iii. 183. 208; iv. 41. Letters to (See *Letters*).
- "Keradon, Curse of," i. 140. 147. 155. 163.
- Keswick, lakes and mountains of, i. 229. 232. 235. 239. 249. 277. Suow at, ii. 29.
- Kew palace, i. 380.
- "Killerop," Cottle's, iv. 154.
- Kinder, Mr., ii. 239. 240; iii. 117.
- King, John, Esq., i. 153. 154. 185. 186. 197. 228. 234—236. 245; ii. 54. 192. 270. Letters to (see *Letters*). 383; iii. 9. 10.
- King, Mrs. i. 228. 234. 237. 245.
- Kingsbridge, i. 36.
- Klopstock, "Letters" of his wife, i. 286. 289. 312. His "Messiah," ii. 183.
- Knighton, Mr. William, iii. 222. 240. 347. 369. 372.
- Knight, Mr., his place, Downton, ii. 230.
- Knight's "Quarterly Magazine," iii. 473.
- Knowles, Sir Charles, ii. 230.
- Knox, Mr., his "History of the Reformation in Scotland," ii. 346.
- Knox, the usher, iii. 248. 257. 288.
- Koster, Henry, i. 114. 230. 429; iii. 170. His "Travels in Brazil," iii. 16. 48. 483.
- Kosters, the, i. 276.
- Kotzebue's play, i. 68. 87. His "Voyage," ii. 287.
- Kraken, Southey's dream of the, iv. 126.
- Kutusoff, General, ii. 311. 314.
- Labat, his account of Spain, ii. 105. His "Travels," 310. 349.
- Labrador stone, the, i. 302.
- Lackington, the bookseller, iii. 252.
- "Lady of the Lake," Scott's poem of the, ii. 213.
- Laet, Johannes de, his "History of the West India Company, iii. 182. 256.
- Lafayette, ii. 417.
- Lagos, Southey's arrest at, i. 156.
- Lakes, Land of the, ii. 59.
- "Lalla Rookh," Thomas Moore's, iii. 86.
- Lamb, Charles, i. 72. 181. 184. 428; ii. 393; iv. 142. 184. Jeffrey's critique on his play, i. 297. His "Eliu," iii. 374. His death, iv. 394. His letters, 410. 538
- Lamb, Mary, i. 181. 184.
- Lamb, Thomas Philip, Esq., letters to (see *Letters*).
- Lambton, Mr. (afterwards Lord Durham), iii. 155.
- Lanark, New, iii. 174. 403.
- Lancaster, Joseph, ii. 250. His system of education, 254, 255. 291; iii. 68.
- Landor, Walter Savage, Esq., ii. 55. 60. 64.

69. 85. 86. 119. 125. 193. 202. 204. 216. 217. 219. 225. 229. 252. 335; iii. 108. 133. 205. 226. 240. 287. 311. 388. 399. 437; iv. 145. 473. His opinion of Wordsworth as a poet, i. 216. *z.* Letters to (see *Letters*). Lane of Leadenhall Street, i. 125. Langsdorff's "Travels," ii. 395. Languages, Hervas' catalogue of all existing, ii. 21. Curious process going on in various, 206. Researches in the philosophy of, iii. 271. Laplanders, health of the, ii. 243. Lara, Infantes of, tale of, i. 199. 208. Lardner, Dionysius, iv. 121. 154. 165. 170. 173. 183. 219. Larramendi's "Basque Dictionary," ii. 196. "Last Day, The," considered as the subject for an epic poem, ii. 184. Latimer, Bishop, i. 277. Latouche, Thomas Diggs, Esq., iv. 78. Laud, Archbishop, his conduct, iii. 283. Laureateship, the, conferred on Southey, ii. 327. 335. Emoluments of the office, 336, 337. Slowness in the payment of the salary, 356. Laverdy's "Joan of Arc," i. 37. Lawless, Jack, anecdote of, iv. 157. Lawrence, Sir Thomas, the painter, iv. 46. Lawson, Sir Wilfred, i. 249. 252. 298; iv. 384. "Lay of the Last Minstrel," profits of the, i. 422. "Lay of the Laureate," Southey's, iii. 24. Parody on the "Proem to the Lay," 34. Leamington water, ii. 73; iv. 377. Lean, old, i. 80. Lean, young, i. 80. Ledwiche's "Antiquities of Ireland," review of, i. 336. Lee, the dramatist, his "Brutus," i. 66. Lefroy, Mr., i. 132. Legge, Mr., ii. 332. Leicester, the Earl of, and Queen Elizabeth, iii. 394. Leigh Down, camp at, i. 221. "Lenora," ballad of, i. 64. Leonardo, Bartolomé, i. 49. Leopold, Prince (afterwards king of the Belgians), iii. 148; iv. 278. Lentot and Osborn's "Collection," i. 301. Lescarbet, his "Histoire du Nouvelle France," iii. 182. His account of Villagnon's expedition, 182. Lessing, i. 390. L'Estrange, Sir Roger, iii. 486. Letters, Metrical, i. 49. Those of Bartolomé Leonardo, 49.
- LETTERS TO:—**
 —, ii. 370.
- Barker, Miss, i. 172. 176. 180. 193. 200. 209. 229. 253. 256. 259. 265. 269. 272. 275. 276. 283. 302. 313. 323. 328. 331. 334. 347. 352. 385. 394. 408; ii. 1. 23. 36. 58. 73. 137. 171. 188. 265. 278. 296. 330. 426; iii. 1. 178. 541.
- Baldwin, Robert, Esq., iv. 461.
- Barton, Bernard, Esq., iii. 210. 262. 297. 309.
- Bedford, Grosvenor C., Esq., i. 58. 90. 149. 160. 174. 218. 391. 396. 403. 412. 419. 421. 425. 428; ii. 18. 82. 341. 353. 354. 362. 393. 405. 413. 416. 420. 430; iii. 4. 10. 19. 33. 42. 51. 56. 59. 0. 80. 83. 85. 92. 102. 106. 121. 123. 150. 137. 146. 148. 157. 189. 211. 214. 221. 232. 240. 267. 270. 276. 295. 313. 332. 335. 352. 354. 359. 382. 391. 424. 483. 502; iv. 50. 82. 116. 127. 129. 132. 168. 232. 447. 451. 515. 519. 532. 533.
- Bray, Mrs., iv. 202. 207. 211. 215. 228. 234. 248. 258. 265. 280. 288. 293. 299. 321. 325. 334. 342. 360. 367. 436. 448. 472. 491. 495.
- Browne, Wade, Esq., ii. 299; iii. 28. 72. Challenge, answer to an expected, iv. 497.
- Cradock, Charles, Esq., iv. 374. 387. 399. 402. 405. 412. 414. 416. 417. 426. 453. 455. 466. 469. 471.
- Cunningham, Allan, iii. 302; iv. 123. 140. 362. 385.
- Danvers, Charles, Esq., i. 78. 104. 117. 135. 153. 183. 239. 309. 344. 355. 374. 414; ii. 62. 84. 141. 267.
- Elmsley, Rev. Peter, iii. 321.
- Gorham, Rev. G. C., iv. 420. 424. 425. 429. 433. 536.
- Hill, Rev. Herbert, ii. 56. 70. 86. 199. 208. 211. 275. 290. 294. 379. 394. 411; iii. 5. 23. 97. 124. 141. 152. 167. 180. 224. 235. 247. 252. 260. 277. 287. 293. 303. 307. 315. 318. 321. 325. 333. 345. 355. 369. 375. 387. 398. 404. 451. 461. 468. 477. 481. 485. 508. 520. 523. 531. 537; iv. 12. 14. 29. 31. 38. 47. 102. 105. 108.
- Hughes, Mrs., iii. 197. 223. 430. 433. 444. 472. 515; iv. 17. 20. 22. 44. 61. 66. 74. 80. 186. 267. 295. 316. 345. 380. 407. 421. 440. 507. 537. 566.
- Kenyon, John, Esq., iii. 75. 170. 183. 208; iv. 6. 498.
- King, John, Esq., i. 186. 189. 234. 244; ii. 192. 343. 383; iii. 139; iv. 8. 59.
- Lamb, Charles, iv. 183.
- Lamb, Thomas, Esq., i. 1. 3. 5. 8. 10. 13. 15. 56.
- Landor, Walter Savage, ii. 125. 164. 202. 216. 219. 225. 231. 252. 262. 334; iii. 108. 133. 205. 311. 388. 437; iv. 127. 144. 283.
- La Touche, Thomas Diggs, Esq., iv. 78.
- Longman & Co., Messrs., iii. 15. 49. 131. 133. 172. 198. 201. 213. 234. 440. 528; iv. 213. 456. 459.
- May, John, Esq., i. 32. 40. 44. 52. 61. 76. 81. 94. 101. 112. 127. 132. 157. 164. 198. 204. 214. 220. 229. 231. 262. 335. 388. 401. 404; ii. 8. 42. 45. 76. 99. 128. 143. 175. 205. 245. 356; iii. 21. 46. 254. 429. 495; iv. 11. 13. 175. 185. 500. 526. 539. 569. 572.
- Moxon, Edward, Esq., iv. 184. 188. 214. 253. 338. 350. 357. 366. 393. 394. 410. 547. 548. 570.
- Rickerby, Joseph, Esq., iv. 395.
- Rickman, John, Esq., i. 91. 122. 181. 195. 212. 222. 225. 273. 279. 319. 325. 351. 368. 378; ii. 4. 20. 28. 33. 39. 40. 52. 54. 65. 119. 133. 159. 237. 337. 359. 382. 399. 400. 404. 410; iii. 11. 18. 44. 53. 62. 88. 89. 94. 95. 96. 99. 100. 105. 114. 115. 129. 135. 151. 158. 160. 161. 174. 183. 200. 230. 231. 250. 284. 291. 293. 298. 328. 343. 377. 384. 395. 396. 400. 439. 455. 480. 487. 500. 513. 518. 522. 530. 536. 540; iv. 37. 46. 90. 92. 94. 100. 113. 115. 118. 121. 128. 131. 132. 141. 142. 144. 147. 149. 152. 156. 157. 159; iv. 161. 162. 171. 179. 181. 192. 205. 206. 238. 250. 252. 254. 263. 278. 314. 326. 329. 337. 348. 387. 411. 432. 438. 439. 458. 464. 468. 470. 504. 511. 518. 523. 534. 555. 542. 546. 567.

- Sidmouth, Lord, iii. 319.
 Southey, Bertha, iii. 489; iv. 480. 487. 554.
 Southey, Captain Thomas, i. 35. 37. 46. 47. 50. 70. 99. 108. 219. 315. 360. 380. 398; ii. 15. 106. 116. 139. 147. 152. 168. 185. 194. 214. 229. 235. 271. 281. 303. 306. 309. 311. 315. 348. 350. 390. 396. 401. 418; iii. 8; iv. 120.
 Southey, Katherine, iii. 192. 195; iv. 476. 481.
 Southey, Dr. H. H., i. 250. 284. 290. 297. 299. 369; ii. 96. 109. 114. 155. 161. 242. 247. 259. 334; iii. 154. 185. 228. 347. 414. 463. 492; iv. 10. 42. 55. 57. 101. 167. 173. 510.
 Southey, Edith May, ii. 227. 327; iii. 305. 412. 417. 435. 449. 456. 470; iv. 88. 98. 104. 200. 203. 239. 246.
 Southey, Herbert, iii. 24.
 Southey, Mrs. Senr., i. 140.
 Southey, Mrs., i. 74. 168. 283; iv. 197. 205.
 Warter, Rev. John Wood, iv. 189. 219. 230. 236. 240. 256. 261. 270. 291. 332. 339. 352. 369. 413. 452. 463. 556. 574.
 Warter, Mrs., iv. 543. 570.
 White, Rev. James, ii. 422; iv. 134. 273. 275. 306. 390.
 White, Rev. J. N., i. 398. 417; ii. 6. 47. 50. 61. 89. 111. 121. 131. 135. 182. 197. 233. 239. 254. 257. 260. 287. 292. 301. 318. 333. 375. 377. 407; iii. 6. 111. 127. 191. 258. 330. 379. 385. 401. 409. 425. 427. 442. 446. 447. 452. 467. 475. 525; iv. 27. 34. 163. 285. 492. 512. 523. 532. 549. 563.
 Wordsworth, Miss Dora, iii. 504. 506. 508.
 Wynn, C. W. Williams, Esq., i. 20. 25. 29. 30. 54. 59. 62. 65. 66. 68. 73. 84. 86. 88. 97. 145. 166. 202. 206. 238. 242. 247. 248. 278. 281. 288. 292. 295. 305. 339. 341. 366. 371. 395; ii. 12. 26. 30. 35. 48. 67. 80. 92. 102. 124. 150. 179. 222. 249. 320. 323. 325. 347. 372. 386. 417. 425; iii. 13. 26. 30. 54. 60. 63. 65. 67. 69. 78. 90. 118. 142. 162. 165. 175. 202. 217. 220. 227. 238. 244. 246. 249. 264. 268. 274. 280. 290. 299. 323. 338. 342. 349. 351. 368. 371. 373. 392. 394. 407. 416. 498. 511. 534; iv. 16. 19. 24. 25. 40. 52. 53. 64. 69. 72. 85. 110. 112; iv. 153. 165. 176. 194. 209. 217. 221. 223. 226; iv. 244. 291. 301. 304. 309. 311. 319. 327. 330. 354. 363. 371. 376. 383. 394. 396. 398. 444. 474. 505. 509. 511. 529. 553. 558. 574.
 Letter-writing, ii. 51.
 "Letters written during a short Residence in Spain and Portugal, by R. S.," i. 30. 47. 65; ii. 83. 99.
 Leucadio Doblado's "Letters from Spain," iii. 317. 329.
 Leverett, Governor of New England, iii. 274.
 "Lewis and Clarke's Travels," review of, ii. 399.
 Lewis, Sir Frankland, iii. 280.
 Lewis's "Lives of Wicliffe and Bishop Pecock," iii. 429.
 Leyden, John, his death, ii. 251.
 Libel, Fox's law of, iii. 101. 147.
 "Liberal," the, of Leigh Hunt and Lord Byron, iii. 340. 344.
 Lightfoot, Rev. Mr., i. 36; iii. 257. 331. 354. 392; iv. 208. 307. 367. 475.
 Lindley, Mr., his "Narrative of his Imprisonment at Bahia," i. 322.
 Lingard, Dr., his "History of England," iii. 482.
 Lingo grande, the, iii. 359—368.
 Linwood, Miss, her exhibition of pictures, ii. 332.
 Lisbon, earthquakes at, i. 20. 23. Society of, 24. Filth of, 110. Health of, 111. Expulsion of the English from, ii. 35. 37. Aqueduct at, 232; iii. 500.
 Lister, Mr. ii. 297.
 Lisuarte, character of, i. 223.
 Literary Fund, the, i. 166; 167; iii. 246. Remarks on the, 246; iv. 281.
 "Literary Souvenir," the, iv. 77.
 "Literary Times," the, iv. 417.
 Literature in Portugal, i. 125, 126.
 "Litteratur Lexicon," the, of Nyerup and Kraft, iii. 334.
 Littleton, Lord, his "History," iii. 429.
 Littleton, Sir Edward, i. 303. 313. 348. 353. 386. 388; ii. 36. 80. 175. 219. 226. 265. 278.
 Liverpool, Lord, ii. 274. 336. 402; iv. 50. 53.
 Liverpool Museum, armour in the, ii. 41.
 Llanberris, i. 243. 247.
 Llandaff, Bishop of, i. 273. 390; ii. 48.
 Llangedwin, i. 171.
 Llangollen, i. 168. 248.
 Llanrwst, i. 169. 170. 248.
 Llantony, ii. 229.
 Llewellyn, i. 167. 247. Tomb of, 170.
 Lloyd, Charles, i. 44. 45. 46. 50. 51. 72. 286. 385. 389; iii. 309.
 Lloyd, Edward, ii. 196.
 Lloyd, James, ii. 196.
 Lloyd's "Algeri," ii. 394.
 Llywarc Hen, ii. 59.
 Lobeira, Vasco, i. 223. 226. Southey's love for, 268; ii. 4.
 Lobo, Jeronymo, his MS. in the British Museum, ii. 11.
 Localities, attachment to, i. 44.
 Locke, John, iii. 153. 156.
 Locker, Mr. ii. 427. His "Views in Spain," iii. 463.
 Lockhart, John Gibson, editor of the "Quarterly Review," iii. 514; iv. 2. 67. 72. 101. 193. 195. 298. 347. 364. 408. 507.
 Lockhart, Mrs., her death, iv. 507.
 Lodore, i. 232. "The Cataract of Lodore," ii. 168; iii. 353.
 London, Southey's dislike of, i. 153. 375; ii. 80. Atmosphere of, ii. 80. His description of, to his daughter, Catherine, iii. 192.
 London Institution, i. 343.
 "London Magazine," iii. 437.
 Londonderry, Lord, his death, iii. 324.
 Long Main, the, ii. 181.
 Longman, Mr., i. 135. 165. 185. 187. 219. 229. 263. 282. 289. 298. 343. 345. 376. 382. 385. 423; ii. 9. 26. 42. 213. 217. 237. 257. 321; iii. 8. 86. 409; iv. 164.
 Longman and Co., Messrs., ii. 414; iii. 15; iv. 251.
 Lonsdale, Lady, iii. 353.
 Lonsdale, Lord, ii. 108. 116. 160. 161. 265. 276. 282; iii. 147—149. 153. 276. 278. 280; iv. 143. 381.
 Lopez, Fernão, his "Chronicle" of King D. João I., i. 198. 204; ii. 98. And that of "K. Fernando," 98.
 Lord, his account of the Brahminical system, i. 301.
 "Lord William," i. 54.
 Lord Mayor's Show, the, ii. 2.
 Losh, James, i. 356. 363; ii. 89. 267.

- Loueiro's account of Cochin China, ii. 395.
 Louis XVI., of France, i. 3.
 Louis XVIII., of France, ii. 418. "Memoirs" of, iv. 305.
 Louis Philippe, King of the French, iv. 278.
 "Love Elegy on the Wig," i. 71.
 Lovell, Robert, his death, i. 29. 234.
 Lovell, Robert, i. 217. 397; ii. 113; iv. 119.
 Lovell, Mrs. i. 200. 345.
 Lowe, Mr., of Ludlow, ii. 235.
 Loweswater, i. 329.
 Lowther family, anecdote of the, iv. 77.
 Lowther Castle, ii. 161; iii. 276. 278. 282; iv. 33. 299.
 Lowther, Lord, iii. 99. 480.
 "Loyola, Ignatius," Southey's, iv. 163.
 "Lucan, Supplement to," Corry's, i. 212.
 Lucian's "Hermotimus," iv. 179.*
 Lucretia, story of, i. 67.
 Luddites, the, ii. 282. 304.
 Ludlow Castle, ii. 229. 231.
 Lully, Raymond, ii. 57. 66.
 "Lusiad," the, D. José Maria's edition of, iii. 321.
 "Lutrin," the, i. 55.
 Lymington, i. 31. 33.
 Lymouth, village of, its beauty, i. 80.
 Lyndhurst, i. 31.
 Lynedoch, Lord, ii. 422.
 Lysons, his "Magna Britannia," anecdote of, iv. 75. 76.
 Lyttleton's "Henry II.," i. 328.
 Lyulph's Tower, ii. 283.
- M—, i. 190.
 Mabers, the, i. 283.
 Mabillon's "Benedictine Annals and Acts," iii. 486. 521.
 "Mabinogion," the, translated by Owen, i. 278. Character of the tales, 278.
 Macaulay, Right Hon. T. B., his "History of England," iv. 237.
 M'Culloch, J. R., iv. 93. 101.
 Mackenzie, Sir G., review of his "Travels," ii. 251; iii. 276.
 Mackintosh, Sir James, iii. 202, 203; iv. 71. 284. His "Remains," 410.
 M'Kinnon, General, iii. 262.
 M'Neile, Mr. John, iii. 113.
 M'Vicker, Rev. Dr., iv. 518. 520.
 Madan, Martin, iv. 431. 434.
 Maddocks, Mr., i. 419.
 "Madoc," i. 47. 71. 87. 94. 103. 140. 147. 165. 167. 183. 211. 239. 243. 246; 247. 249. 251. 255. 257. 259. 263. 266. 267. 273. 274. 282. 288. 291. 304. 310. 314. 316. 323. 332. 335. 339. 343. 347. 349. 358. 363. 376. 381. 386. 391. 404. 422; ii. 9. 12. 23. 42. 50. 60. 81. 181. 186. 221. 223. 291; iii. 13. 219.
 "Madras System," Southey's Work on the, ii. 259.
 Madras, disturbances at, ii. 290.
 Madrid, i. 22.
 Maes Gwyn, i. 204.
 Mafra, convent of, i. 25.
 Magnus, St., story of his dance, i. 308.
 Magnusen, Finn, iv. 352. 353.
 "Mahomedan History, Retrospect of," Major Price's, iii. 269.
 Mahon, Lord (now Earl Stanhope), iv. 299. 300. 303. 353.
 Maimbourg, Lewis, his "History of the Crusades," ii. 162.
 Maintenon, Madame, her "Letters," iv. 454.
- Majesty, His. See *Coombe*.
 Major, Dr., his "Pilgrim's Progress," iv. 183.
 Majorca, curious code of laws of, iii. 98.
 Malabar coast, custom of the Rajahs of the, i. 300. Anecdote of the *poetas* of the, 300.
 Malcoln, Sir John, his pamphlet on India, ii. 290. His visit to Southey, iii. 323. His "Central India," 352. 395. 441.
 Malet, Arthur, iii. 491. 495.
 Malet, Sir Alexander, iii. 401.
 Malet, Sir Charles, ii. 46; iii. 401.
 Malet, Lady, iii. 402.
 Malone, Mr., iii. 303. 304.
 Malthus, Rev. T. R., Southey's hatred of his book, i. 224. 287. 298. 408; ii. 304; iv. 114. 180.
 Malvern Hills, the, i. 18.
 Mamaluco, the, of Brazil, ii. 49. 177.
 Manchester, condition of, in 1829, iv. 149. And in 1832, 273.
 Manchester, Memoirs by, iii. 285. 290.
 Manchester massacre, the, 148.
 Manes, i. 360. 369. His Twelve Masters, i. 360.
 Mango Capac, i. 82. 88.
 "Manicheism, History of," Beausobre's, i. 339. 359. 368.
 Manoel, D. Francisco, his book, iii. 315.
 Manoel Felix, his dress, iii. 138.
 Manuel, the servant, i. 109.
 Manufactories, specific diseases engendered by, iii. 185.
 Manufacturing districts, secret societies in the, ii. 273.
 Maria Antoinette, Queen, ii. 421.
 "Maria d'Agreda," the imposture of, iii. 503.
 Maria Rosa, i. 109.
 Marialva, Marquis of, his country-house Quinta, i. 120.
 Maria del Occidente, her poem, iv. 214. 215. 361.
 Mariana, i. 160.
 Mariner, Mr., his adventures, iii. 12. 53. 62.
 "Maritime Discovery, History of," Clarke's i. 238.
 "Marmion," appearance of, ii. 82. 110. 132.
 Marriage Act, the, iii. 347.
 Martel, Charles, his defeat of the Saracens, i. 206.
 "Marlborough, Life of," Archdeacon Coxe's, review of, iii. 164. 169.
 Marlborough, Duchess of, iv. 45.
 Marsh, Dr. Herbert, ii. 255. 256. 288; iii. 142.
 Marshal, Mr., the cotton king, iv. 314.
 Martin, Mr., i. 53. 60. 230.
 "Martin Hall," i. 58. 59.
 Martyn, Rev. J. K., iv. 424.
 Martyr, Peter, his "Decades," ii. 309.
 "Mary, the Maid of the Inn," i. 69. 72. 353; origin of the, ii. 181.
 Mary Redcliff, St., church of, i. 187.
 Mason, Rev. William, his "Letters of Gray," ii. 244.
 Massachusetts Historical Society, the, iii. 266.
 Massena, General, his retreat, ii. 224; iii. 358. His campaign in Portugal, iii. 14. 33.
 Massinger, Philip, his "Picture," i. 65.
 Matchim, tale of, i. 99.
 Mather, Cotton, his "History of New England," ii. 264; iii. 500.

* By an oversight, in correction of the Proof, it is left "Hermotinus."

- Matthias (Mr. Bray's friend), iv. 437.
 Matthew of Westminster, his stories, i. 308.
 Matthew Paris, his legends, i. 308.
 Matthewes, Mrs., of Bath, i. 356.
 May, John, Esq., i. 60. 297. 383; ii. 35. 37. 40, 41. 45. 212; iii. 392. 495; iv. 13. 59. 185. His death, 501. Letters to (see *Letters*).
 May, Mrs., i. 205. 391.
 May, John, jun., i. 205; iii. 257. 307. 326.
 May, William, ii. 382.
 May Day in London, iii. 193.
 Mecca, visited by a Spaniard, ii. 384.
 "Medical Review," ii. 115. 186.
 Medicine and credulity, i. 85. Medical Knowledge of the Arabs and of the Middle Ages, 299. And of the present time, iii. 188.
 Medwin, captain, Lord Byron's "blunderbuss," iii. 450.
 "Megistotherion," the squib so named, iii. 464.
 "Melancholy Hours," the, of Henry Kirke White, ii. 7.
 Melbourne, Lord, iv. 193.
 "Melody, Song on," the, of Henry Kirke White, ii. 7.
 Melrose Abbey, i. 345.
 Melville, Lord, ii. 171. 181; iii. 299.
 Mendicancy in Portugal, i. 127.
 Mendicant Friars, i. 265.
 "Menu, Institutes of," by Sir W. Jones, i. 301.
 "Mercurio Peruano," the, ii. 263.
 Merida, hunting at, i. 22.
 Merino sheep, ii. 87.
 "Messiah," the, of Klopstock, ii. 183.
 Mestizos, or mixed breed of South America, ii. 49.
 Methodism, growth of, i. 146. 249. 255; iii. 443. Article on, in the "Quarterly Review," ii. 207. 221.
 Methodists, history of the, i. 248. 255. 287. 410. Methodist stories, 366. 367.
 Methodists, the New, i. 410.
 "Metrical Tales and other poems," i. 282. 316. 376. 386; ii. 9.
 "Metrical Romances," the, of Weber, ii. 308.
 Mexico, condition of women in, i. 96. Von Humboldt's work on, ii. 263.
 Michael, Mount St., iv. 551. 552.
 "Michael Angelo," Duppa's "Life of," ii. 20.
 Michaelis's "Commentaries on the Law of Moses," iii. 239.
 Mickle, W. J., iii. 395.
 Middleton, Erasmus, his "Evangelical Biography," iv. 454.
 Middleton, Teesdale, ii. 285. 286.
 Mierre, Monsieur A. J. Le, his letter to Southey, ii. 397.
 Miguel, Don, of Portugal, iii. 415; iv. 32. 55. 355.
 "Milesian History, Fragment of," Southey's, ii. 362.
 "Military Chronicle," the, ii. 292.
 Miller, John, of Worcester College, iv. 114.
 Mills, Charles, his works, iv. 93.
 Milner, Dr., and St. Winifred, ii. 373. His reply to the "Book of the Church," iii. 467.
 Milnes, R. M., Esq., iv. 366.
 Milton, John, i. 87. 260. Southey's opinion of, 268. 338.
 Mina, the Spaniard, iii. 3. 6.
 Minehead, i. 76.
 Ministry, evils of frequent changes of, iv. 91.
 Minnesingers, the, iii. 401.
 Miot's "History of the Expedition to Egypt," ii. 394. 396. 402.
 "Missionary Transactions," review of, i. 336; ii. 186. "Periodical Account," 186.
 "Mississippi, Travels to the Sources of the," iii. 341.
 Mitchell, Charles, his books, iv. 106.
 Mitford, Rev. John, his proposed edition of Gray's works, ii. 244.
 Mitford, John, his fiction, iii. 468.
 M'Kinnin's "West Indies," i. 336.
 Mohammed the Prophet, his character, i. 77.
 Mohammedanism, i. 77. Mohammedan literature, 78.
 Molesworth, Lord, ii. 243.
 Monacism, Southey's dislike of, i. 146. The monastic history of Portugal, 198. 209. Southey's article on the "Monastic Orders," iii. 138. 146.
 "Monarquia Lusitana," the, of Brito and Brandao, i. 134.
 Monchique, town of, i. 150.
 Monchique, the Sierra de, i. 150.
 Mondego river, the, i. 136.
 Mono-dramas, i. 67.
 Montague, Basil, i. 424; iii. 46. His edition of Lord Bacon's works, iv. 34.
 Montaigne's "Essays," account of the Brazilian savages in, iii. 315.
 Montalvo, i. 223.
 Montgomery, James, ii. 251. 258. 376. 409. 414; iii. 275. 413; iv. 243.
 "Monthly Magazine," the, i. 35. 64. 157. 183. 376. 381. 411; ii. 52. 184. 186. 404.
 "Monthly Mirror, the, i. 423; ii. 112. 186. 325.
 "Monthly Review," the, ii. 66; iv. 216.
 Montluc's "Commentaries," iii. 441. 485. 486.
 Montoya's "Conquista Espiritual," iii. 288.
 Montserrat, beauty of, iii. 126.
 Montstrellet's "Chronicle," ii. 215.
 Moore, Sir John, ii. 113. 127. 130. 149. His last letter, 137. 151. His death, iii. 416.
 Moore Thomas, i. 419; iii. 232; iv. 324. His "Lalla Rookh," iii. 86. His "Life of Sheridan," 519. His "History of Ireland," iv. 121. 154.
 Moore, George, Esq., his "Life of the Marquis Pombal," iii. 115.
 Moore, Major, iii. 182. 191. 354. His Hindoo Pantheon, 355.
 Moorish conquest of Spain, i. 199.
 Moors, remains of the, in Portugal, i. 223.
 Moraes, Francisco de, his book, ii. 5. 34.
 Morales, Ambrose, i. 225.
 Morals, amongst the great, i. 226—228.
 Mordred, Mr., i. 171.
 More, Henry, ii. 312. His "Poems," 312.
 More, Sir Thomas, iii. 80. 168. Holbein's portrait of, 168.
 Moreau, Pierre, his "History of the Recovery of Pernambuco," iii. 288.
 Morehead, Mr., edits Miss Seward's "Letters," ii. 297.
 Moreton-in-the-Marsh, i. 17.
 Morgan, Mr., death of, i. 118.
 Morgan, Lady, review of her book, iii. 78. 79.
 Morgan, Sir Henry, the buccaneer, ii. 372. 373.

- "Mornay, Life of Philippe de," iii. 334.
 "Morning Chronicle," the, ii. 165; iii. 60. 453. 463. 467.
 "Morning Herald," the, iv. 168.
 "Morning Post" the, i. 147. 183. 213. 255; ii. 332.
 Morrison, Mr., of Fore Street, iii. 403; iv. 196. His origin and career, iii. 404, 405.
 Morris, James, his book, ii. 210.
 "Mort d'Arthur," edited, ii. 27. 32. 43; iii. 47. 49. 52. 56. 426.
 Mosheim, compared with Robinson, i. 33.
 Mosheim's "Ecclesiastical History," iii. 521.
 Moscow, destruction of, ii. 314.
 Moslems, difficulty of converting them to Christianity, i. 299.
 Mounier, review of, in the "Edinburgh Review," i. 297.
 Moxon, Edward, Esq., iv. 184. 214. 365. Letters to (see *Letters*).
 Mozambique, ii. 413.
 Muir's case, iii. 60.
 Mulatto, the old, of Pernambuco, iii. 105.
 Mulgrave, Lord, ii. 161. 170.
 Muller, his translation of Southey's article on Portuguese literature, iii. 125.
 Müller's "Dorians," iv. 219.
 Mumps, the disorder so called, ii. 135.
 Murat, King of Naples, ii. 400. 405.
 Murder, tendency to imitate, iii. 177.
 Murray, Captain, ii. 93.
 Murray, John, Esq., ii. 308. 382. 411. 413. 416. 417; iii. 2. 33. 34. 47. 61. 81. 82. 85. —88. 93. 103. 119. 159. 160. 167. 203. 254. 332. 336. 337. 343. 346. 348. 370. 372. 411. 455. 469. 485. 486. 521. 525. 532; iv. 52. 62. 67. 72. 164. 170. 173. 174. 196. 251. 252. 253. 288. 364. 408. 433. 438. 472.
 Museum, British, idea of getting Southey into the ii. 237. Catalogue of the MSS. in the, iv. 32.
 Musgraves, the, their seat of Eden Hall, ii. 284.
 Naires, the, defeated by the Poleas, i. 300.
 Nalson's collection, iii. 285. 290. 327. 469.
 Nanswhyden House, iv. 485.
 Napier, Lieut.-General, his "Peninsular War," iv. 503.
 Nares, Rev. Archdeacon, iii. 264. 267.
 Nash, Mr., the artist, i. 429; iii. 32. 53. 57. 58. 72. 194. 215. 257. 355. His death, 224. 228.
 Nathan's abuse of Southey, ii. 419.
 "Nativité, Vie et Revelations de la Sœur," iii. 499. 503. 523.
 "Naval Chronicles," the, ii. 187. 311. 317.
 "Naval History," Southey's iv. 165. *et seq.*
 Navarrete's "Collection," iv. 105.
 Neal, Cornelius, his tragedy of "Mustapha," iii. 217.
 Neal's "History of the Puritans," iii. 214.
 Neale, the Rev. Erskine, iv. 442.
 Negroes, the, of Hispaniola, ii. 295. Diseases of negroes, 345.
 Negroland, state of the courts and cities of, i. 238.
 Nelson, Lord, death of, i. 361. Ode on, contemplated, 361. National honours paid to him, 362. Review of Stanier Clarke's "Life of," ii. 180. 184. 185. Southey's "Life of," 237. 282. 294. 312. 315. 319. 395. His bombardment of Copenhagen, 312.
 Netherhall, iii. 264. 265; iv. 74.
 Netherlands, the Spanish, iii. 291.
 Neufville, i. 233.
 Newark, i. 345.
 Newbury Renegado, story of the, ii. 40.
 Newcastle, Duke of, iv. 193.
 New Forest, the, i. 31. 33.
 Newlands, scenery of, i. 171; iii. 96.
 Newspapers, remarks on, iv. 226. Stamp duty, 226.
 Newton, Mrs., i. 205; ii. 112.
 New England, Dwight's "Travels" in, iii. 341. "A New England Tale," 341.
 New Holland, iii. 373.
 New Year's Ode, Southey's first, ii. 339.
 Ney, Marshal, ii. 352. 403; iii. 27.
 "Nibelungen Lied," the, quoted, i. 293. *n.*
 Nicholas, Major, ii. 406.
 Nichols, John, his "Anecdotes," iii. 132. His "Illustrations," 132.
 Nicholson, Bishop, i. 338.
 Nicholson, Peg, i. 8.
 Nichols's "Arminianism and Calvinism compared," iii. 349; iv. 190.
 Nicol, George, his "Bears," iv. 521.
 Nicol, William, ii. 94. 356.
 Nicostrata, i. 224. 225.
 Niebuhr's "Roman History," iv. 219. 220.
 Niger river, iii. 538. 541.
 Nile, battle of the, ii. 417.
 Nimmo, the engineer, iv. 79.
 Nino Alvares, ii. 381.
 Non-resistance, the Quaker doctrine of, iii. 310.
 "Nootka Roc," the, ii. 216.
 Norfolk, Duke of, i. 192. His election influence, ii. 276.
 Normandy, iii. 513.
 "North Papers," the, iii. 487. 488.
 Norwich, society at, i. 154. Newspaper at, 213; iii. 442. The Musical Festival of, 442.
 Norwood, the gipsy prophecy at, i. 56.
 Norwood, Captain B., i. 25.
 Nourjahad, i. 162.
 "Nuevo Mundo," the poem of the, iii. 14.
 Nugent, Lord, iv. 265. 306. 311. His "Life of Hampden," 277. 311, 312.
 "Nuremberg Chronicle," legends in the, i. 308.
 "Oberlin, Life of," Southey's, iv. 210.
 "Oberon," the, of Wieland, i. 68. 191.
 Obidos, castle of, i. 170.
 O'Callaghan, Mr., iv. 271.
 O'Connell, Daniel, iii. 488; iv. 162. 242.
 O'Connor, Dr., his "Rerum Hibernicarum Scriptores," iii. 61. 64. 246. 350; iv. 73. His letter to Southey, 90; iv. 45. His "Columbanus's Letters," 48.
 O'Connor, Roger, his "Chronicles of Eri," iv. 17. 19.
 Odes, ii. 339. 341. 403; iii. 9. 106. 121. 162. 225. 239. 249. 289. 353. 397.
 O'Donnell, General, iii. 392.
 Oehlenschläger, the Danish poet, iii. 316. His "Life," iv. 219.
 O'Keefe, Southey's schoolfellow, ii. 95; iv. 41.
 Olaus Magnus, i. 280.
 "Old Bear," the, i. 18.
 "Old Lady," the, i. 64.
 "Old Manor House, The," Charlotte Smith's novel of, i. 179.
 "Old Man's Comforts," the, i. 289.
 "Old papers, overhauling," i. 202.
 "Old Woman," the, i. 69.
 Olivares's "History of the War in Portugal," iii. 415.
 "Oliver Newman," ii. 331. 383. 387. 392.

- 396; iii. 8. 84. 103. 120. 127. 132. 145. 219. 230. 266. 301. 342. 519.
- "Omnianna," the, ii. 212. 216. 237. 294. 299. 301. 312. 344. 345.
- Ἰουαίλινα*, the, i. 226.
- Opie, Amelia, her lines on Southey and his daughter Edith, iii. 435.
- "Oraisons Funebres," the, iii. 168.
- Ordericus Vitalis, i. 291.
- "Ordinacões de Affonso V.," the, i. 115.
- Oriana, character of, i. 223.
- Orientalists, remarks on the, i. 91.
- "Oriental Repertory," the, of Dalrymple, i. 300.
- "Orlando Furioso," i. 68.
- "Orraca, Queen," i. 382; ii. 154.
- Osorius, i. 233. 264.
- "Ossian," Laing's, i. 397.
- O'Sullivan, Mortimer, iii. 538; iv. 20.
- Ottery, i. 79.
- Otway, the poet, ii. 51.
- Ourang-outangs, i. 113.
- Oviedoy Baños, his "History of Venezuela," iii. 198; iv. 29.
- Owen, Mr. Arthur, of Edmund Hall, ii. 47.
- Owen, William, his translation of "Llywarc Hen," i. 166. And of the "Mabinogion," 278. His Welsh "Paradise Lost," iii. 373.
- "Owen Cambridge," i. 238.
- Owen Cyveilioc, i. 167.
- Owen Glendower, i. 169.
- Owen Glendower's castle, iv. 165.
- Owen Gwynedd, King of Wales, i. 243.
- Owen, Robert, and his socialism, iii. 45. 174; iv. 146.
- Oxford, society at, i. 19.
- Oxyde, the nitrous, i. 95.
- Pacheco, Duarte, his conquests of Calicut, i. 300.
- Paddy Furioso, iii. 464.
- Paddyism, i. 167.
- Page, of Westminster, subscription for his family, iii. 150, 151.
- Page, Mary, iv. 443.
- Paine, Tom, i. 8.
- "Painters, Lives of the," in Dutch, ii. 2.
- Palace Yard meetings, iii. 89. 97.
- Palermo, the infamous court of, ii. 224.
- Palgrave, Sir Francis, iii. 250; iv. 25. 101.
- Pallas's "Travels," review of, i. 331.
- "Palmerin," i. 376. 378. 382. 388. 402. 410. 416; ii. 4. 9. 13. 33. 42. 81.
- Palmerston, Viscount, iv. 193.
- Palmer's case, iii. 63.
- "Pamphleteer," the, iii. 132.
- Pantanaes, the, or Flooded Savannas, ii. 98.
- Pantisocratic scheme, the, i. 92; ii. 194.
- "Papal Government, Subversion of the," Duppa's, ii. 20.
- "Papel Forte," author of? ii. 208.
- Paper, manufacture of cheap, i. 95.
- Park, Mr., ii. 234.
- Parke's "Contre-Projet to the Humphreysian Code," iv. 210.
- Parliamentary Papers, usual fate of, ii. 175.
- "Parliamentary History," the, iii. 284.
- Parma, Prince of, his military genius, iii. 291.
- Parry, Captain, his "Voyage," iii. 261.
- Para, revenue and expenditure of, iii. 170.
- Paraguay, i. 95. First mission to, ii. 88. The Aymures of, 88. The "Annual Letters from," 131. The language of, 176. Account of the Jesuits in, 193. Establishment of the Republic of, 361.
- "Paraguay, Tale of," iii. 48. 84. 98. 103. 132. 140. 169. 172. 207. 245. 324. 411. 417. 439. 441. 474. 511.
- "Paraguay Annual Letters," iii. 288.
- Park, Mr., ii. 113.
- Parker, John, iv. 511.
- Parnell, Sir Henry, iii. 326.
- "Parody, the," i. 69.
- Parr, Dr., iii. 226.
- Parry, Charles, iv. 104.
- "Partidas," the, of Don Manuel Abella, ii. 206. 260.
- Pasley, Colonel, ii. 223. 228. 308; iv. 162.
- Pasqual's book on the compass, ii. 57. 66.
- Patin, character of, i. 224.
- "Patriota, O," the Rio Janeiro Magazine, ii. 382.
- Patronymics in Greek and Portuguese, i. 280.
- Paul's, St., festival of the children of the clergy at, iii. 196.
- Peachey, General, i. 286. 347; ii. 98; iii. 99. 347. 483.
- Peachey, Mrs., i. 286; iii. 93. Her death, ii. 155; iii. 401.
- "Pecock, Bishop of, Life of," Lewis's, iii. 430.
- Pedro II., King of Portugal, ii. 76.
- Pedro, the Catalan author, his history of his own times, ii. 71.
- Pedro, Don, iv. 355.
- Peel, Mr. (afterwards Sir Robert), ii. 427; iii. 398. 533; iv. 93. 122. 130. 196. 210. 225. 256. 326. 396.
- "Pelayo," ii. 79. 196. 213. 232. 235. 253. 264. 270. 294. See "Roderick, the last of the Goths."
- "Pembroke, Countess of, Memoirs of the," iii. 290.
- "Penates, Hymn to the," i. 70. 73.
- Peninsula, war in the, ii. 216. 221. Prospects of the, in 1812, 262. Southey's "History of the War" in the, 324; iii. 110. 140. 164. 174. 200. 207. 225. 229. 237. 251. 254. 256. 259. 262. 263. 266. 279. 281. 285. 294. 300. 311. 316. 328. 332. 369. 372. 375. 376. 389. 411. 446. 451. 513. 517; iv. 30. 48. 138. 261. 264. 503. Sydenham's "Peninsular Papers," 52. The Spanish "History" of the, 121.
- Penmaenmawr, i. 170.
- Penn, William, Southey's opinion of, ii. 390; iii. 145.
- Penrith, snow at, ii. 30.
- "Penrose, Journal of," ii. 410.
- Penwomanship, i. 211.
- Perceval, the Right Honourable Spencer, ii. 148. 179. 228. 291. 353; iii. 318. His death, ii. 272. 274.
- Percival's "Cape," review of, i. 336.
- Percy, Lord, his motion, i. 416. Sonnet to, on the Slave Trade, 179.
- Pereyra, the Great Constable Nufio Alvarres, his "Chronicle," i. 198.
- Pernambuco, war of, ii. 208. Condition of, iii. 170.
- "Persian and Turkish Tales," the, ii. 329. Persians, character of the, iii. 19.
- Persons, the Christian Directory of Father, iii. 261.
- Peru, i. 95. Inhabitants of, ii. 263. 264; iii. 114.
- "Peru, Present State of," by Sir R. Phillips, i. 321.
- Peruvians, revolution of the, in 1782; iii. 114. 116. 254. Customs of the, 114.

- Peter, the pig, i. 256. 268.
 "Peter Bell," Wordsworth's poem of, iii. 205.
 Peter's pence, curious custom respecting the payment of, iv. 94.
 Petion, i. 3.
 Petries, the Misses, i. 138. 140, 141.
 Petronilla, Roman Catholic story of, i. 306.
 Petty, Lord Henry, i. 394.
 Phelan, Dr., iv. 108.
 Philip of Pokanoket, iii. 218.
 Phillips, Sir Richard, and the "Monthly Magazine," i. 35. 375. 385; ii. 404; iii. 96; iv. 450. His "Present State of Peru," i. 321. His "Travels in Spain and Portugal," ii. 83.
 Phillip's "Voyages," ii. 186.
 Phillips, the painter, iii. 2.
 Phillimore, Joe, i. 203; iii. 299. 347.
 Phillpotts, Rev. Dr. (afterwards Bishop of Exeter), iii. 155. 477; iv. 266.
 Phoenix Park, i. 236.
 "Physical Education, Essays on," King's, ii. 192.
 Picart's "Religious Ceremonies," i. 266. 301.
 Picton, General, iii. 15.
 "Picturesque, Essays on the," by Uvedale Price, i. 302.
 Pierre, St., i. 207.
 Pietro della Valle's "Travels," i. 301.
 "Pig, The," i. 72.
 Pigott, Solomon, iii. 330.
 Pike, Major, his "Travels," ii. 216.
 "Pilgrimage to Waterloo, the Poet's," iii. 10. 13. 15. 17. 46.
 "Pilgrim's Progress, The," i. 172; ii. 317.
 Pinkerton's "Voyages," ii. 132. 186. His "Letters of Literature," iii. 360.
 Pinto, Luiz, i. 177.
 Piozzi, Mrs., ii. 328; iii. 474.
 Pitt, Right Hon. William, i. 26. 30. 37. 279. 347. 393; ii. 96. His death, i. 356. National honours paid to him, 362.
 "Pizarro," Sheridan's, i. 87.
 Plague, the, at Cadiz, i. 123. The black death, 123. *n.* The earlier English plagues, 123.
 Plato, translated by Thomas Taylor, i. 192.
 Platoff, the Hetman, ii. 306. 314.
 Plays, of Kotzebue, Sheridan, and Whaley, i. 87.
 "Plessis, Du, Life of," iii. 334; iv. 26.
 Plott's "Staffordshire," ii. 60. 181.
 Pneumatic Institution, the, at Bristol, i. 197.
 Pocklington, i. 168. 169.
 "Poetical Register," the, i. 201.
 Poetry, of Spain and Portugal, i. 26. 27. French, 186. Oriental, ii. 96. The fashionable compound called poetry in. 1819, iii. 134. 135. Difference between Welsh and Scandinavian poetry, 349.
 Pole, Wellesley, iv. 196.
 Poleas, the, of the Malabar coast, anecdote of, i. 300.
 Polignac, Prince, iv. 302.
 Political economy, taught at Edinburgh, ii. 224. Southey's dislike for the science of, iii. 405; iv. 93. 122.
 Polkinghorne, champion of Cornwall, iv. 484.
 Polyandry in Tibet, iii. 18. In Scotland, 200. 244.
 Polynesian languages, ii. 206.
 Pombal, Marquis, i. 25. 107; iii. 403; "Lives" of, iii. 115.
 Ponferrada, ii. 86.
 Ponsoby, Miss, of Llangollen, ii. 232. 234.
 Pont-y-Glyn, the bridge, i. 169.
 Pont-y-Cyssylltan Aqueduct, the, iii. 500.
 Poole, Thomas, i. 90. 197; iv. 114. 478. 494.
 "Poor, Complaints of the," i. 70.
 Poor rates, iii. 79. Old statutes respecting the poor, iv. 100.
 Pope, Alexander, style of, i. 404. His "Homer," ii. 393. 395.
 Popery, Southey's dislike of, i. 145. 146.
 Pople, the printer, iii. 17. 101. 278; iv. 214.
 Porson, i. 252.
 Portal, Mr., iii. 404.
 Portugal, war with, i. 244. State of Christianity in, 370. Southey's "Travels" in, ii. 28. 43. Condition of, in 1809, 176. The first "Academy" of, iii. 145. Proceedings of the Cortes of, 253. State of, in 1822, 328. 344. And in 1824, 408. 415. And in 1826, iv. 32.
 "Portugal, History of," the unfinished, i. 96. 99. 112. 115. 133. 140. 145. 159. 179. 208. 220. 223. 239. 247. 316. 322. 337. 364. 390. 401. 436; ii. 381; iii. 252. 325; iv. 220.
 Portuguese language, i. 24. Society, 24. 125. Poetry, 26. Infidelity, 107. Scenery, 110. Paper money, 111. Summers, 112. 119. Burying-ground, 114. The, in the East Indies, 115. 116. 300; iii. 393. Bull fights, i. 116. Robbers, 121. Literature, 125. 126. Indolence, 128. Poverty in, 1801, 148. Monastic history, 198. Customs derived from the Moors, 223. Discovery of a MS. poem, ii. 5. Colonial policy, 209. Academy, 343.
 "Portuguez, Investigador," the, ii. 413.
 "Portuguez, Observador," the, ii. 207.
 Postage in Portugal, i. 101.
 "Powell, Vavasor, Life of," iii. 214.
 Praia, Fonte da, i. 177.
 Pratt, Mr., ii. 171. 174.
 Press, liberty and licentiousness of the, ii. 273. 304; iii. 43. 44. 61. 101. 111. 163. 184. 204. 215. 224.
 Price, Major, his "Retrospect of Mahomedan History," iii. 269.
 Price, Uvedale, his hook on the picturesque, i. 303. 313.
 Primerose, J., extract from his "De Vulgi Erroribus in Medicina," ii. 238.
 Printers, Southey's lines on his, iv. 544.
 "Printing, History of," ii. 187.
 Prison discipline, iii. 120.
 Prize-money, Spanish, misappropriation of the, i. 380.
 Proby, Lord, death of, i. 295. His papers, 364.
 "Protestant, An Irish," letters of, in the "Courier," ii. 386.
 Proverbs, i. 4. 47; ii. 303.
 Prowett, Septimus, his bookselling scheme, iii. 526.
 Prowitt, Lieutenant, ii. 63.
 Prussians, the, i. 7. 12.
 Prynne's "Pleasant Purge for a Roman Catholic," iii. 486.
 Psalms, Sir P. Sidney's version of the, iv. 183.
 Ptolemy, the geographer, the Lyons or Leyden edition of, ii. 119.

- Publications, cheap, Southey's advocacy of, iii. 172.
- Pugilism, i. 351.
- Purchas's "Vo ages," ii. 216. 311.
- "Puritans, History of the," Neal's, iii. 214.
- Pye, Mr., poet laureate, his compositions, iii. 122.
- Pyrenees, Treaty of the, iii. 252.
- Quakers, Southey's opinion of, i. 426. And of Quakerism, ii. 31; iii. 199. 210. Sewell's "History of the Quakers," 199. George Fox's "Journal," 199. Gough's "History," 214. Various works relating to the history of the, 214. "Tracts against the Quakers, 214. Mrs. ———, converted to Quakerism, 444, 445.
- Quarles, Ellis's ignorance about, i. 166.
- "Quarterly Review," the, ii. 107. 110. 114. 123. 124. 132. 140. 144. 145. 148. 149. 151. 153. 164. 171. 184. 185. 191. 194. 207. 209. 221. 222. 236. 248. 251. 269. 282. 290. 297. n. 304. 353. 362. 395. 412. 414. 416. 418. 425; iii. 4. 5. 14. 21. 31. 33. 44. 47. 56. 61. 64. 83. 84. 93. 100. 103. 116. 129. 137. 141. 146. 159. 160. 167. 168. 169. 177. 216. 225. 254. 255. 282. 289. 335. 336. 342. 346. 348. 353. 383. 405. 417. 427. 450. 455. 509. 514. 523; iv. 2. 28. 40. 67. 72. 105. 118. 161. 165. 170. 196. 210. 216. 237. 271. 277. 307. 347. 364. 385. 408. 472.
- Quatre Bras, field of, ii. 430.
- Quebec, conquest of, iv. 54.
- Queenhithe collection of books, i. 429.
- Quillinan, Mr., iv. 186.
- Quincey, Mr. De, ii. 108.
- Quinta, i. 120. Wonders of, 120, 121.
- "Quixote, Don," i. 26.
- Races, the various, of Englishmen, i. 278.
- Radicals, their proposed insurrections at Carlisle, iii. 166.
- Radji, story of, i. 28.
- Radnor, Lord, iv. 6, 7, 88.
- Railways, iv. 526.
- Rainhas, the, of Barbosa, i. 160.
- "Raleigh, Life of Sir Walter," review of, i. 321. His "Poems," iv. 448.
- Randolph, John, Bishop of London, ii. 292.
- Randolph of Roanoke, iii. 322. 326.
- Raphael de Jesus, F., his work, ii. 72.
- Rathbone, Mr., ii. 80.
- Rathbone, Mrs., ii. 230.
- "Reconciliation," the, of Kotzebue, i. 68.
- Records, the public printed, iii. 249. 281. 347; iv. 16. Robbery of some, iii. 350.
- Red Cross Street Library, the, ii. 66. 131.
- Reece, Dr., ii. 376.
- Rees's, "Cyclopædia," i. 423; ii. 186.
- Rees's "Grammar," iv. 143.
- Rees, Thomas, Esq., ii. 111. 155. 409.
- Rees, Mr., the Unitarian minister, iii. 144.
- Reform, Parliamentary, iii. 312; iv. 218.
- Reform Bill, the, iv. 218. 256. 274. 282. 338.
- "Reformation," French prize Essay on the, i. 321. Villiers on the, 321.
- Reid, Isaac, ii. 247. 283. 342.
- Reid, Sir John, iv. 13.
- "Rejected Addresses," the, remarks on, ii. 325.
- "Relacoens Annuacs," the, iii. 182.
- "Religio Medici," the, of Sir Thomas Browne, ii. 32.
- "Religio Poetæ," the, Southey's ideas of writing, ii. 32.
- "Religious Ceremonies," the, of Picart, i. 266. 301.
- Remnant, the German bookseller, i. 183.
- Rennie, Sir John, iii. 378.
- "Retrospect, the," i. 48. 343.
- "Revenge," Young's tragedy of, the, ii. 217.
- Reviewing, i. 212. 213. 238. 254. 321. 336. 337. 364. 383; ii. 14. 23; iii. 84.
- Revolution, the French, i. 3. 7.
- Reynolds's Comedies, i. 67.
- "Rhadamantus," the publication so called, ii. 140. 153.
- Rhaiadr Cynwlad, waterfall of, i. 169.
- Ribeiro's "Journal," ii. 88; iii. 461.
- Ricardo, Mr., his treatises, iii. 314.
- Richard's Castle, ii. 231.
- Richards, James, ii. 153.
- Richardson, the novelist, his life and correspondence, i. 286. 289. 304. 312. His character, ii. 297.
- Rickerby, Joseph, Esq., iv. 395.
- Rickman, John, Esq., i. 100. 108. 181. 187. 219. 220. 250. 270. 277. 299. 375. 386. 383. 410; ii. 23. 125. 126. 154. 159. 212. 337; iii. 284. 536. 540; iv. 95. 147. 409. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Rickman, Mrs., i. 375. 386; ii. 55. 121. 333.
- Ridgeway, iii. 62. 65.
- Rio Janeiro, language of, ii. 177. The court at, 199. Climate of, 200. Population of, 202. Questions respecting, 205.
- "Rio Janeiro, Annaes do," ii. 209.
- "Rio Janeiro Magazine," the, ii. 380. 382.
- Risco, Fr. Manuel, his continuation of the "Esp. Sagrada," ii. 71. His Latin history of the "Cid," 71.
- River-scenery in Wales, i. 248.
- Rio Verde, i. 27.
- Ritchie, the African traveller, iii. 541.
- Roberts, Barry, his article on "Medals" in the "Quarterly Review," ii. 145.
- Roberts, Peter, his papers, iii. 368.
- Robins, Mr. George, the auctioneer, iv. 269.
- "Robinson, Robert, Life of," George Dyer's, i. 33.
- Robinson, Right Hon. Fred. John (afterwards Earl of Ripon), ii. 212; iii. 378.
- Robinson, Mark, local preacher at Beverley, iii. 443. 453. 475. 476.
- Robinson's "Ecclesiastical Researches," i. 33.
- Rocha Pitta, ii. 381.
- Rochfort, ii. 349.
- Rocking-stone at Land's End, iv. 289.
- "Roderick, the last of the Goths" (called at first "Pelayo," ii. 294. 298. 314. 327. 340. 345. 347. 348. 353. 383. 387. 390. 396. 420; iii. 8. 46. 98. 104. 265; iv. 9.
- Roe, Sir Thomas, his "Account," i. 301.
- Roger, Abraham, his account of the Brahminical system, i. 301.
- Rogers, Cooke, "Cadwallader," ii. 180. 195.
- Rogers, Samuel, iii. 33; iv. 33. 184. 189. 383.
- "Rokeby," Sir Walter Scott's poem of, ii. 392.
- Rokeby, Mr. Morrilt's grounds at, ii. 288.
- Roman alphabet, the, in Spain and Portugal, i. 225.
- Romana, ii. 212. 216.
- Romance, Turner's researches in the history of, ii. 41. Southey's opinion respecting, 41.
- Romances, French, i. 66.

- Rome, Jacopo Buonaparte's account of the sack of, in 1527, iii. 287.
- Romilly, Sir Samuel, iii. 108.
- Rondolph, Dr., i. 4.
- "Roprecht," iv. 170.
- "Rosamond," i. 343.
- Rosas, siege of, iii. 370.
- Roscus, the young, i. 359.
- Roscoe, William, ii. 80 230. Review of his *Leo X.*, i. 281. 328.
- "Rose, The," i. 70.
- Rose leaves exported from Holland to Turkey, iv. 92.
- Roslyn, Lord, ii. 11.
- Ross, Mr. George, his translation of "Ivan Vejeeghan," iv. 188.
- Ross's "Helenore, or the Fortunate Shepherdess," i. 290.
- "Round Table Romances," ii. 99.
- Rousseau, his "Confessions," "Heloise," and "Levite of Ephraim," i. 54. His proposed drama of, "Lucretia," 67. His genius, 187. Review of the "Correspondence" of, 336.
- Rowe, Mr., i. 122. 185.
- Rowland, Mr., iv. 239.
- Royal Institution, the, ii. 35.
- Royal Society, vote Southey a medal, iv. 203.
- "Rudiger," i. 54. 70.
- Russell, his Sonnets, i. 420. 426.
- Russell, Lord John, iii. 462.
- Russell, Lord William, execution of, ii. 104.
- Russia, ii. 204. Invasion of, by Bonaparte, 289. 305. His retreat from, 311. English loan to, in 1832, iv. 255. 256.
- Russians, i. 90. Character of the upper and lower classes of, ii. 302. Their soldier's manual, 314. Their heroism in the destruction of Moscow, 314.
- Rutty's "History of Friends in Ireland," iii. 214.
- Ruy de Pina, the historian, i. 160.
- Rydal, scenery of, i. 171.
- Rydal Mount, iii. 108. 322.
- Rymer, Thomas, his "Whole Prophecies of Scotland, England, Ireland, France, and Denmark," &c., i. 290.
- S——, Lord, ii. 200. 201.
- "Sabbath," Graham's poem, ii. 236.
- "Sacred History of the World," Turner's, iv. 262. 263.
- Sadi, the Persian poet, ii. 96.
- Sadler, Mr., his book on Ireland, iv. 112. 114. 131. 150. 180.
- Sailor, saying of the, at New Orleans, iv. 521.
- "Sailor, the," i. 70.
- Saints, their cure of particular diseases, iv. 43.
- "Saints, Lives of the," i. 393.
- Salazar, the Spanish historian, ii. 72.
- Salford, village of, i. 17.
- Salkeld, Mr., of Naubeck, ii. 284.
- Salt, Mr., sent into Abyssinia, ii. 148. 149. His "Travels," 412.
- Sampson, the Wild Irishman, i. 109.
- Sancho II., King of Portugal, history of his reign, i. 160.
- Sandford, Bishop, his "Remains," iv. 197.
- Sans Culottes, i. 3.
- Santiago, the Marquis, i. 21.
- Savage, the poet, ii. 51.
- Savings Banks, originator of, iii. 323.
- "Saxon Chronicle," the, iii. 356. 399, 400.
- Saxon romance, the, produced by Turner, ii. 41.
- Saxton, Sir Charles, ii. 427.
- Sayers, Dr., of Norwich, iv., 23. 30. 520.
- Sayers, James, iv. 520.
- Scafell, ii. 154.
- Scale Hill, i. 329; ii. 154.
- Scarlett, Mr. (son of Mr. Scarlett, afterwards Lord Abinger), iii. 281.
- Schiller, Essay on, Coleridge's, i. 122.
- Scheffer's "Swecia Literata," iii. 355.
- Schlegel, ii. 340.
- Schools, public, vice in, i. 60; iv. 158.
- Scoresby, Rev. Mr., iv. 513.
- "Scotland, History of the Reformation in," John Knox's, ii. 346.
- Scotland, improvements in, iii. 143. "Ode to the Praise and Glory of," 397.
- Scott, Sir Walter, i. 336. 340. 341. 342. 345. 422; ii. 29. 32. 33. 35. 82. 107. 110. 132. 139. 140. 145. 160. 165. 194. 210. 213. 282. 307. 336. 391; iii. 116. 117. 126. 196. 498. 501; iv. 2. 42. 62. 189. 234. 234. 296. 297. 298. His death, 304. Lockhart's, "Life" of, 510.
- Scott of Amwell, iii. 297.
- Scudamore pedigree, the, ii. 175.
- Sealy, George, i. 131.
- Sealy, Miss, i. 114. 139.
- Sea-sickness, i. 161.
- Sebastian, King of Portugal, his expedition, i. 135.
- Sebastian, St., ii. 201.
- Sedgwick, Professor of geology, iii. 403. 431.
- Selden, i. 212.
- Semple's "Travels," review of, ii. 77.
- Seneca, Southey's favourite, iv. 168.
- Senhouse, old Mr., iv. 75.
- Senhouse, Humphry, ii. 16. 75. 117. 160. 230; iii. 72. 230. 265. 268. His ancestors, 265. 279. 521.
- Serpents, cures for the bites of, ii. 344.
- Seton, Miss, i. 132. 136. 140. 141. 159. 185; ii. 43.
- Sevigné, Mad., her "Letters," i. 289.
- Seward, Edward, i. 16; ii. 20.
- Seward, Miss, i. 201; ii. 23. 80. 285. Her "Life of Darwin," i. 336. Her review of Hogg's poems, ii. 23. Her death, 137. Her "Letters," 225. 226. 297.
- Sewell, Mr., iii. 410. 411.
- Sewell's History of the Quakers," iii. 199.
- Sewell's "Recreations of a Clergyman," iv. 304.
- Shadwell, Mr. (afterwards Sir Launcelot), iii. 67. 205; iv. 153. 155. 218.
- Shaftesbury, town of, i. 75.
- Shaw, Dr., iv. 368.
- Shakspeare, his plays, i. 87. His "Florisel," ii. 4. 15. His poetry, 174. Isaac Reid's edition of his works, 247. Bowdler's edition, iii. 13.
- Sharpe, Richard, i. 279; ii. 148. 160; iii. 322. 441.
- Shepherd, of Liverpool, ii. 80. 85.
- Sheridan, Richard Brinsley, his "Pizarro," i. 87. Obtains an appointment for Coleridge at Malta, 279. Moore's "Life" of, iii. 519.
- Sherwin, case of, iii. 163.
- Shield, William, the musician, iii. 106. 107. 121. 249; iv. 368.
- Shiple, Conway, ii. 68.
- Shiraz wine, iv. 51.
- Shoemaker, the, at Quinta, i. 121.
- Shuldham, Lady, ii. 45.
- Sicily, i. 164. 165; ii. 228.

- Sidmouth, Viscount, ii. 274 ; iii. 53. 319.
- Sidney, Sir Philip, his "Arcadia," i. 224. 287. 315 ; ii. 97. His poetical qualities, i. 224. His opinion of "Amadis of Gaul," 268. His "Zelmane," ii. 4. 15. Dr. Zouch's "Life" of, 97. 123. His death, 104.
- Sierra Leone, language of, ii. 206. The Sierra Leone Report, iv. 179.
- Simancas, the famous archives of, iii. 125.
- Simeon, Mr., ii. 61.
- Simpson, Mr. Samuel, of Liverpool, iii. 277.
- Skiddaw, i. 232. 239. 257. 279 ; ii. 159. 421 ; iii. 337.
- Skottowe, Mr., his book, iv. 93.
- Slave Trade, William Taylor's defence of the, ii. 130. Sonnet to Lord Percy on the, 179. Observations on the, 356—358. Curious laws of Buenos Ayres relating to slaves, 361. Attempts of the French to restore the slave trade at St. Domingo, iii. 313.
- "Slave Trade, Abolition of the," Graham's poem, ii. 236.
- Slavery, when abolished in England ? iii. 251. The Anti-Slavery Society, iv. 227.
- Smedley, Rev. E., iv. 169. His "Religio Clerici," 169.
- Smirke, Robert, the artist, ii. 27.
- Smith, Adam, his "Wealth of Nations," translated into Spanish, i. 124.
- Smith, Captain John, his "History," ii. 310.
- Smith, Charlotte, i. 107. 179, 180. 184. Her novels, 179.
- Smith, Dr. Southwood, iii. 349.
- Smith, Mr., of *Brunnejan*, i. 333.
- Smith, Mrs., the Quaker, i. 375.
- Smith, Miss, i. 416 ; her "Fragments," 89.
- Smith, Sir Sidney, ii. 27. 199, 200.
- Smith, Rev. Sidney, ii. 114. 144. 308 ; iv. 223. 242. 314. 357.
- Smith, William, the sculptor, ii. 379.
- Smith, Woodruffe, of Stockwell, iii. 27.
- Smith, William, iii. 66—71.
- Snow in Cumberland, ii. 29.
- Snowdon, i. 170, 171. 279.
- Soame's "Poetry," iv. 365.
- "Society, Dialogues upon the Prospects of," iii. 177.
- Somatenes, the term, iii. 307.
- "Somers Tracts," the, ii. 186. 308.
- Somers, Duke of, i. 84.
- Somersetshire, beauty of the north of, i. 84.
- Somerville, Lord, i. 100. 372 ; ii. 87. 270. 295. His death, iii. 147. 152, 153. 155. 157. 165. 179. 205.
- Sonnerat, his book, i. 301.
- "Sophia de Lissau," iv. 178.
- Soult, Marshal, his campaigns in Portugal, iii. 289.
- Sousa, Miguel Pinto de, his "Musa Panegyrica Theodosium," iii. 345.
- South, Dr., his works, iii. 260.
- South Downs, the, iii. 415.
- Soutet, or Boutet, the French captain, i. 35. 37.
- South Sea Missions, article on the, in the "Quarterly Review," ii. 136. 151. 153. 164.
- Southampton, i. 31.
- Southcott, Joanna, i. 314. 325. 370 ; ii. 376. 392 ; iii. 373.
- Sotheby, the poet, i. 68. His "Oberon," 68. His poem on Wales, 266.
- Sotheby, Admiral, ii. 74. 79. 139. 180.
- Southey, Charles Cuthbert, iii. 123. 128. 139. 180. 209. 212. 226. 292. 331. 412. 438. 444. 503 ; iv. 60. 68. 188. 423. 474. 494. 508. 519. 526. 533. 555.
- Southey, Mrs. Mary (Southey's aunt), iii. 153. 154. 226 ; iv. 474.
- Southey, Herbert, i. 395. 407 ; ii. 4. 11. 18. 44. 63. 64. 68. 70. 102. 139. 142. 144. 207. 279. 301. 317. 399. 422. His death, iii. 21. Poetical epistle to, from his father, 24.
- Southey, Canon John, i. 372 ; iii. 157. 179.
- Southey, Margaret Edith, i. 210. 228, 229.
- Southey, Mrs., senr., i. 36. 38. 50. 52. 53. 103. 140. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Southey, Mrs., i. 29. 76. 78. 83. 85. 89. 100. 103. 108. 119. 136. 140. 143. 144. 174. 229. 230. 232. 233. 253. 261. 262. 273. 305. 315. 345. 346. 362. 377 ; ii. 89. 98. 127. 128. 143. 144. 159. 267. 299 ; iii. 22. 24. 140. 504. 531. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Southey, Mr. T. (Southey's uncle), i. 368. 372 ; ii. 82. 94. His death, 222.
- Southey, Mrs. Sarah, ii. 401.
- Southey, Captain Thomas, i. 1. n. 6. 10. 12. 35. 36. 86. 149. 228. 252. 287. 292. 304. 305. 309. 320. 327. 347. 348. 363. 381. 395. 402. 410. 427 ; ii. 44. 54. 63. 74. 79. 80. 94. 102. 117. 139. 180. 228. 271. 303. 309. 348. 349. 404 ; iii. 9. 96. 104. 131. 133. 140. 180. 386. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Southey, Bertha, ii. 141. 143. 150. 169. 207 ; iii. 292. 413. 415. 499 ; iv. 539.
- Southey, Dr. H. H., i. 52. 102. 130. 140. 158. 166. 246. 250. 255. 284. 285. 286. 337. 362. 364. 377. 388. 389. 395. 402. 415. 426 ; ii. 11. 23. 35. 37. 44. 45. 58. 64. 81. 102. 114. 139. 142. 156. 178. 244. 348. 378. 415. 419. 421. 425 ; iii. 326. 347. 398. 454 ; iv. 169. 173. 366. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Southey, Edith May, i. 275. 277. 279. 304. 310. 323. 338. 350. 355. 377. 392. 400. 407. 423 ; ii. 11. 44. 70. 98. 102. 197. 207. 227. 327. 407. 429 ; iii. 5. 57. 140. 292. 305. 310. 317. 326. 399. 424. 435. 503 ; iv. 68. 81. 98. 241. 292. (See *Warter, Mrs.*) Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Southey, Edward, i. 252.
- Southey, Emma, ii. 59. 63. Her death, 142. 144.
- Southey, Isabel, ii. 296. 299. Her death, iv. 10. 18. 77.
- Southey, Kate, iv. 539. 541.
- Southey, old John, i. 329.
- Southey, Robert, attempts Euclid and the Fathers, 5. Rejected at Christ Church, 6. His translations, 12 n. Goes to Portugal, 20. And Spain, 21. Returns to England, 29. Resides at Christchurch, 30. His views of the legal profession, 32, 33. 88. His account of his early life, 40—43. Resides in London, 47. His marriage, 56. His journey to Burton, 74. Studies the character of Mohammed and Mohammedanism, 77. Visits Devonshire, 78—80. Resides in Hampshire, 86. His plans for the future, 88. His health, 95. 97. His unfinished "History of Portugal," 96. 99. Rejects a proposal to write a general history of poetry, 98. Resides in Portugal, 101. Visits Cintra, 117. Settles his brother Henry, 130. Takes a journey into the interior of Portugal, 135. His work, 145. Extent of his travels in Portugal, 146. Returns to England, 160. His prospects, 164. His tour in Wales, 168. His residence in Dublin, 174. And in London, 180.

His acquaintance with Mr. Corry, 182. Resides at Bristol, 195. His "Thalaba" reviewed by the "Edinburgh Review," 214. His version of "Amadis of Gaul," 217. Arranges to manage a "Bibliotheca Britannica," 219. Loses his daughter Margaret Edith, 229. Resides at Keswick, 229. Progress made with "Maddoc," 247. His eyes, 248, 282. His supplement to Ellis's "Specimens," 262, 267, 269. Proposes to remove to London, 326. Visits Edinburgh, 341, 345. Gives up reviewing, 364, 383. His independent spirit, 373. Prints his "Letters of D. Manuel Espriella," 376, 378. His weak lungs, 392. His son Herbert born, 395. Edits Henry Kirke White's "Remains," 396, 397, 417; ii. 52. Studies the Dutch grammar, 410. Settles down at Keswick, i. 415. Gets a pension from the King, 417, 430; ii. 2. His "History of Brazil," 10. *et seq.* His plans for the year 1808, 28. Overtures made to him to bear a part in the "Edinburgh Review," 29. Refuses, 33, 35. Prepares a second edition of his "Letters," 92. Applied to write for the "Quarterly Review," 107. His confession of faith, 108. The first articles for the "Quarterly," 114, 123, 124. The proposed publication, "Rhadamanthus," 139, 140, 146. Engages to write for the "Edinburgh Annual Register," 158, 162. Fails in obtaining the Stewardship of the Derwentwater Estates, 160, 161. Insures his life, 178. Writes the review of Stanier Clarke's "Life of Nelson," 185—187. His progress in Dutch, 235, 239. His "Life of Nelson," 237, 312, 315. His reflections on the state of England in 1812, 272—274, 276, 277. Fails to obtain the place of historiographer to the King, 281. Takes a trip to Durham, &c., 283. His apprehensions of the downfall of the Church Establishment, 91. His advice to a young man, 318, 319. Proposes to write the "History of the Peninsular War," 324. Made Poet Laureate, 327, 331, 335. His first New Year's "Ode," 339. Sends "Roderick" to press, 340. Writes "Oliver Newman," 381. And the "Life of Wellington," 402. Made a member of the Royal Academy of Madrid, 411. Visits Belgium, 427. His "Pilgrimage to Waterloo," iii. 10, 13. Death of his son Herbert, 21, 28. Writes "The Tale of Paraguay," 48. Takes a tour in Switzerland and the Alps, 72, 75. Writes the "Life of Wesley," 81, 110. And the "History of the Peninsular War," 110. Prepares the "Cumberland Address," 148—150. His annoyance with the "Quarterly," 167, 168. His advocacy of cheap publications, 173. His "Colloquies upon the Prospects of Society," 177, 207, 230. His "Vision of Judgment," 189. His proposed "Life of George Fox," 199, 210, 213, 263. His plan for writing a "Moral and Literary History of England," 200. And for writing a "Life of Warren Hastings," 202—204. The degree of D.C.L. conferred on him, 205, 206. Writes a "Life of Oliver Cromwell," 254, 284. And "The Book of the Church," 294, 317. His dedications to the "History of the Peninsular War," 318. Learns Danish, 338, 352, 452. Proposals to him to write

a continuation of Warton's "History of Poetry," 352, 357. His paper on the "Theophilanthropists in France," and the Rise and Progress of Infidelity, 383. And on the "Reign of Charles II.," 398. His idea of editing Sir T. Browne's works, 426. Proposes a republication of Montluc's "Commentaries," 441. Libel of the "Morning Chronicle," 453. His Chronicle of domestic events, 456—460. His squib, "The Megistotherion," 464. His "Vindication" of the "Book of the Church," 469, 574, 478. His visits to the Netherlands in 1825, 489; iv. 4. Elected for the Borough of Downton, 6. His "Essays, Moral and Political," 62, 253, 255. A "Life of Bonaparte" proposed to him, 63. Edits General Wolfe's "Letters," 63. Writes "Eleemon," 103, 105, 107. His dream of the Kraken, 126. Applied to to write a "History of England," 154. Engages to write a volume of "Naval History" for the "Cabinet Cyclopædia," 105. And to write six volumes for the "Family Library," 173, 174. Voted a medal by the Royal Society, 203. Edits the "Life and Correspondence of Dr. Bell," 365. Publishes "The Doctor," 368. Edits "Cowper's Works," 384. His "Memoir of Dr. Watts," 395. Refuses a Baronetcy, 397, 398. Periodical issue of his works, 459, 537. His second marriage, 556. *et seq.* Spain, travelling in, i. 21. Uncultivated land in, 23. Moorish Conquests of, 199. Condition of Christianity in, 370. State of, in 1808, ii. 77, 78, 113, 122. And in 1813, 326. And in 1822, iii. 338, 344, 350, 379, 393. Spanish character and society, i. 20, 21, 27. Civility to Englishmen, 22. Converts, 23. Poetry, 26. Ballads, 27. Bull-fights, 116. Superstition, 208. Ancient and modern language, ii. 89. Patriotism of the people, 164, 254. Language in South America, 176. Laziness, 241. Colonies, condition of the, 263. Ease with which the language may be learned, 292. "Spanish remedy" (El remedio de Espana), ii. 303. "Specimens of English Poets," Southey's, i. 166, 262, 269, 273, 274, 283, 376, 388, 412, 414, 419, 428, 429; ii. 9, 12, 42. "Specimens of Early English Poets," George Ellis's, i. 166, 262, 269. Spencean philanthropists, the, i. 51. Spenser, General, iii. 357. Spenser, a favourite with Southey, i. 5, 260, 268. His "Fairy Queen," 216. His "Mask of Cupid," ii. 4, 15. Spithead, i. 86. Spottiswoode, Robert, iv. 301. Staël, Madame de, ii. 332, 333, 340. Her saying of Coleridge, 332. *n.* Her book on Germany, 340. Her proposed heroic poem, 385; iii. 244. Staffordshire, earthquake in, i. 322. Stael, M. de, iv. 58. Stanhope, Lord, his insults to the bench of bishops, ii. 291. His scheme respecting county votes, iii. 118. Stapleton, boiling well near, i. 100. "State, Book of the," Southey's idea of writing a, iii. 434; iv. 16, 26. "State Trials," Cobbett's, ii. 186. Stavorinus, his book on India, i. 301. "Steel's List," ii. 171.

- Stereotype, introduction of, iii. 235.
 Stevens, Miss, i. 144.
 Stewart, Mr., ii. 209. 271.
 Stewart, Dugald, iii. 314.
 Stiles, Dr. Ezra, his "History of the Three Judges," iii. 274.
 Stillingfleet, Bishop, his Sermons, iii. 283.
 Stock, Dr., iv. 68.
 Stoddart, i. 370.
 Stoddart, Dr., editor of the "Times," iii. 55. His "New Times," 455. 464.
 Stonehenge, iv. 289.
 Stones, Valley of, description of the, i. 79.
 Stonor, Colonel, iii. 379.
 Stork, the, i. 257.
 "Stork," the, of Miss Barker, i. 256.
 Stowey, i. 78.
 Strachey, George, i. 55; ii. 207. 251. 290; iii. 299. 351.
 Strachey, Sir Henry, iv. 310.
 Strada's "Decades," iii. 291. 394.
 Streatham, Mr. Hill's living of, ii. 181. 185. 191. 203.
 Strype's "Annals," iii. 259. 441.
 Stuart, Athenian, i. 72. 255. 394; ii. 341; iii. 35.
 Stuart, Sir Charles, iii. 252. 253. 278.
 Styles, Dr. John, ii. 144.
 "Succession, History of the War of the," Lord Mahon's, iv. 353.
 Sugar in potatoes? i. 286.
 Suicide, tendency to imitate, iii. 177.
 Summer in Portugal, i. 113.
 Sumner, Dr. (now Archbishop of Canterbury), iii. 539.
 Sunderlin, Lord, his house at Keswick, ii. 278. 295; iii. 304.
 "Suppression Bill, the, iv. 132.
 Surinam, language of, ii. 207.
 Suwarrow, General, his instructions to his soldiers, ii. 312.
 Swain, Charles, the Manchester poet, iv. 240. 275. 288. 306.
 Swedenborgianism, i. 333.
 "Swing, Life of," Henry Coleridge's, iv. 222.
 Swiss, character of the, iii. 111.
 Switzerland, visit to, iii. 72.
 Sydenham's "Peninsular Papers," iii. 52. 54. 55.
 "Sylvester," ii. 60.
 Syntax, Dr., iv. 368:
 T., his pamphlet, i. 250.
 T., Colonel, and his wife, and Miss Seward, ii. 226. 297.
 Tag, Rag, and Bobtail, origin of the meaning of, iii. 158. 159.
 Tagus, scene on the, i. 110. Voyage down the, 139.
 Talfourd, Mr. (afterwards Mr. Justice), iv. 512.
 Taliessin, i. 86. 87. 167.
 Talleyrand, Prince, iv. 239. 305.
 Tantararas, the, of the House of Commons, ii. 55.
 Tarley Castle, scenery at, i. 354.
 Tarragona, siege of, ii. 326.
 Tasso's "Jerusalem delivered," i. 330.
 Hunt's translation of, iii. 283. The Venice edition of 1722, iv. 463.
 Taylor, Bishop Jeremy, his description of Heaven, i. 206. His works, 206. His sermons, 215. Heber's edition of his works, iii. 260. 269.
 Taylor, Charles, his death at Vimiero, iii. 85.
 Taylor, Henry, iii. 160. 463. 491. 495; iv. 5. 93. 149. 211. 228. 310. 398. His "Isaac Comnenus," 65. His "Philip Van Artevelde," 374.
 Taylor, John, the bookseller, iii. 388.
 Taylor, Mr. George, ii. 17. 114. 306. 312. 390; iii. 509; iv. 269.
 Taylor, Richard, the printer, i. 376.
 Taylor, Thomas, his translation of Plato, i. 192.
 Taylor, William, i. 71. 130. 190. 213. 234. 237. 245. 249. 250. 285. 287. 295. 298. 363. 402. 416; ii. 130; iv. 35. 98. His death, 440. Notice of him, 438.
 Techo, P. Nicholas del, his Latin history of Paraguay, ii. 13.
 Teddesley, ii. 230.
 Tees, head of the, ii. 286. 288.
 Tegner, Bishop, iv. 293.
 Telford, Mr., iii. 252. 326. 329. 378. 395. 401. 456. 501; iv. 180. 546. His death, 391.
 Tennant's "Indian Recreations," i. 301. Review of, 336.
 Tenterden, Lord, iv. 272.
 "Tesoro Español, El," i. 234.
 Test Act, repeal of the, i. 356.
 "Thalaba," i. 89. 97. 99. 100. 102. 108. 118. 127. 130. 135. 140. 147. 155. 163. 178. 214. 323. 332. 343. 386; ii. 79. 101. 107. 123. 151. 294. 305. 348.
 Thanet, Lord, iii. 290.
 "Theatro-Critico," the, of Feyjoo, i. 326.
 Thelwall, Algernon, iv. 178.
 Thelwall, John, i. 255. 345.
 Thevet, his "France Antarctique," ii. 13. 71; iii. 524.
 Thiebault, General, iii. 279.
 Thirlmere, Lake of, ii. 233.
 Thomar, poems collected by King Diniz at, i. 129.
 "Thomas, My Uncle," the novel, i. 144.
 Thornbury Castle, i. 98.
 Thornton, Mr., iv. 445.
 Thorpe's "Catalogue," iv. 29. 83.
 "Tibet, Travels in," Turner's, iii. 18. Singular customs of, 18.
 Ticknor, Professor, of Havard College, iii. 341.
 Tides, the, of Bristol and Bridgewater, i. 92.
 Tilbrook, Mr., ii. 153. 422.
 Timbuctoo, Portuguese at, i. 238.
 "Times," newspaper, the, ii. 170. 306. 352; iii. 54. 55. 226; iv. 129. 263.
 "Times, the New," Dr. Stoddart's, iii. 455. 464; iv. 30.
 Tintagel, iv. 483.
 Tintern Abbey, i. 98. Wordsworth's poem on, 216.
 Tobin, Blind James, i. 183. 193. 327.
 Tobin, Captain, i. 327.
 Tokay, history of a bottle of, iii. 268.
 Tomich, Pere, ii. 70.
 Tomkins, Mr., his Gothic halography, i. 296.
 Tongataboo Islands, Mr. Mariner's account of the, iii. 12. 53. 62.
 Tonkin, Nancy, i. 338.
 Tooke, Horne, i. 149. 373.
 "Torso," the, iii. 58.
 Tortoise, the, caught in Algarve, i. 351.
 Totness, i. 84.
 Toussaint, L'Overture, ii. 403.
 Tower of London, armour in the, ii. 40. 42. Beasts in the, 332.
 Towey, beavers in the, i. 243.
 Townsend's case, ii. 321. 323.

- Townsend, Chauncey, his letters and poems, iii. 57. 98, 99, 100, 259.
- Townsend, Hare, iii. 100. 349.
- Trade, Free, iii. 530.
- Trafalgar, battle of, i. 361. 384.
- Transportation of criminals, iii. 119.
- Tras-os-Montes, province of, i. 155.
- Travelling in Spain, i. 21. A traveller's feelings, 23. Advantages of travel, 23.
- Travelling in Portugal, 140, 141.]
- "Travels in Portugal," Southey's, ii. 28. 43. 78.
- "Tremaine," iii. 512.
- Trieste, i. 89.
- "Tristram Sir," Scott's, i. 336; ii. 27.
- "Trystans," the Italian, iii. 49.
- Tupi, or Brazilian language, ii. 177. 202; iii. 461. Anchieta's "Grammar," ii. 271.
- Tupinumbas, odd custom of the, ii. 238.
- Montaigne's songs of the in his "Essays," iii. 315.
- Turkey, Evlia Effendi's historical and statistical account of, in the middle of the 17th century, ii. 382, 383.
- Turks, the, in battle, iv. 119.
- Turner, Dawson, iv. 428.
- Turner, Mrs. Sharon, ii. 306.
- Turner, Sharon, i. 219. 224. 292; ii. 47. 278. 321; iii. 62. 116. 155. 184. 352. His "Anglo-Saxons," i. 326. 338; ii. 14. 41. His article on "Sanskreet Grammar" in the "Quarterly Review," 145. 179. His "History of England during the Middle Ages," ii. 394. 536; iv. 37. 262.
- Turner's "Tibet," iii. 18.
- Tweed, salmon spearing on the, i. 345.
- Twining the second, iv. 295.
- Tyler, Miss, ii. 37.
- Tyne, head of the, ii. 286.
- Tyrolese, the, sacrificed by Austria, ii. 154.
- Ulphilas, alphabet of, i. 226. The two bishops of that name, 226. The Codex Argenteus of, 226.
- Unitarians, the, ii. 195.
- United Irishmen, ii. 273.
- United States, their premature separation from England, ii. 241.
- University honours, observations on, ii. 261. "Cramming," iv. 271.
- Unwin, Mr., Cowper's friend, iv. 426.
- Upcott, Mr., iv. 418. 469.
- Utrecht, Peace of, ii. 351. 357; iii. 307.
- Vaccination, i. 208.
- Valentia, Lord, his "Travels," review of, ii. 148. 151. 153. 162.
- Valerius Flaccus, i. 243.
- "Valeroso Lucideno," the, ii. 209. 271; iii. 181. 252. 278.
- Valle Crucis Abbey, account of, i. 168.
- Van Mildert, Bishop of Durham, iii. 539; iv. 45.
- Van Diemen's Land, iii. 373.
- Vansittart, Mr., ii. 274.
- Vardon, Mr., ii. 428; iii. 50.
- Vardon, Mrs., ii. 428.
- Vasconcellos, P. Siman de, his "Vida de F. Joam d'Almeida," ii. 171. 205.
- "Vathek" Beckford's, i. 303.
- Vaughan, Thomas, alias Eugenius Philalethes, i. 94.
- Vega, Lopez de, review of, iii. 78. 81.
- Vendée, La, ii. 410.
- "Venezuela, History of," the, of Oviedo y Baños, iii. 198.
- Verbeyst, the bookseller of Brussels, iii. 50. 279. 419. 478; iv. 71. 89.
- Verdier, M., and his family, at Thomar, i. 139. His destitution in Paris, iii. 125.
- Vernon and Hood, the publishers, i. 423; ii. 111. 257. 320, 321.
- Vice, Society for the Suppression of, i. 282. 336; ii. 135.
- Vicenza, i. 89.
- Vieyra, the painter, his metrical Autobiography, i. 114, 115.
- Vieyra, the Jesuit, book attributed to him, ii. 53. 72. His authorship of the "Papel Forte" discussed, 208. Barco's "Life" of, 209, 210. His genius and character, 210.
- Vigo, i. 123.
- Villafranca, ii. 86.
- Villegagnon's expedition, iii. 182.
- Villiers on the Reformation, i. 321.
- Vincent, St., account of him, iv. 171.
- Vincent, Dr., i. 6. 203. 208; ii. 322. 353.
- Vincent, Lord St., i. 295.
- "Vincent, History of," ii. 71.
- "Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ," Southey's, iii. 478. 480. 483. 509. 514. 517. 520. 522. 525. 530, 531.
- Virgil, i. 29.
- "Vision," the, i. 343.
- "Vision of Don Roderick," Scott's, ii. 225.
- "Vision of Judgment," the, iii. 189. 221. 229. 231. 233. 236. 238. 245. 251.
- Vitus's dance, St., iv. 43. The Saint himself, 43.
- Volney, i. 369.
- Voltaire, influence of his writings in Portugal, i. 107. His genius, 187.
- "Voyages, Bibliothèque Universelle des," ii. 349.
- Vries, Jeronimo de, his "History of Dutch Poetry" iv. 49.
- W., the player, ii. 342.
- "Waggoner," Wordsworth's, iii. 205.
- Wakefield, Gilbert, imprisonment of, i. 391. His book, iii. 60.
- Wakefield, Mr. (son of Priscilla Wakefield), ii. 235.
- Wakefield, Priscilla, ii. 235.
- Wakefield, Rev. Thomas, his death, i. 404. Inscription for his tomb, 405.
- Walcheren, Island of, expedition to the, ii. 154. 212. 228.
- Wales, North, scenery of, i. 168-172. 243. 248. Beavers in, 243. Cannibalism in, iii. 12. Druidism in Wales as late as the 12th century, 200.
- Walhouse, Mr., ii. 73, 74.
- Walla Wood, iii. 327.
- Wallace, Mr., his "Address," iii. 149. 151. 154. His character, 149. 154.
- "Wallenstein's Camp," i. 122.
- Waller's poetry, i. 418. Henry Kirke White's addition to one of his songs, 418.
- Walpole, Horace, i. 173.
- "Walpole, Memoirs of Lord," quoted, i. 212.
- Walpole, Mr., i. 114.
- Walpoles, the, in Lisbon, i. 114.
- Walpole, Horace, ii. 97.
- Walsh, Mr. his articles in the "Edinburgh Review," ii. 151. 251.
- Walter, Mr., proprietor of the "Times," iii. 55.
- Walton's "Present State of the Spanish Colonies," ii. 359.

- Wanley's "Wonders of the Little World, or a General History of Man," iv. 535.
- Warburton, Bishop, his "Correspondence," ii. 132; iii. 277.
- Ward's "Account of the Hindoos," iv. 57.
- Warden, Mrs., i. 114.
- Waring, Scott, ii. 48.
- Warner's "Literary Recollections," iv. 542.
- "Warning Voice," the, published, iii. 225. 230; iv. 283.
- Warter, Rev. J. W. iv. 189. 219. 293. 366. 269. 394. 462.
- Warter, Mrs. (See *Southey, Edith May*), iv. 366. 368. 563.
- Warton's "History of Poetry," iii. 352. 357. 372.
- Warton, Joseph, his poems, i. 420. 426.
- Wastdale, i. 329.
- "Wat Tyler," iii. 59. 61. 66; iv. 527.
- Waterhouse, Mr., i. 129. 141. 143. 154; iv. 31, 32.
- Waterloo, battle of, ii. 415. 418. 421. 425. Visit to the field of, 429.
- Waterloo Bridge, ii. 332.
- Watts, Alaric, iv. 124.
- Watts, Dr., iv. 380.
- "Waverley Novels," the, iii. 117.
- "Wealth of Nations," the, translated into Spanish, i. 124.
- Weber's "Metrical Romances," ii. 308.
- Wedgewoods, the, i. 185.
- Weld, Isaac, iv. 79.
- Wellesley, Richard, iii. 52.
- Wellesley, Marquis, ii. 170. 401. 405; iii. 56. 289. 397.
- Wellington, scenery near, ii. 231.
- Wellington, Lord (afterwards Duke of), ii. 165. 176. 216. 262. 270. 303. 306. 399. 412. 415. 416. 425; iii. 5. 56. 196. 409; iv. 89. 122. 143. 187. 193. 196. 282. Contemplated "Life" of, 399. 411.
- "Wellington, Life of," Southey's, ii. 402.
- Welsh language and literature, i. 83. Dress, 242.
- "Welsh Remains," the, iii. 368.
- Wensley Dale, ii. 288; iv. 61.
- Werth, the German, ii. 420.
- Wesley, Charles, iv. 455.
- Wesley, John, i. 360; ii. 33; iii. 537. His family, i. 411. His suit of sable and gold, ii. 59. Southey's "Life" of, iii. 81. 92. 96. 97. 98. 110. 123. 132. 140. 141. 156. 164. 169. 171. 178. 188. 234. 327.
- Wesleyans, the, i. 146. 248. 255. 410, 411; iii. 141.
- West, Sir Benjamin, iv. 54.
- Westall, W., the younger, iii. 33. 53. 58. 85. 88. 230. 259. 294. 316. 323. 354. 437; iv. 10. 236. 238.
- West India squadron, the, of 1804, i. 319. 320.
- "West India Company, History of the," Laet's, iii. 182. 256.
- Westminster School, i. 30; ii. 289; iii. 327; iv. 159. 310. 446. Library of, i. 90.
- "Westmoreland Gazette," the, iii. 135.
- Westoby, Mr., the artist, iv. 532.
- Whaley, Mr., his tragedy, i. 87.
- Wharton, Dr., ii. 244.
- Whiston's "Memoirs of Himself," iii. 261.
- Whitbread, Mr., ii. 170. 187. 351. 416; iii. 68.
- White, Blanco, his "Letters from Spain," iii. 317. 329. His articles in the "Quarterly," i. 405.
- White, Henry Kirke, his first volume of Poems, i. 252. 411. His "Rosemary Bush," 252. His health, 242. His "Remains," 398. 399. 411. 418. 423; ii. 6. 7. 47. 50. 61. 71. 88. 111. 122. 173. 198. 248. 257. 320. 321; iii. 258. 297. 379. 447. His Calvinism, 89. His proposed poem, the "Christiad," 184. The Illustrations, 294.
- White, Mr. J. N., ii. 75. 122. 197. 242. 292. 295. 319. 320; iii. 112. 127. 128. 191. 258. 330. 379. 385. 386. 401. 425. 443. 448. 467. 491. 525; iv. 35. 283. 307. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- White, James, ii. 133. 230. 233. 261. 287. 294. 319. 375. 377. 407. 409. 422. 424; iii. 330; iv. 27. 35. 134. 149. 237. 276. Letters to (see *Letters*).
- Whitefield, the Rev. George, his followers, i. 254. His journal, 410.
- Whitehaven, iii. 148. 153.
- White's "Natural History of Selborne," iv. 208.
- Wicliffe, Lewis's "Life" of, iii. 429; iv. 190. Baber's "Life" of, 430.
- Wieland, his "Oberon," i. 68. 191.
- Wild, Jonathan, and the Ordinary, ii. 38.
- Wilberforce, William, i. 245. 413; ii. 61. 326; iii. 53. 67. 68. 99. 100. 304.
- Wilkes, John, "Letters" of, i. 289.
- Wilkie, Sir D., iv. 387.
- Wilkin, Mr., iii. 426. 443.
- Wilkinson, Rev. Joseph, ii. 35.
- Wilkinson, Thomas, iii. 264.
- William IV., iv. 346. His death, 518.
- Williams's "Missionary Enterprise in the South Sea Islands," iv. 506.
- Williams, the Lord Keeper Archbishop, "Life of," iii. 261. 284. 430.
- Williams, Roger, ii. 390; iii. 145.
- Williams, Sir Charles Hanbury, his poems, iii. 348.
- Willis, Dr., i. 413.
- Wilson, Prof., his account of Southey, iii. 124.
- Wilson, Mrs., i. 26. 311; ii. 265; iii. 179. Her death, 185.
- Wilson, Sir Robert, ii. 311. 314; iii. 27. 340.
- Wilson, Sir John, iv. 38.
- Winborne, town of, i. 75.
- Windham, Mr., i. 358. 381; iii. 51. His Army Bill, i. 383.
- Winds, hot, of Portugal, i. 113. 119. The West Indian "Doctor," 113. Dr. Holland's theory of hot winds, ii. 405.
- Wine-duties, i. 30.
- Wine, the, of the Rhine Countries, iii. 74.
- Winifred, St., and the Roman Catholics, ii. 373.
- Winterbottom, the dissenting minister of Plymouth, iii. 65—67.
- Winthrop's "Journal," iii. 500.
- Wintle, Southey's schoolfellow, iii. 269.
- Wishing-cap, the, of the "Nibelungen Lied," i. 293. n.
- "Witches," Bedford's, i. 85.
- Wither, George, i. 256. 257; ii. 103. 394; iv. 441.
- Wither, Lovelace Bigg, Esq., ii. 106. 109; iv. 48.
- Wither, Lovelace Bigg, Esq., junr., iv. 297. 330.
- "Wittman's Travels," review of, ii. 40.
- Wivelcombe, i. 80.
- Wolfe, General, his letters to his father, iv. 52. 63. 84.
- Wolseley, Mr. Robert, ii. 17. 18. 84. 230; iii. 226.

- Wolsley, Mrs., ii. 17. 18. 230.
 Wolsley, Sir C., iii. 226.
 Wolsley, Sir William, ii. 84. 230.
 Women, their condition in civilisation and amongst savages, i. 92.
 Wood, Miss, ii. 16. 98.
 Woolstonecraft, Mary, sonnet to, i. 180.
 Wordsworth, Captain, his death, i. 318.
 Wordsworth, Mrs., i. 328.
 Wordsworth, Dr., iii., 167. 322. 327. 430. 450.
 Wordsworth, Dr., Chris. iv. 447.
 Wordsworth, William, i. 216. 216. n. 237. 245. 254. 271. 386. 408. 410; ii. 15. 16. 54. 108. 117. 376. 409. 425; iii. 7. 109. 133. 205. 222. 279. 311. 487. 488; iv. 225.
 Wordsworth, Miss Dora, iii. 194. 504; iv. 81. 173.
 Worgan, M., i. 287. 289.
 "World, the," i. 35.
 Wortley, Lady, her "Letters," i. 286. 289.
 Worthington, Mr., i. 117.
 Wrangham, Archdeacon, iii. 475.
 Wyndham, Mr., i. 116. 213.
 Wynn, C. W. Williams, Esq., i. 30. 32. 69. 122. 164. 242. 294. 304. 309. 316. 363. 364. 382. 393. 408. 417. 427; ii. 3. 18. 23. 179. 193. 212. 230. 249. 355. 386. 425; iii. 62. 63. 108. 119. 120. 162. 182. 280. 298. 299. 336. 351. 392; iv. 48. 85. 90. 95. 117. 132. 291. 309. 317. 330. 345. 529. Letters to (see *Letters*).
 Wynn, Sir Henry W. W., ii. 295; iii. 252.
 Wynn, Mrs., iii. 219. 432.
 Wynne, Sir John, i. 253.
 Wynnstay, seat of, i. 86. 243; ii. 23; iii. 182.
 Wyon, Mr., iv. 455.
 Xarayes, the Lago, ii. 98.
 "Xavier, Life of S. Francisco," i. 233.
 Yescombe, Captain, i. 117. 122. 159. 235.
 York, Duke of, i. 347; ii. 129. 132. 140. 228; iii. 488.
 York Cathedral, burning of, iv. 129.
 Yorke, Mr., i. 243; ii. 228.
 Young, Arthur, quoted, i. 19. His account of agriculture and agriculturists in France, iii. 519.
 Young, Dr., Dean of Salisbury, iv. 462.
 Young, Edward, his tragedy of "The Revenge," ii. 217.
 "Young Dragon," the, iv. 170.
 Yriarte's "Dancing Bear," Balfour's version of, ii. 26.
 "Ysumbras, Sir," poem of, i. 340.
 Yucatan, Indians of, their mode of numeration, ii. 134.
 "Zaccoum's fruit accurst," iii. 391.
 Zaragoza, siege of, ii. 113. 165. 272.
 Zayas, the Spaniard, his death, ii. 254.
 Zealand, New, language of, ii. 206.
 "Zelmane," the, of Sir Philip Sidney, ii. 4. 15.
 Zendavesta, the, of Anquetil du Perron, i. 78. 82.
 Zonoras' Byzantine History, ii. 39.
 "Zophiel," Mrs. Brooke's poem of, iv. 361.
 Zoroaster, i. 82.
 Zouch, Dr., his "Life of Sir Philip Sidney," ii. 97. 123.
 Zurita, i. 233.
 Zuyder Zee, the, iv. 108.

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- 803 Ciceronis Opera ex recens. Ernestii edidit Nobbe, *portrait, half russia, Lips.* 1827; and another 2 vol.
- 804 Poli (M.) Synopsis Criticorum, 5 vol. *rough calf* 1669-76
- 805 Burton (R.) Anatomy of Melancholy, *eighth edition, engraved title, original calf* 1676
- 806 America. Vega (G. de la) Royal Commentaries of Peru, translated by Rycaut, *portrait and title, cut round and mounted, plates, old calf, R. Southey's copy with autograph and book-plate* 1688
- 807 Chaucer (G.) Works compared with former editions, and many valuable MSS. by J. Urry, *portraits, calf* 1721

→ on the left of box 49's

Black-currant Run 52+

Wynn - always doing something else
53⁰

S.T. Coleridge in

Southey's correspondence with Wm Taylor

Vol I

- "Mahomet" - 166. 309, 325
Ancient Mariner - Southey's think &
"clumsiest attempt at Germany"
"sublimity belowsaw" 223
Life of Lessing - S.T.C. 294. 296. 363
[II 74. 75]
S.T.C. opinion of Mackintosh } 302
- - - Jeremy Taylor }
- letter to W Taylor 317 [25.1.1800]
Norwich Riots [see also 326]
Fox & party "prof legate"
Burger's statue at Stuyvesen
S.T.C. & W W on Burger's merits
Invites Taylor to London. he has
"kitchen & heart room"
Southey on S.T.C.'s ardour "it is not lasting" 325
- - - health (1801) 370
Metaphysical book by T. W ^{Wood} and
Mackintosh to be prefaced by
S.T.C. 398. 451 454
Review project by S. & T.T. (383

I contd

STC 'Ode to France' - Taylor on, 435

S. unemployed to be abused with
STC & W.W. 440

S. & S.T.C. must drop in
newspaper for necessity 445

Essay by S.T.C. 446

S.T.C. expected at Bristol
Jan 1803 on way to Continent 447

S.T.C.: removed to propose with
T. Wedgwood a metaphysical
book 451 454 [also 398]

S.T.C. projects a work to smash
Hobbes, Locke & Hume 455

S.T.C. & R.S. Hunt talked of a
great work on Sup. bet. }
S.T.C., health } 461
S.'s opening of S.T.C. 475 } 476 325

Projected Cyclopaedia - S.T.C.
to do Schoolmen 466

Southey gone to Greta Hall 469
- opening of S.T.C. (1803) 475

- hopes Malthus will review
Malthus (1804) 481

STC going to meet (for health) ~~47~~ 490

- on Godwin 507
- a notice of falling hints to Cechin 510
at R. J. 1805

II

S.T.C.'s Employment & Emolument
in Malta 99. 102

STC left Malta in Sept (1805) 116

— on Palmerin 190. 191

— & Sastry's arrangements about
Greta Hall 194

— in at Burg with Clarkson July 11/08 } 215
— his opinion on metaphysics }

— nocturnal habits 219

The Friend. 229 261 270 284

288

S.T.C. in town on Nov. 3. 1810 301

— lecture 1812. St Gooch's description
of them 384.

Southey books
sold at Sotheby's 28/7/93
with a few prices - most of note
the 11 were bought by George Y. Brist

47

- 673 Montemayor. Diana of George of Montemayor, translated by B. Yong. (*This work has been assigned as the original of the Two Gentlemen of Verona*), calf, 1598—Biondi (G. F.) Eromena: or Love and Revenge, Englished by J. Hayward, half calf, 1632 (2)
- 674 Aleman (M.) The Rogue; or Life of Guzman de Alfarache, title and a few leaves slightly damaged, old calf, 1633—Cervantes Saavedra (M. de) Exemplarie Novells, title cut and mounted, 1640—Lisander and Calista, 1635; and another; lot with all faults (4)
- 675 Vigon (J.) Workes of Chirurgerye, translated by B. Traheron, black letter, title cut round and mounted, and a few leaves wormed, sold not subject to return, calf 1543
- 676 Wanley (N.) Wonders of the Little World, some leaves stained, old calf, 1678—Montaigne, Essayes, Englished by J. Florio, wants portrait, a few head-lines cut into, calf, 1613; and others
- 677 Florio (J.) Queen Anna's New World of Words, fine portrait by Hole, bookplate of P. Sydney, Earl of Leicester, dated 1704 1611
- 678 Florio (J.) Worlde of Wordes, old calf, 1598; and others, scarce, but imperfect and damaged (4)
- 679 Cotgrave (R.) French and English Dictionary, by J. Howell, 1660—Bailey (N.) English Dictionary, old calf, 1730—Minsheu (J.) Guide into the Tongues, 1617; and others a parcel

THE PROPERTY OF A LADY.

OCTAVO ET INFRA.

- 680 Tasso (T.) Jerusalem Delivered, translated by Hoole, 2 vol. plates (*within borders of gold*), calf extra, g. e. 1803
- 681 Tasso (T.) Godfrey of Bulloigne, translated by Fairfax, 1687—Jerusalem Delivered, translated by Hoole, 2 vol. plates after Stothard, Robert Southey's copy with interesting autograph note by him, calf, 1783 3 vol.
- 682 Warton (T.) History of English Poetry, 3 vol. uncut Tegg, 1840
- 683 ARIOSTO (L.) ORLANDO FURIOSO, 4 vol. portrait after Titian, and plates by Bartolozzi, De Launay, Prevost and others, old red morocco extra, g. e. Birmingham, Baskerville, 1773

- 684 Bunyan (J.) *Pilgrim's Progress*, with Life by Southey, *portrait and woodcuts, half calf*
J. Murray and J. Major, 1830
- 685 Lockhart (J. G.) *Life of Sir Walter Scott, portraits, INDIA PROOFS, half morocco, uncut* · *Edinb. 1842*
- 686 Cervantes (M. de) *Don Quixote de la Mancha*, translated by Jarvis, 3 vol. *illustrations by Tony Johannot, original cloth, g. e.* 1837-9
- 687 Bewick (T.) *History of British Birds*, 2 vol. FIRST EDITION, *numerous woodcuts by Bewick, with the Supplement bound up at the end of both vol. half green morocco*
Newcastle, 1797, 1804, 1821
- 688 Scott (Sir W.) *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, 3 vol. *uncut, Kelso & Edinb. 1802-3*—Ellis (G.) *Specimens of the Early English Poets*, 3 vol. *uncut, 1803*—Wither (G.) *Fair Virtue, the Mistress of Philarete, rep. uncut, Bristol, 1840* 7 vol.
- 689 HOOK (W. F.) *LIVES OF THE ARCHBISHOPS OF CANTERBURY*, 12 vol. 1861-76
- 690 Smith (W.) *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography and Mythology*, 3 vol. *numerous woodcuts, calf, 1844-9*
- 691 SOUTHEY (ROBERT) ORIGINAL AUTOGRAPH rough draft of "Oliver Newman," also some translations from Camoens, Ariosto, Quevedo and others, in his autograph, *russia extra, uncut*
- 692 Granger, Caulfield and others, *Wonderful Museum*, 6 vol. *plates, half bound, imperfect* 1804-8
- 693 Boswell (J.) *Life of Dr. Johnson*, 5 vol. *portraits, uncut, R. Southey's copy with bookplate* 1831
- 694 Brook (Lord) *Life of Sir Philip Sydney*, with preface, by Sir Egerton Brydges, 2 vol. *uncut, R. Southey's copy, with bookplate*
Lee Priory Press, Kent, 1816
- 695 Landor (W. S.) *Idyllia Heroica Decem Librum Phaleuciorum unum partim jam primo, partim iterum atq. tertio edit Savagius Landor, &c. red morocco extra, g. e. Pisis, 1820*
- 696 Southey. *Select Works of the British Poets from Chaucer to Johnson*, with Biographical Sketches by R. Southey, *with autograph inscription, "Bertha Southey, Keswick, 26 May 1831 from her Father," half russia, 1831*—Wordsworth (C.) *Greece, plates, half morocco, 1840 2 vol.*
- 697 Southey. Wordsworth (W.) *Relations of Great Britain, Spain, and Portugal, &c. presentation copy from the Author to R. Southey, with autograph and Southey's Bookplate, calf extra* 1809
- 698 Le Grand. *Fabliaux or Tales abridged from French MSS. of the 12th and 13th Centuries*, translated by Way with notes by Ellis, 3 vol. *woodcuts, uncut, boards, Southey's copy, with bookplate* 1815

Rawlins Collection - Sotheby's
10th¹¹ Aust. 1881

- 38 Various Letters in the Autograph of Julius von Minutoli, Henri von Minutoli, H. W. Pabst, Augustus Paalzow, Karl G. Reissiger, Vincenzo Righini, Adolphus Tidemand, &c. some with portraits (10)
- 39 PITT. FUNERAL OF THE RIGHT HON. W. PITT, a very extensive collection of Autograph Letters of Noblemen and Gentlemen, or their Autograph Signatures, requesting tickets or signifying their intention to attend the funeral of the Rt. Hon. W. Pitt, presenting an interesting collection of the autographs of eminent men, and probably preserving the best list of those who attended his funeral, with 30 portraits of Pitt and other celebrated men inserted, 2 vol. bound in black velvet, with cases
- 40 WELLINGTON (Duke of) A. L. s. 3 $\frac{1}{4}$ pp. 8vo. to Rev. T. O. Sullivan, of the Royal Military School, Dublin, Decr. 31, 1832, "I quite concur in your opinions about the press, some powerful remarks follow, with cogent reasons and some severe criticisms, an interesting letter
- 41 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. (with initials), 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ pp. 4to. Exeter, Thursday, October 3, 1799, to S. T. Coleridge, a very interesting letter on various subjects, mentioning Jackson and others: "Bonaparte was remarkably studious, and mathematics his particular study. He associated little or not at all with other officers, and in company was reserved and silent. This is Mrs. Keenan's account, to whom I looked up with more respect because the light of his countenance had shone upon her. Banfill tells me that the mathematical tutor of Bonaparte is in Exeter, an emigrant. He says that he was an excellent mathematician, in the military branch chiefly, and that he was always the great man—always the first—always Bonaparte. God bless him—but he disturbs my dreams now, for I see no redemption possible!"
- 42 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. December 5, 1799, to Coleridge, telling him that he writes from Bristol, drawn there by illness, and that nervous fever very much reduced him, and mentioning his poems, &c.; "To your advice respecting Madoc I must thus reply. For the last sixteen months my opinion has been fixed upon the subject. I shall finish it and polish it with all convenient speed, so that it may be ready for publication. The longer it is left the less faulty will it be, and in case of my death it will be a post-obit bond for my family of considerable value, with only a little trouble on the part of my friends; published now it could not possibly be half so lucrative."

- 24 — 43 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. (with initial), $3\frac{1}{2}$ pp. 4to. to Coleridge, interesting letter referring to his children and other family matters: Eight and twenty sheets of Madoc are printed, twelve more are in the printer's hands—Ballantyne, of Edinburgh—and I just now stuck in the mud in the last insertion of new story, being the sixteenth section of the second part. However, the compleat leisure of a week will carry me a long way, and if no untoward accident intervenes, the whole will be done before this can reach Malta. You will instruct me accordingly as you regulate your movements, whether to send out a copy or not—perhaps my plans may in some degree influence yours. I certainly intend, if not prevent'd by any public or private event, to remove to Lisbon about this time twelvemonths, with the intention of remaining there two or three years—the longer the better. If you do not return home in the summer, this will induce you to touch at Lisbon. Of myself there is nothing more to communicate, save that I have resolv'd upon adding a History of the Monastic Order or Monachism to my other historical labours.”
- 1.16 — 44 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. (with initial) $3\frac{1}{2}$ pp. 4to. to Coleridge, March 12th, 1804: “ You would rejoice with me, were you now at Keswick, on the tidings that a box of books is safely harboured in the Skerrey, so that for the next fortnight I shall be more interested in the news of Fletcher than of Bonaparte. It contains some duplicates of the lost cargo. Talk of the happiness of getting a great prize in the lottery! what is it to opening a box of books! The joy upon lifting up the cover must be something like what we shall feel when Peter the Porter opens the door up stairs and says, Please to walk in, Sir. That I shall never be paid for my labour according to the current value of time and labour is tolerably certain; but if any one should offer me ten thousand pounds to forego that labour, I should bid him and his money go to the devil, for twice the sum could not purchase me half the enjoyment.”
- 1.5 — 45 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3 pp. folio, to Coleridge, with on the back an A. L. s. of Mrs. Coleridge: “ I hardly look forward, my hopes have been so often prolongd, and are now so blasted; but my wish is to finish and publish Madoc, that I may have wherewith to return to Portugal.”
Very fine specimen
1. — 46 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. $3\frac{1}{4}$ pp. 4to. Keswick, Feb. 9, 1809, to Ebenezer Elliott, in answer to a letter enclosing a specimen of his poem: “ It is far, very far, from my

wish to discourage or depress you. There is great promise in this specimen; it has all the faults which I should wish to see in the writings of a young poet, as the surest indications that he has that in him which will enable him to become a good one. But no young man can possibly write a good narrative poem, tho' I believe he cannot by any other means so effectually improve himself as by making the attempt."

47 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ pp. 4to. *Keswick, November 22, 1809*, to the same: ^{Feb. 1810} "I have had your poem little

more than a week; yesterday I carefully perused it (not having had leisure before), and should this evening have written to you, even if your letter had not arrived. There are in this poem (which appears to be an alteration of that whereof you formerly sent me an extract) unquestionable marks both of genius and the power of expressing it. I have no doubt that you will succeed in attaining the fame after which you aspire, but you have yet to learn how to plan a poem; when you can do this, I am sure you are able to execute it."

48 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. *Keswick, Feb. 9, 1810*,

to the same: ^{Feb. 1810} "The objections which have been made to the style of Madoc are ill founded. It has no other peculiarity than that of being pure English, which unhappily in these times renders it peculiar. My rule of writing whether for prose or verse is the same, and may very shortly be stated—it is to express myself, 1st, as perspicuously as possible; 2nd, as concisely as possible; 3rd, as impressively as possible; this is the way to be understood and felt and remembered. But there is an obtuseness of heart and of understanding which it is impossible to reach."

49 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. *Keswick, June 5, 1810*, to the same: ^{Feb. 1810} "There is one lesson which you should

especially learn from our great poets, that of purity of style, and the charm of giving not only a meaning, but its own peculiar meaning to every word, in which almost all your contemporaries grievously, most grievously, deficient. Campbell's Gertrude has scarcely a sentence of good English in it.

50 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. *Keswick, 30 Feb. 1809*, to the same: ^{Feb. 1810} "You will say that this opinion

proceeds from the erroneous system which I have pursued in my own writings, and which has prevented my poems from obtaining the same popularity as those of Lord Byron and Walter Scott. But look at those poets whose rank is established beyond all controversy—

look at the Homeric poems, at Virgil, Dante, Ariosto, Milton. Do not ask yourself what are the causes of the failure or success of your contemporaries, their failure or success is not determined yet—a generation, an age, a century, will not suffice to determine it; but see what it is by which those poets have rendered themselves immortal who after the lapse of centuries are living and acting upon us still.”

- 16
51 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3½ pp. 4to. May 29, 1798, to Mrs. Southey, interesting letter referring to his visit to Mr. Ormsby
- 211
52 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. Faro, April 17, 1801, to Mrs. Southey, written during his visit to Spain, on various interesting subjects relating to his travels
- 3
53 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 2½ pp. 4to. March 17, 1817, to William Smith, on matters connected with the surreptitious publication of Wat Tyler. “You call upon the Government to prosecute me for a work written in the year 1794, & not first published, for motives which cannot be mistaken, by some person as little scrupulous as yourself concerning the means by which he may gratify the malignity of factious feeling. And you bring it as a heinous charge against me, that having entertained wild & extravagant notions of liberty in my youth, three & twenty years should have produced a change in the opinions of one whose life has been devoted to unremitting study, & who may say in the words of Bentley to you & teach you, that he has forgotten more than ever you learnt.”
- 54 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. March 17, 1817, to the Editor of the Courier on the same subject. “In the year 1794 this manuscript was placed by a friend of mine (long since deceased) in Mr. Ridgeway’s hands. Being shortly afterwards in London myself for a few days, I called on Mr. Ridgeway in Newgate; & he & Mr. Symonds agreed to publish it. I understood that they had changed their intention because no proof sheet was sent me, & acquiescing readily in their cooler opinion, made no enquiry concerning it. More than two years elapsed before I revisited London, & then if I had thought of the manuscript it would have appeared a thing of too little consequence to take the trouble of claiming it for the mere purpose of throwing it behind the fire. That it might be published surreptitiously at any future time, was a wickedness of which I never dreamt.”

- 55 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 3½ pp. 4to. *Keswick, Nov. 8, 1831*, to Dr. Bell. "I was invited lately to offer myself a candidate for the Professorship of Humanity at Glasgow, & it was represented that the prospect of success was not doubtful. Under the present circumstances of the publishing trade, it would have become a question of prudence in which inclination must not have been permitted to interfere, if it had not so happened that the invitation found its way to me too late to admit of my making enquiries concerning particulars which it did not communicate. If as I suspect the Professors are required to subscribe to the Kirks Articles of Faith, there could have been no choice."
- 56 SCOTT (Sir Walter) A. L. s. 5½ pp. 4to. *Abbotsford, May 17, 1817*, to Southey, *very fine specimen*. "I have to thank you for the continuation of the history of Brazil one of your gigantic labours the fruit of a mind so active yet so patient of labour. I am not yet far advanced in the second volume reserving it usually for my hour's amusement in the evening."
- 57 SCOTT (Sir Walter) A. L. s. 1¼ pp. 4to. to the Duchess of Richmond, introducing Southey to her. "I take the opportunity of making my respectful acknowledgements by favour of my friend Mr. Southey whose reputation must be so well known to your Grace and I hope I do not too much intrude upon the encouragement you have been pleased to give me if I take the opportunity to make his visit to Brussels known to your Grace, as he is in every respect a gentleman as well as a man of the first poetical genius."
- 58 BOWLES (Rev. W. Lisle) Poet, A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. *Bath, Feb. 11, 1815*, to Southey, interesting letter, thanking him for the mention he has made of his poetical writings in the Quarterly Review — A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. *December 30, 1815*, asking Southey to point out the chief faults in the third Edition of his last poem (2)
- 59 BOWLES (Rev. W. Lisle) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. *Bremhill, Oct. 22, 1820*, to Southey, interesting letter referring to his works — A. L. s. 3 pp. 8vo. *Bremhill, n. d.*, to Southey, inviting Southey to visit him (2)
- 60 LAMB (Charles) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. 34, *Southampton Buildings, Monday*, to Southey, very curious letter. "Last year poor Mary after 12 weeks absence, came home so low spirited & utterly unable to manage, that we sold off furniture & went into board & lodging. We had been warned to leave the house previously, & that hung upon

dumb conf

her mind. We boarded & lodg'd 9 months, but were so uncomfortable, that having no incumbrance to move, I thought we would try again old Natural London. But that slight removal overcame her, & she is now in her 9th week of absence (it will be 9 weeks tomorrow), & I am alone, to begin life as we shall consult when she gets better."

- 61 WORDSWORTH (William) A. L. s. 3 pp. 8vo. Penrith, Sept. 28, 1835, to Southey. "Your improved Wesley will prove a most interesting Work, and will be well timed; as through the force of factious passions, & presumptuous opinions, a great secession from the Society as established by its Founder, appears to be taking place."
- 62 WHITE (Rev. John Blanco) A. L. s. 7 pp. 4to. Charles St. Jan. 27, 1812, to Southey, very fine letter on various subjects. "Your Review of the Inquisitorial Books and pamphlets is exquisite. What a flow of sense, learning, and wit! That Article, as far as I can be a judge in these matters, is a model of how Reviews ought to be, if they are to answer the purpose of spreading information through the whole mass of a community."
- 63 WHITE (Rev. John Blanco) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. 7 Paradise Row, July 3rd, 1836, to Southey, thanking him for the kind manner in which he has spoken of his letter to Butler — A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to, Oxford, November 18th, 1828 (2)
- 64 CLARKSON (Thomas) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. Purfleet, January 25th, 1808, to Southey, giving him advice as to the sum he should take for his History of Portugal
- 65 BARTON (Bernard) Quaker Poet, A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. Woodbridge, July 13th, 1814, to Southey. "I have for many years been a constant reader of thy *poetical* productions, and can do no less than thank thee for the many agreeable hours the perusal of them has afforded me; from the interest excited by that perusal to know all that I could of their author I procured a few days since a No. of a Magazine in which was advertized a biographical Sketch of R. Southey, Esq. I read it through, and glanced over the features of the Portrait which accompanied it, with an eagerness, which were I to attempt to express, thou wouldst probably smile at." — INGLIS (Sir R. H.) A. L. s. 2 pp. 8vo. Bedford Square, May 27, 1835, to Southey
- 66 GIFFORD (William) Critic, Three interesting Letters, 1809-11, to Robert Southey, on literary and other subjects

- 41-1-
67 LOCKHART (J. G.) A. L. s. 3 pp. 8vo. *Pall Mall, April 11, 1826*, to Southey. "I believe Mr. D'Israeli has some intention of writing an article on the History of his Nation during the Middle ages, and I therefore should like to have yours on the Jew Society in an early number."—A. L. s. 4 pp. 8vo. *December 9, 1826*, to Southey—A. L. s. 2½ pp. 4to. *London, Feb. 9, 1829*, to Southey (3)
- 61
68 MONTGOMERY (James) Poet, Three very interesting Letters addressed to Robert Southey, 1815-29, referring to his poetical works, &c.
- 161
69 TICKNOR (George) Poet, A. L. s. 1½ pp. 4to. *Edinburgh, March 10, 1819*, to Southey, telling him that he intends to pass a day at Keswick with him before he recrosses the Atlantic, and that he is going to Abbotsford to stay with Sir Walter Scott—A. L. s. 1½ pp. 8vo. *Dumfries, May 6, 1838*, to Southey (2)
- 161
70 TICKNOR (George) A. L. s. 5¼ pp. 4to, *Boston, May 27, 1822*, to Southey, very fine and interesting letter, mentioning Southey's History of Brazil, which he greatly praises
- 107
71 HESKETH (Lady) Friend of Cowper, A. L. s. 5 pp. 4to. *Weston, May 17, 1794*, to the Rev. Walter Bagot, a very fine letter, referring to her Cousin the Poet. "You may Sir very possibly have heard our dear friend speak of his *Cousin Hesketh* as one to whom he is kindly partial, and who has from her earliest youth felt for him that strong & affectionate regard, & attachment of which he is so deserving, and which he cannot indeed fail to inspire in the breasts of those who are acquainted with his *merits*, and his *misfortunes!*"
- 127
72 UNWIN (W. C.) A. L. s. 3 pp. 4to. *n. d.*, to the Rev. John Newton, a very interesting and affectionate letter, mostly on religious subjects. "I loved You dearly Mr. Newton before I saw you, tho' I love you more now—may it increase and attract Love & esteem in return. I will lay open my heart to you in plain terms, and very freely—I'm sure you'll give me leave—I dare to say you'll find me sincere & honest and not altogether uncandid."
- 31
73 Copy of St. James' Chronicle, *December 11, 1798*, containing an account of the Battle of the Nile
- 21-1-
74 The London Gazette of *October 2, 1798*, containing an account of the Battle of the Nile, with some MS. notes and calculations by Southey

12/13
 75 Copy of Southey's Life of Wesley, presented to S. T. Coleridge, with the following memoranda in the handwriting of Coleridge on the fly-leaf. "It is my desire and request that this work should be presented to its Donor and Author, Robert Southey, after my Death. The substance & character of the marginal annotations will abundantly prove the absence of any such intention in my mind at the time they were written. But it will not be uninteresting to him to know that the one or the other Volume was the book more often in my hands than any other in my ragged Book regiment, and that to this work and to the Life of R. Baxter I was used to resort whenever sickness & Languor made me feel the want of an old friend. of whose company I could never be tired. How many & many an hour of self oblivion do I owe to this Life of Wesley—how often have I argued with it, questioned, & remonstrated, been peevish & asked pardon, then again listened & read, Right! Excellent! & in yet heavier hours intreated it, as it were, to continue talking to me, for that I heard & listened & was soothed tho' I could make no reply. Ah! that Robert Southey had fulfilled his intention of writing a history of the monastic Orders, or would become the Biographer at least of Layola Xavier, Domince, & the other remarkable Founders.

S. T. Coleridge

Aug. 1825."

Grove, Highgate

- *** This very valuable and interesting book is filled throughout on the margins with MS. notes by Coleridge, and to the Wesleyan would be invaluable, the notes should be read to be thoroughly appreciated. (2)
- 76 HORÆ B. MARÆ VIRGINIS secundum Usum Romanum cum Calendario et Almanach (1510-30), PRINTED ON VELLUM, with woodcuts and capital letters illuminated in gold and colours, sold with all faults Paris. G. Hardouyn (1510)
- 77 KENT. Old Deed on vellum, Grant of a Farm House called Higham Hill, from Mary Petley of Chelsfield, to her son Robert, 26 October, 1632
- 78 NORFOLK. Agreement by which Sir Robert Knolles recovers from John Drewe and John Seymour, of London, the Pickenhamwade, with the Advowson of the Church of Pickenhamwade, on payment of a fine of 500 marcs, 6th year of Henry VIII.
- 79 SURREY. Anthony Mason & Elizabeth his wife are enjoined to Surrender to Francis Hawley three messuages, 3 cottages, 2 gardens, 2 orchards, 6 acres arable & 6 acres pasture in Kewe alias Keys & East Shene alias Mortlake; in default to appear in answer at Westminster, 9th May, 1592

Sothebys 21/6/81

169 Sotheby to Murray²⁶ (see p 19)

3.15 — J.
170 SOUTHEY (Robert) A. L. s. 4 pp. 4to. *December* 10, 1807, to Miss Seward, "You speak of Wordsworth's poems as I should expect, fairly appreciating their defects and excellencies. William Wordsworth is a most extraordinary Man—one whose powers as a poet it is not possible to over-rate and who will stand in the first rank of poets. It is the vice of his intellect to be always upon the stretch and strain, to look at pileworks and daffydownillies thro' the same telescope which he applies to the moon and stars, and to find subjects for philosophizing and fine-feeling just as D. Quixote did for Chivalry in every peasant and vagabond whom he meets. Had I been his adviser great part of his last volumes should have been suppressed, the storm of ridicule which they would draw down might have been foreseen, and he is foolishly and ever diseasedly sensible to the censure which he despises," *portrait*

2.0 — J.
171 STANHOPE (Lady Hester) b. 1776, d. 1839, A. L. s. 8 pp. folio, *Caifa*, *March* 21, 1815, a very fine example in answer to a letter from her Cousin, asking her to use her influence with Emir Beecher, telling him "It has ever been my aim during my residence in this Country rather to *elevate* than *degrade* the minds of the people, never to offend their prejudices, but never to indulge their empty vanity"

3.10 — J.
172 STEELE (Sir Richard) Dramatist, A. L. s. 1 p. 4to. *Land-Guard Fort*, *September* 28, 1702, referring to his various Military Operations and the Company of which he is Captain.

J. 1-2 —
173 STEWART (Dugald) b. 1753, d. 1828, A. L. s. 4 pp. 4to. to Cadell, *July* 26, 1810, relating to a New Edition of Adam Smith's Works. A small scrap of paper in his autograph (2)

J. 6-6 —
174 STUART (Charles Edward) the Young Pretender, son of James III, b. 1720, d. 1788, L. subscribed and signed, 1 p. 4to. in French, to Sir Peter Nugent, *Rome*, *Feb.* 2, 1774—ALBANY (Louise de Stolberg, Countess of) A. L. s. 1 p. 4to. in French, superscription and seal, business letter to M. Gomel, *Paris*, *December* 30, 1786, *portrait of Charles Edward by Daullé, and portrait of the Countess of Albany*

6-6 —
175 STUART (Henry, Cardinal) b. 1725, d. 1807, A. L. s. (with initials), *May* 20, 1767, 1 p. 4to. "My brother was to dine with me last thursday, I found him very well pleased of his visit to the Pope, and particularly so of his having had on that occasion a present from his Holiness of a

Don Guercio 564

STC

Southey Letters

I 1794 - 1807

II 1808 - 1837

S.T.C and Southey

1794 June. First meeting 40

- STC on RS 42

- - 43 [Nighting: among dole"]

- S on C 43. 44. 784

- C on S: verses 74

1795

Feb 57 [S compares C with "-"]

Feb 59 [S says C is this name on same page Book of Destiny]

Spring 68 - 74

- 74. Quarrel over aband: Part.

75. C's infl. S's style

Mich 64. STC want to 150 mg an
between them to marry

- 109 S on C

1800

210. 233. 237. 240. 244

238 242

S.T.C. & Southey Contd

— 1801 —

- 255 S. on C. + C. on S.
- July 271. S. hopes live with C
- 272. S ^{on} C. (effectuate)
- Dec 299 S on C

— 1803 —

- 327. 337 - Important
- 359. 366. 403. 405. 406

— 1804 —

- S. or S.T.C. 400. 434. 437. 459
- Important 431. 432. 436. 437
- 420. 425. 427. S. tells C. in his pushing letter with rise up aft. him.
- 463. 4. S says that to write C. & Harthly it is out of y^r pt out of mind

1805 S. or C. 502

1807. S. or C. poetry. re
his Ode on Immortality

— 1808 —

- 578. 600. 604. S. or C
- 581. C. return "presmee" big as a house"
- 601. STC's late at night habits.

S.T.C. & Southey Contd

3

— 1870 —

645. 659. 668

654. C's habit of repeating himself

661. C's rambling style -

His attack on Unitarianism

665 Southey to Scott about article in
Coursier regard STG

1872 681. Son C

1873. Jan. 713. Man found
hanging with STC's shirt on.
- Sep. S. meets C in London
719. 722

1874 Oct 17. 723. Son C to
Cottle [see Cottle p. 386]

- Dec 728-31 Son C.

1817. Son C's style & acquirement 736

1823. S. on STC's Metaphysics & Logic 776

1834. S. on C's Death 807

809

STC ^{merely} mentioned at pp
 10. 39. 263. 266. 283. 289. 380
 381. 382. 384. 387. 416. 458.
 488. 496. 497. 504. 552.
 585. 591. 624. 630. 749. 751
 760. [1801-2]

Letters

S. T. C. ~~to~~ to R. S. ~~to~~

- 1794. July 6. Tour in Wales
 first letter 42
- Sep 6. 48
- " 18. 49
- ? 55
- 1801 ap. 13. 268. (describes
 Grata Hall)
- 1803. Jul 355. (Scheme Bib. Brit)
- 1810. Oct 20 637 (abt Friend)

STC to Wm Taylor
 25 Jan. 1800 230

RS to STC

RS to STC

| | | |
|-------|--------------|-----|
| 1799. | Dec 15. | 195 |
| - | - 27. | 198 |
| 1800 | Jan | 202 |
| - | apt 1 | 215 |
| - | May 1 | 223 |
| 1801 | Mich 28 | 254 |
| - | July 25 | 273 |
| - | Aug 3 | 276 |
| - | Oct 16 | 289 |
| 1802 | July 25 | 308 |
| - | Aug 4 | 310 |
| 1803 | Mich 14 | 333 |
| 1804 | Feb 18 | 417 |
| - | - ? Mich 12. | 420 |
| 1808 | Feb 12 | 567 |
| - | June 13 | 575 |

